

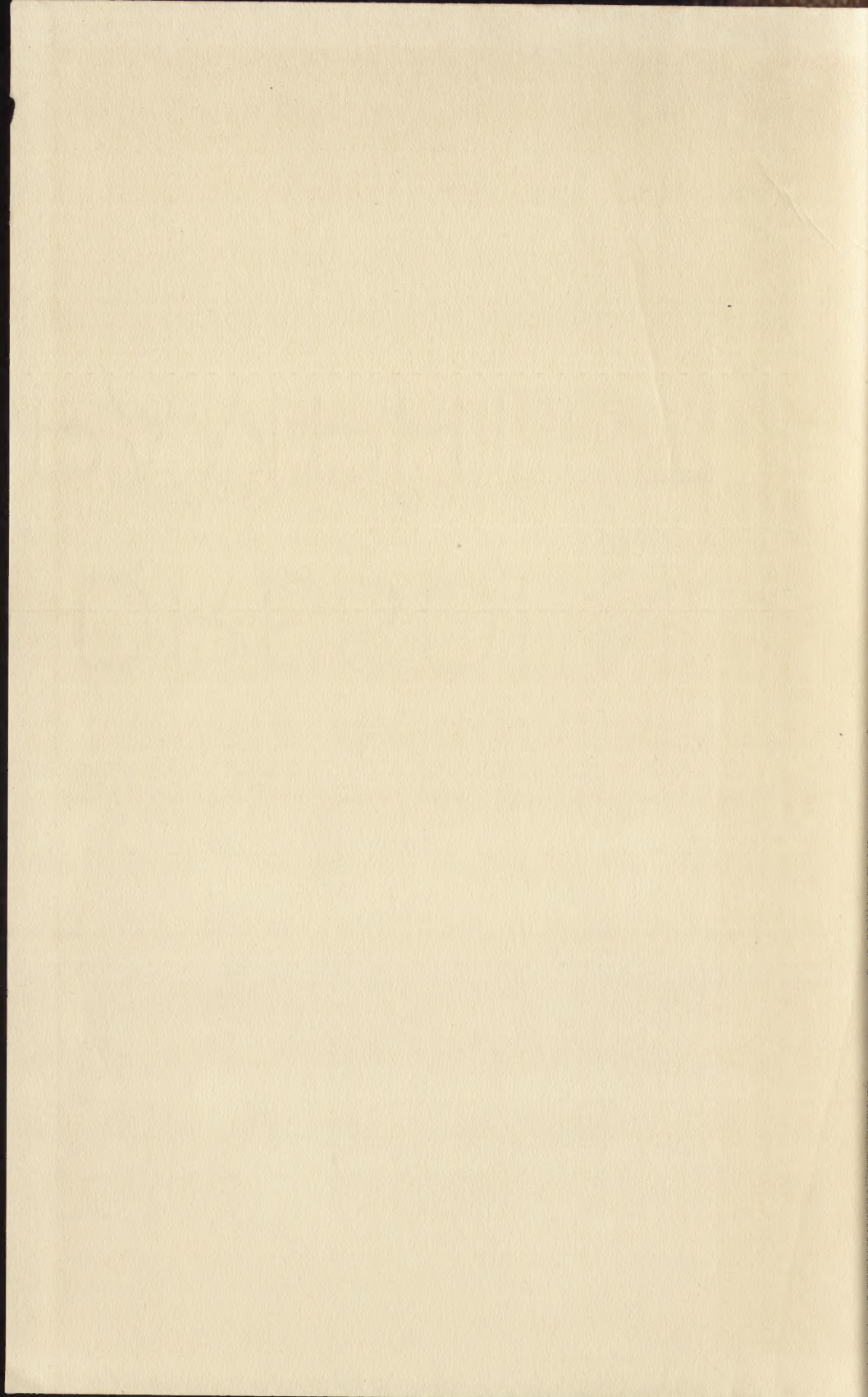
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SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE BORDER

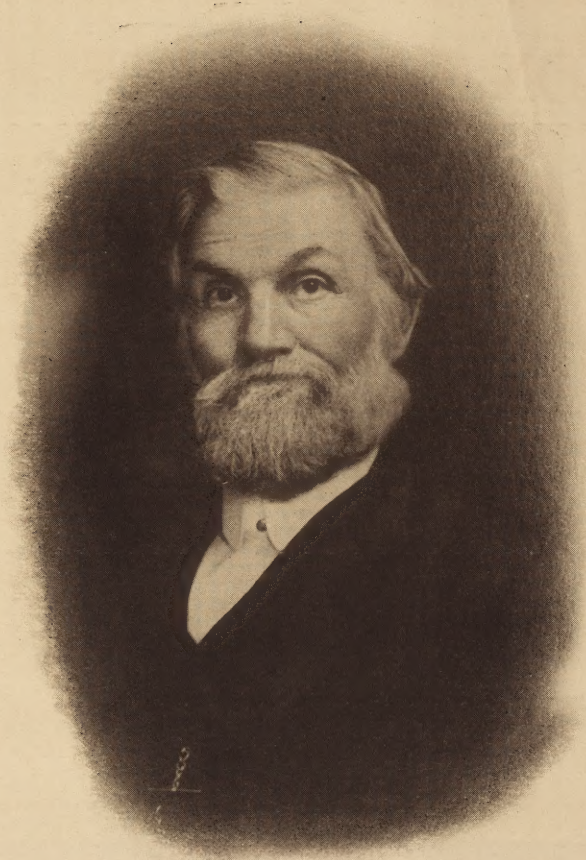
By JAMES WILLIAMS







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Yours truly, JAMES WILLIAMS

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE BORDER

By JAMES WILLIAMS



KANSAS CITY:
Press of Standard Printing Co.

1912

PREFACE.

In presenting this little work to the public, I lay no claim to literary merit from a scholarly point of view, as that would be a travesty on the good sense of the higher education of the present time. However, I was born in Central Missouri, and have lived on its western border for seventy-six years, and have seen the things I tell about in my native Missouri way of telling it, and believe it will be as interesting to the many as though it were told in nicely rounded periods of classical English.

Be that as it may, I trust that some one of these many stories may strike a responsive chord in the breast of the young, the old, the matron, the maid, the grandfather, the baby boy, to the end that my name shall go down to posterity as having done my part in blazing the way for our grand Civilization.

Midway Place, Cameron, Missouri,

February 16th, 1912.

JAMES WILLIAMS.



CHAPTER I.

MY PARENTAGE.

I trust my readers will not think me egotistical if I first mention my parentage, also a short sketch of my life work of 70 years at Midway Place, where I now live.

My father, Luke Williams, and my mother, Louisa Beatty, were natives of Kentucky and came to Missouri early in the 19th century. They were married in Cooper County, at Boonville, Mo. They moved to Van Buren County, now Cass County, Mo., to where my first memory goes back—and removed to “Midway Place” April 30th, 1842, which I have ever since called my home.

Luke Williams is a family name reaching back as far as we can trace our family—and the Baptist religious faith is a heritage we claim to trace to the historic “Roger Williams.” We claim to be lineal descendants of Roger Williams. My father was a hard working farmer, but found time to preach of the faith that was in him on Saturdays and Sundays, riding horseback frequently twenty-five miles home after services on Sunday.

He fought the good fight and kept the faith, and has the promise in the Good Book of a great reward. He departed from us at the age of 38 years, on Nov. 2nd, 1848, leaving us in the wilderness in a double log cabin, two brothers, two sisters, and a weakly mother, with little to live on after the doctor bills and burial expenses were paid.

See Chapter on going to mill.

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Language fails me to describe the privations, the suffering, the cheerless gloom of that long terrible winter of '48 and '49. Chilblains, corns and bunions are yet painful reminders of it. I yet had a good, courageous mother and an overruling Providence decree that I should live to tell the painful story to my grandchildren, 63 years afterward.

In the next chapter I will take up the thread of my own life, mentioning frequently that good mother, who laid the foundation of honesty, probity and fair dealings with my fellow men, which has served me so well through my long business career.

CHAPTER 2.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAMES WILLIAMS.

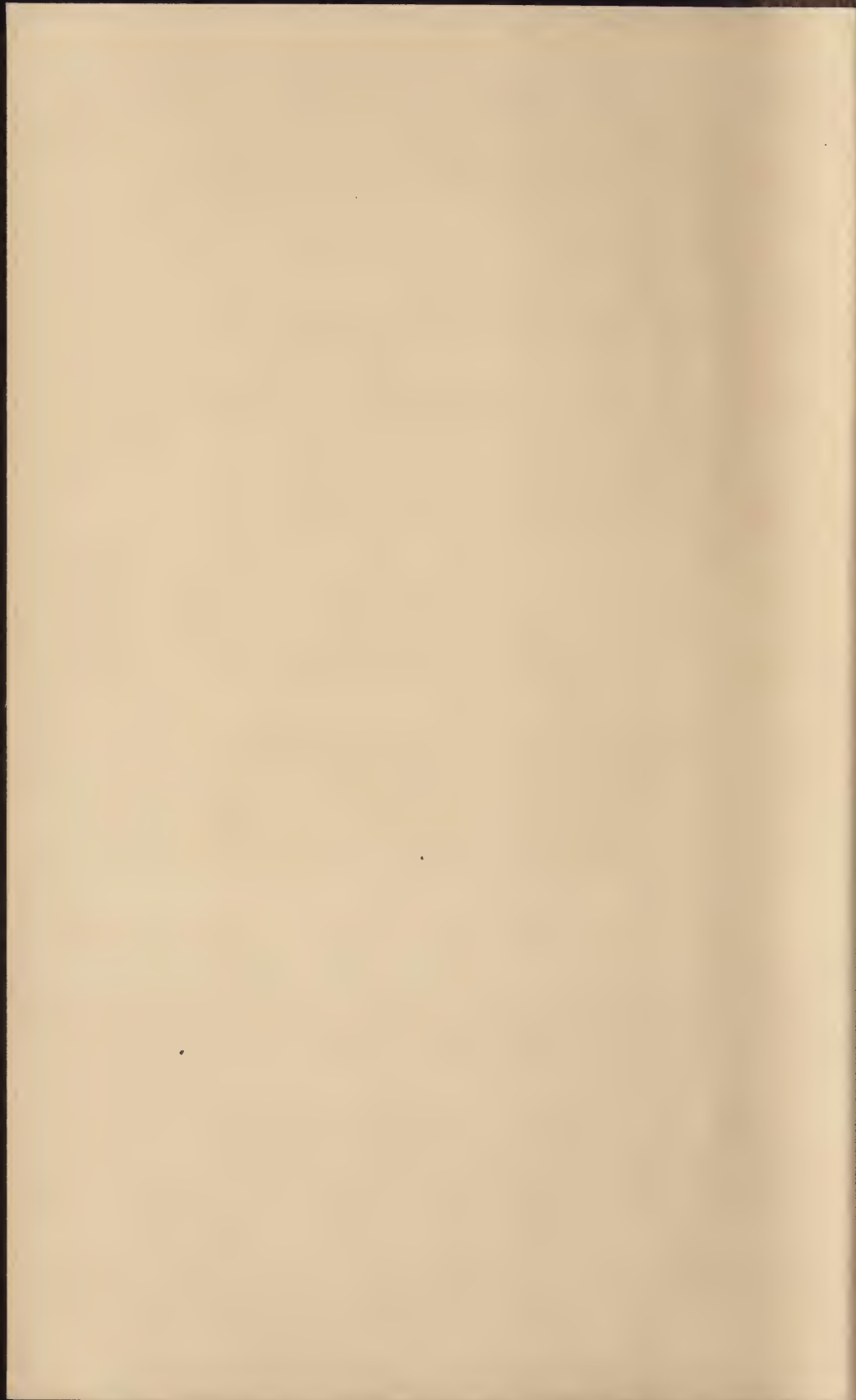
Taking up the thread of my life after my father's death, that brother Alex and I did not go to the bad (as nearly all of our surroundings were calculated to lead in that direction), I attribute to a good pious mother, and an overruling Providence. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

For a time I thought the backwoods cabin shindig, hoe-down dance was just the place for a young man to have a good time, but I soon found that the young men who attended those midnight revelries seldom had any money and frequently had a bottle of whiskey, and usually were exceedingly popular with the class of girls who attend those dances. Guess I was envious. So, in the early stage of the game, I decided that was not the kind of company I wanted to be found in by decent, respectable people, and I got out of that crowd, and stayed out.

Those who lived here sixty or more years ago, will remember what a struggle it took to make ends meet at the end of the year. I've seen the time when eggs



MY MOTHER



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went begging at 3 cents per dozen. I have carried them in baskets to Plattsburg or horseback at from 5 cents to 7 cents. I was a grown man before I ever had a suit of store clothes. All were home spun, woven and tailored, and the girls wore hoop skirts as large at the bottom hem as a good, big umbrella, (no hobble skirts then); grape vines were used before steel hoops got here. However, their cheeks were as rosy, their hearts as good, and their love as constant then as in this age of hats as big as their dress skirts were then.

The means of getting an education sixty years ago were very meager. The log hut with split puncheon floor, with cracks so big that the boys, and girls, too, frequently fell through and hurt their legs in going to recite. It is funny to tell about now, but not so funny to the boy or girl who went through the floor. The others always laughed.

And this was the only kind of a school house I ever attended. In fact, I graduated in just the kind of building described, not more than four miles from Cameron. The teacher, however, neglected to give us our diplomas. Permit me to pay a tribute to that splendid young man, the teacher, Mr. John S. Wells. He could pronounce and spell every word in Webster's elementary spelling book, without missing a word. The poor fellow met a tragic death shortly after at Warsaw, Mo.

John S. Wells went to Warsaw, Mo., in an early day and started a surveyor's and land agency, fell in love with a nice lady. They went out driving on a rough road; their horse got frightened, ran away with them, throwing the lady out of the buggy. The lines wrapped around his feet, or legs, dragging him to death. I give this as I heard the story afterward.

I was born at Boonville, Missouri, May 16th, 1834.

In the old Webster Elementary Spelling-book, on the front leaf was the picture of a man climbing a rugged cliff on which stood the "Temple of Fame." I have been clambering up that rugged height for more than seventy years but I have not yet reached the goal.

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As I get nearer, it seems to get higher, and more difficult to gain its giddy summit.

As to my business career, I was among the first to ship live stock, and I know I was the first man who shipped grain to St. Louis from Cameron in a commercial way. Grain at that time had to be sacked and re-shipped at Hannibal by steamer for St. Louis. I shipped thousands of sacks that way during war time. There were no bridges then spanning the Mississippi or Missouri rivers, save one at Clinton, Iowa.

There were no banking facilities nearer than St. Joseph, where a strong military force was usually kept. All the interior banks had sent their specie either to large cities or to Canada, for safe keeping. Gold and silver were bought like any other commodity. Green backs were the circulating medium until the organization of National Banks based on the credit of the government.

At one time it took \$2.85 in currency to equal \$1.00 in gold, hence the apparent high prices of property. Gold dropped in Wall street immediately after General Lee's surrender, from about \$2.00 to 50 cents premium which caused the so-called "Black Friday" panic, when Jay Gould laid the foundation for his great fortune.

In all the considerable business I did in Cameron and surrounding country, not a half dozen checks were passed. We carried the currency (thousands of dollars) in our pockets, and paid on or before demand, and my credit then was as good as now.

I shipped the first carload of salt in barrels to Cameron, from Chicago. All our salt formerly came in sacks from the Kanawa Salt Works, in West Virginia. I sold the salt at \$5.00 per barrel, as fast as I could roll it to the car door. I charged little profit, as most of my customers had generously sold me their cattle, hogs, etc., on credit until I shipped them. When I returned no grass grew under my feet until they were paid for.

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Many is the time I've got off the rear end of the train and slipped around the stock lots, (which were then located where the big Standard Oil tanks now stand), and footed it home with several thousand dollars in my pockets, and cocked revolver in each hand, ready for instant action. The truth is, I was about as suspicious of some of the loafing militia soldiers, as I was of the Confederates or their sympathizers, hence I carefully dodged all of them.

I can truthfully say of Confederate sympathizers (and their name was legion), that I found them as upright, straight and fair men to deal with as I have ever met in my long business career. I have many times confided to Watt Matthis thousands of dollars for safe keeping, and no one accused Watt of being a very loud Union man. Watt, at that time, was not the man to betray confidence placed in him by a friend.

Before closing this short abstract of my early business ventures, I want to say to the young men of today, that I never could have made even the partial success which crowned my early efforts, had I not rigidly kept my promises. Stern integrity, energetic industry and promptness are yet the keys to success.

It will hardly interest my readers to follow up my career since "war time," as that is too well known by many now living. I might add I took mother's advice and bought all the land I could pay for, and my real estate deals, or some of them, have paid handsomely. Real estate is the "Gibraltar" of business credit.

I wish to tender thanks to my many friends for their unbounded confidence in past years in my integrity of purpose.

JAMES WILLIAMS,
Midway Place.

CHAPTER 3.

MY FIRST LOVE AFFAIR.

I think my many young friends and readers will relish reading the sketches of my early manhood if I

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inject a little romance and tell them of my first love affair, at least I thought it a love affair, but doubt if the girl did. She was a nice, modest, retiring, well beloved young lady, with dark eyelashes and raven hair, and with a contour of personal charms, that any young man need not be ashamed of falling in love with.

Now, I was not so desperately in love with her, but hoped that some day my fortune would be so improved that I would have a basis on which to present my suit to her. Alas! I found early in life that there is "many a slip between the cup and the lip."

Busy tattlers and news mongers carried stories to me (which I found afterwards to be all made up) that her parents made all sorts of fun at my expense. I should have known better for I was never treated better or received in any home with more apparent cordial friendship and esteem than I was by the parents of this estimable young lady. However, she was—as I myself was—too bashful to be very gushing.

They were a family who settled $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Turney, about the year 1849 or 1850. They came from Maryland, and inherited the aristocratic tendencies of the better class of people of Lord Baltimore's province, whether Puritan or Cavalier. The mother was a pious, devoted Catholic, and, I believe, as sincere a Christian woman as it was ever my good fortune to become acquainted with. I shall never forget the good advice I received from her and her worthy husband. I, at that time, was quite poor and I felt deeply nettled at the stories that came to me; and, at the time believed, they would snub me if I ever should presume to visit them again. The old lady was sick at the time this occurred. They sold their farm and moved to Plattsburg and I never saw her any more. She died shortly after.

When war was waging its wide desolation, Captain Turney of Plattsburg, was shot down while at the head of his company, gallantly defending the town, attacked by a struggling band of confederates, said to have been

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commanded by Thraikill. The whole community was up in arms pursuing this band which had shot a militiaman near Turney. The battalion that I was with stopped at Plattsburg for dinner and in the street I met the father of my erstwhile sweetheart. (This was some years after he had left here.) He held out his hand, greeting me cordially, and took me to his home for dinner, together with many other hungry soldiers, and the dark haired lady and her sister were working like Trojans, cooking and waiting on hungry men. This was the last time I ever saw any member of this good family.

I might add that both of these girls married in Plattsburg. The elder one I will call Julia. The fair haired one, Harriet, married a man who had some difficulty with a man in a billiard hall and finally shot at the man missing him, but killing a bystander. He was tried for murder and sent to the state prison for a term of years, but was paroled or pardoned for good behavior and came back to his heart-broken wife and family, probably a better man. I need not tell the few old people near Turney, the name of this good family, they already have guessed. The name was Lloyd Wells, and the girls were sisters of John S. Wells, mentioned as the best speller in the state of Missouri.

Now that my grizzled hair is almost white as snow, this incident comes to me like some iridescent dream of youth and this heart of mine will never forget the pleasant hours spent at the hospitable home of Lloyd Wells.

JAMES WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER 4.

A LITTLE WAR TIME LOVE AFFAIR.

While relating my early love "escapades" I had as well finish that particular phase of my early manhood. That I did not marry earlier in life, I attribute to several reasons.

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To begin, I was handicapped with poverty, and a weakly mother and two sisters. Being the oldest of the family, I felt in duty bound to stay with and help them as much as I could, and I have never regretted that I did so.

I took Mother Wells' advice and set my goal so high that to this day I have not been able to quite reach it; try as I will. I will say this much, if I ever made any advances to a young lady you can rest assured I thought she was among the best in the land.

I was not calculated to impress the girls much with my beauty of person. A great uncouth, bronzed, big footed, unpolished, back woods youth, who studied more how to get together some of this world's goods and store up a little useful knowledge, than to learn how to say those soft nothings that most girls like so well to have whispered in their ear. So it will be seen that I was in no sense a "Ladies' Man."

I here give only one little romantic episode of my love experience in war time. Old soldiers will remember that we did not stand and wait for a formal introduction to a young lady.

As I have said before, I shipped considerable stock, grain, etc., in war time. This incident, or love escapade, happened on a Hannibal & St. Joseph train about fifty miles west of Hannibal, bound west. The train that day had one Platte County, (now part of the K.C. & Council Bluffs division of the Burlington system,) new passenger car and about four freight cars loaded with barreled pork for the soldiers at Leavenworth; we didn't have any big packing houses in the West at that time.

The Confederate bushwhackers had sawed the cross ties on a high embankment. The rails spread when the engine struck the weakened track, and the engine left the track, but did not roll down the embankment, but the 4 cars of pork did, many of the barrels going through the side of the car, and rolling out on the edge of the right of way. The bushwhackers fired on the engineers

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and firemen, who were protected with thick sheet iron lining to the cab, and none were seriously hurt.

During the several hours detention, I noticed an elderly gentleman and lady with two young ladies, whom I took to be their daughters. The mother and one of the girls had red—no, auburn hair; the other had raven black hair, eye lashes, brows and rosy cheeks which would put a ripe peach in the background. This fair brunette had a memorandum book and gold looking pencil (one of those nice little telescope affairs so popular with literary young ladies of that period). While the railroad people were repairing the track and getting the engine back on it, she appeared to be taking notes of what was going on, and I had nothing else to do but to fall in love with her. Somehow, young men, especially those who had seen a little military service, naturally fell in love with a pretty girl; they had to have a sweetheart, and most of the girls kind o' intimated they rather liked to have sweethearts, as well. In this case, I'd have given a five cent green back shinplaster's worth of chewing gum (if I'd had it) to have known how to approach this fair lady. It couldn't be done, father mother, sister, all there, I, a total stranger in a strange and hostile land.

The day ran wearily on. Along late in the evening, "toot, toot" came from the engine and the train was soon in motion. The worst freight train nowadays furnishes better transportation than passenger trains did then. The night dragged along. Brookfield, Chilli-cothe, Hamilton, were called. Meantime, I was growing desperate; didn't take much then to make a young man grow desperate when a pretty girl was in sight. Something had to be done quickly. Both the girls were dozing in one seat in the crowded car, and I had noticed they had put their skirts, or some toggerly, on the shelf overhead and a little in front of them. An idea struck

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me. Taking a leaf from a memorandum book. I wrote as follows:

"James Williams, a single man of Cameron, Mo., was on the train when the bushwhackers tried to wreck it west of Palmyra, Mo. Would like, if agreeable, to correspond, etc."

I put this little billet doux in an open pocket in that skirt overhead, and trusted to woman's curiosity to do the rest; it did it. In a few days a little note in a dainty envelope, in beautiful handwriting, addressed "James Williams, Cameron, Mo.," came to hand. The funny part was, I'd gotten the little billet doux in the red headed girl's pocket, but I'd guarded against such a calamity by saying it was the girl who was taking notes that I wanted to know more about. She very coyly tried to find out how I got that missive in that pocket. She never found out from me.

I was elated with my success so far. She told me in that letter she was a Pennsylvania "school marm" on the way to Emporia, Kas., with her parents. A nice little correspondence sprung up between us, in which I talked about the war, cattle, hogs, etc. I doubt if she, at that time, knew a hog from a steer. However, she had a good prospect ahead to get information along these lines. I rashly promised to go to Emporia to show her my beauty and polished manners, not taking into consideration there was no great deal of love for Missourians in Kansas at that time, and that trip would have to be made on horseback, nearly 200 miles. The more I contemplated the trip, the more my ardor, or love, cooled down. The correspondence slackened on her part; at least, I think I hastened it by sending an awfully poor daguerreotype picture of James Williams postmarked Cameron, Mo.

She acted wisely by marrying a Judge somebody, an old widower, as I learned many years after.

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CHAPTER 5.

MY MARRIAGE.

What a curious and flexible thing is the human heart, either in love or business! A young man, or lady either, may, in their young days, be crossed in a little love affair, and for the time being think they are irretrievably ruined, broken up and gone. All that most of them have to do for a cure, is not to waste very much of their young lives grieving because they have been crossed a little. They will find that all the red roses don't grow in one garden.

The writer has had experience in almost every phase of love escapades, and business reverses as well as some successes, and his heart is not broken, and he still has some hair on his hoary head at nearly eighty years of age.

After many of these little love affairs, whether real, sentimental, funny or pathetic, he finally, at about thirty years of age, not relishing the idea of being an old bachelor, and with the instinct of all created beings of transmitting to posterity a name that his own might not go down to oblivion, concluded that it was getting time to find a sure enough sweetheart. In the meantime, his experience along this line, as well as business contact with the great outside world had taken out of his make-up some of that diffidence and choky feeling while trying to be pleasing to his lady love.

So he worshipped at Beauty's shrine, telling her he loved the ground she walked on, and all that soft, sentimental stuff that most pretty girls like so well to have whispered in their ear. So one day, or possibly night,

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(let him confess) he proposed to her; she intimated "yes," and on the last Thursday evening of the year 1864, we were married.

"She married a man who was very poor,
And many children played around her door—
Nine in all has she had,
Seven now living, and two are dead.
"Little Charley" was first that died;
I remember how we wept and cried,
When Elihu B. was forced to go,
And they now lie side by side.

There is a little room left between
The graves of mother
And Elihu B. and little brother;
Six feet by three
Will be enough for me,
We'll sleep there close together.
And in the Resurrection morn,
They will rejoice that they were born.

The names of our children are: Rosa Belle, now Mrs. Jos. E. Thompson, Wallace E. (Little Charley), Luke, Roland H. (Elihu B.), Maude, now Mrs. F. Martin, Herbert S. and "Roger Williams." I now have seven grandchildren, all girls, and there is a possibility that my name may not be transmitted in my own family. However, I've two boys unmarried yet; of course, they want to marry. They ought to marry.

Midway Place, Dec. 16, 1911.

CHAPTER 6.

MY TWO SISTERS—SALLY ANN AND ANN ELIZA WILLIAMS.

The older, Sally A., was about seven years and Ann Eliza was about four years old when our father died. We had a tough time, I can say, but went through it

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all right and are all alive yet, sixty-three years since that, to us, sad event. However, time is telling on our feeble frames. We are tottering down—

“Shades of evening, close not o’er us,
Leave our lonely barque awhile,
That we may view just before us
Yonder dim and distant Isle.”

The younger married John Schreck early in January, 1865, and Sally A. stayed with mother and me for several years. During war time, she went to the school of the good Sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent at St. Joseph. Although immovable in her Christian faith, she was awarded the highest honors of the school, whose scholars were a large majority Catholics, on a tie vote between her and a good Catholic girl. She never tires of saying nice things about those good Sisters of the Convent.

After returning home, she taught school in her home district for many terms, finally marrying John L. Hockensmith. She has one girl, Miss Mary Hockensmith, now living with her at Turney, Mo. I am glad to say, Sally has stood by me in every trial in life, through evil, as well as good, report, and I can say with a clear conscience, I’ve never betrayed any trust she has placed in me.

We are now tottering down the shady evening of life. We love to recount the many incidents of our childhood days, some of them comical, some pathetic, others tragic and sorrowful, with many very pleasant memories of early youth—

“Days and years revolve but slowly,
Time grows tedious to the young,
In the hope of coming pleasure,
Soon our days and years are gone;
Soon they’re gone, we know not whither,
Age steals on us unaware.”

Sister Ann Eliza married a Mr. John Schreck. They now live about fifty miles west of Oklahoma City on a

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good farm. Have several children, I think all married. The oldest, Leslie, has been a commercial traveler for many years, commencing with the Wyeth Hardware Co. of St. Joseph, when a boy of 10 or 12 years of age, at a salary of \$12.00 a month or less. Is now with the Simmons "Keen Kutter" Hardware Co. of St. Louis, said to be the largest hardware company in the world, at a salary of about \$3000.00 per annum.

The oldest girl, Alice, married a successful furniture man of Falls City, Nebraska. Alice is one of the best of my kinsfolk and deserves the best in the land.

CHAPTER 7.

AN INDIAN STORY.

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF AN INDIAN SCARE IN THE PIONEER DAYS.

Early Settlers Fortified For Twelve Hours Against the
Red Men—Thirst Drives Them Forth.

My father settled the farm I now live on in the spring of 1842, moving from Van Buren (now Cass) County, Mo. He hired his youngest brother, William (better known in this community as Uncle Bill Williams), to come with him to help him improve his new place. For a time everything went exceedingly well until Uncle Bill fell desperately in love with Miss Harriet, daughter of that old pioneer, Isaac D. Baldwin. It was such a distressing case of love that it totally unfitted the young man for business, and resulted in their marriage the following autumn. When the honeymoon was over, Uncle Bill went to work earnestly, and settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Ezra Charlton.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE BORDER

It was along in the fall of 1843 that my father and Uncle Bill had occasion to go back to Cass county to finish some unsettled business, expecting to be gone some ten days. It was arranged that Aunt Harriet should come and stay with mother and us children while father and uncle were gone. They had been gone several days when the incident of which I write occurred. We had a seap spring dug out just where prairie and timber came together, northwest of our house about 150 yards.

Just at dark mother discovered that there was but little water for over night. So aunt took a water pail and started for the spring. After being gone a few minutes she came running back terribly frightened at what she said was a great big Indian with his black-striped blanket drawn over his shoulders. It was now growing dark, and we were too badly scared to attempt to go to any of the neighbors, so we concluded to fortify and hold the fort.

Mother, having been in Missouri during the war of 1812, and having lived with Captain Calloway, son-in-law of the old Indian fighter, Daniel Boone, was supposed to know something of Indian strategy, so it devolved on her to do the planning. After counseling it was decided that she and aunt should dress up in men's clothes to make the Indians believe there were several men about the place—I will digress a little by saying that the Indians from the territory west of the Missouri River came over in Missouri every fall for several years after I lived here to hunt, and it was no uncommon thing to see the woods full of them.

Well, now the funny part of the story commences. Aunt Harriet tried putting on a pair of my father's old brown jeans breeches. After an exciting struggle she succeeded in putting them on over her clothing, but the legs were rather long; they were rolled up, but would not stay up. Mother sewed them for her. The next move was the coat. So they hunted up an old sleeve jacket (round-about or womus as they were called at that time).

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Now, for the finishing touch, I went under the bed and fished out a pile of old rubbish an old and very dilapidated two story plug hat, the upper story badly caved in. She donned the hat, and I will say from that day to this I have never seen a more laughable looking piece of humanity. Every time I think of her grotesque appearance, a smile will involuntarily come to my face. Next for her armament. We had but one gun, and I, being quite an expert for my age in the use of a rifle, it was decided that I was to use the gun. So aunt, for appearance, took the long hickory poker that was invariably found in all cabins at that day, throwed it across her shoulder and commenced her stately tread as a man of war.

Meantime mother and I were not idle. She, seeing the heroic efforts of my aunt to get into the breeches, concluded that she could make a pretty good appearance by putting on a large overcoat of my father's, which was made of a Mackinaw blanket that had black stripes around for a border, and to recompense for the lack of pants she put on a pair of old Stoga boots, and stuffed her dress in the tops of them, and taken altogether, her toilet was almost as ludicrous as aunt's. After getting on her suit she went down toward the horse stable and gave orders in as coarse a voice as she could affect to Thomas and John, two imaginary servants, about the feeding of several imaginary horses. Meanwhile I was firing minute guns with the old rifle at intervals as long as my ammunition held out. So the night drew on apace. Meanwhile we had given up keeping out a picket so we had all gone into the cabin and barricaded the rough clap-board door with a large square table, built up a rousing log fire for light, and kept up as much noise as possible. At about 10 o'clock we all got very sleepy and finally concluded that the Indians perhaps might not have meant any harm. We slept till daybreak, and with the excitement and big fire, were so thirsty that we had to have water. So I took the gun as a guard, mother and aunt a pail each, and we went

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cautiously down toward the spring. It was just getting light and the object about where aunt had seen her Indian. It was a ground hog case—we had to have water. We did not run, but approached the object cautiously, when, behold! it was nothing more than an old stump that had been burned around the roots, which accounted for the Indian and the black stripe on his blanket.

CHAPTER 8.

MY FIRST COMMERCIAL VENTURE.

ABOUT THE LONG AGO.

Reminiscence of The Days When Clinton County Was a Wild.

Cameron, Mo., March 26th, 1896.

Editor of The Leader.

On reading in last week's Plattsburg Leader the letter of Gen. Bela M. Hughes, it brought to my mind a little incident which occurred more than fifty years ago in which your father, Thos. McMichael, myself, and General B. M. Hughes were the actors.

The earlier settlers will remember that at that time county produce consisted mostly of furs, pelts, beeswax, venison, hams, and etc. As my father had settled out on Shoal Creek, in the vicinity of that old pioneer, Isaac D. Baldwin, which was then an almost unbroken wilderness of timber and underbrush, with skirts of prairie intervening, it was a paradise for wild game, such as deer, turkey, prairie chickens, quail, and etc. My father was quite expert at hunting with the rifle, which was to be found in every settler's cabin, and usually of a fall he dressed and smoked a lot of venison hams.

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On one fine morning in October my parents concluded to send me to Plattsburg, then the only village in the county (Haynesville had not been heard of then), to sell some produce, which consisted of a fine pair of venison hams, nicely dressed and smoked.

After a long and irksome ride over the old Far West trail, I arrived on the hill north of town, just as the bell in old man Palmer's old rickety belfry, which surmounted the old Hotel, was giving out its melodious chimes announcing to wayfarers that the noon meal was about ready. Arrived, I hitched my horse, and took the meal bag containing my produce on my back, and rather irresolutely (it was my first commercial venture), started for McMichael's store. When I entered Mr. McMichael was waiting on a customer. I stood in one corner, too diffident to say a word. As soon as the customer had been waited on, Mr. McMichael came to me with a pleasant greeting, and asked me whose son I was. I told him Luke Williams'. And what can I do for you my son? I told him (as he had gained my confidence by his kind words) that I had some deer's hams, as I called them, for sale. He looked at them, and said that they were very fine, and asked me the price. I answered, "Pap" said to ask a dollar, but if I could not get that to take 75 cents, whereupon he told me that he was fully supplied, but to take them over to the land-office; that Mr. Hughes would buy them, but to ask the dollar, and take nothing less. Feeling reassured that I had one friend in Plattsburg, I bounded nimbly up the steps of the little one story building in which was the United States land-office, and I well remember just how Mr. Hughes looked with beautiful wavy hair, and quill pen behind his ear. He looked every inch the gentleman that he was. He examined my goods critically, and without any haggling pulled out of his pocket a bright Mexican silver dollar, and gave it to me, and with part of the proceeds of that sale I made the most valuable purchase of my life, for I found that I had enough money left from the big sale of my hams to more than pay for the few little articles

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mother sent for, and I bought a copy of Pike's Arithmetic, and learned from it as a text book, and studied hard to master its problems. What little I know of mathematics the foundation was laid in the purchase of that little book. And well do I remember mother's smile and encouraging words of approbation for my purchasing a useful book in place of toys and sweet-meats.

My mother claimed to be a distant relative of General Hughes, through the Metcalf family of Kentucky.

JAMES WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER 9.

A 'POSSUM HUNT SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

While in Cass County going to that school that I've mentioned several times, at which the writer and Lottie Farmer had the spelling contest for the little Bible, I and three of my cousins, brothers of Luke Williams, our teacher, one nice, moonshiny night concluded to go out coon and 'possum hunting in the woods of the north fork of Big Creek, near where Greenwood in Jackson County now is. We frequently went 'possum hunting late in the fall after the persimmons had been frozen several times. One can depend on finding the opossum where there are plenty of persimmons.

My cousins had a great, big tom cat, a good fighter. We'd get a 'possum, which would always sulk, or as is sometimes said of persons, "you're possuming" (trying to deceive), and carry him home by his long, scaly tail. Then we'd get Thomas, and take a good long string and tie Thomas' tail to his 'possumship's tail, and throw one of them across the pole on which they used to hang up hogs at "hog killing time;" let me tell my boy friends it didn't take Tom long to wake up out of his apparent trance his 'possumship and at it they went, and it was not long before Tom began to rue that he'd picked a

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quarrel with that old 'possum, and we would always have to come to Tom's rescue, or that 'possum would have soon put poor Thom. "hors de combat."

So away we went to catch 'possums, coons, or anything else that would make fun. We had two monster grey hounds. Not the little, long legged type, but great, big fellows nearly as big as some of Teddy Roosevelt's African lions killed in his famous hunting expedition. We had no luck that night in treeing either coons or 'possums, and had started home, when, at once the dogs started full speed after some animal running furiously through the brush and timber. We stopped and listened. They ran, whatever it was they were after, down under a high cliff, yelling and snapping such as I had not heard before or since. They seemed to have him backed up in a niche, grotto, or some place they could not more than one of them get at him at a time, snapping and yelling as though they'd been hurt by the animal they had at bay.

Finally we boys, took a scare and we made tracks for home in a hurry, without finding out what Lesco and Yellow, the names of the big greyhounds had under that cliff. We concluded they had come suddenly on one, or more of those big, black or grey timber wolves, which got in a place where he could defend himself by snapping at them, and only one could approach him at a time, or they would have pulled him out and killed him, which they frequently did.

CHAPTER 10.

HEMP AND BACON GOING TO MARKET.

I think it will bring a broad smile to the faces of many of my latter day friends when I tell them that Mirabile was the market for the above hemp and bacon.

My father raised about two acres of hemp the sum-

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mer he died, 1848. Hemp, at that day, was almost as legal a tender for goods as was the "coin of the realm." They cut it in August with a kind of a draghook with long handle, by hand-spreading it out behind them. They cut a swath about as wide as the hemp was long to have room to spread it. They took it up in about ten days, knocked the dry leaves off and put it in shocks tying them at top like corn. They let the shocks stand until thoroughly dry, then spread them out on the same ground to rot the stems so they would break in a hemp break when properly rotted.

It devolved on me, as a boy of 13 years, to prepare this patch of hemp for market. After getting it properly rotted, I borrowed an old flax break in the neighborhood (a flax break is too small to break hemp well) and kept pegging away at it, threshing the hands of lint across the top of the break to get the shoves out, as we called the broken stems from which the lint peeled off in the process of breaking.

After finishing a hand we'd twist it up something like twist tobacco only leaving about half of the frazzled ends loose, but tying it securely where we left off twisting. Where a large commercial crop was raised in the river counties, these "hands" were placed in a nice bale, then put under a great screw press and were very solid, and compact enough to ship to Liverpool, the hemp market of the world, there to be made into cordage and shrouding for the great sail ships for the commerce of the civilized world. We didn't have a screw press, but used a long pole, the short end in a crack of a log stable. A wide slab was laid on the top of the pile of hemp with a V-shaped block for a fulcrum on top of the slab. One boy at the long end of lever pressed down, while another boy tied the ropes—we had no wire baling ties then.

In this way we got two bales weighing about 100 pounds each. We also had about four middlings of bacon to spare, and we needed shoes and other goods more than we did "hemp and bacon," so we lashed two middlings on top of each bale of hemp, putting a good, big piece of

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carpet on the horses instead of saddles. We two boys each mounted the horses, first putting our produce on top of a stake—and—ridered fence to facilitate loading it on horses before us.

Talk about transportation; talk about caravans of the desert! I'll say this was the toughest transportation job I ever tackled. Just think of one boy 13 and another about 10 years old keeping that huge bundle on a horse for ten miles without a saddle or stirrups! And to make it more aggravating to us, we met some men just a mile or so this side of our goal. They looked astonished, and one of them rather jocosely remarked, "Hemp and bacon going to market," but we got there just the same.

The balance of that crop of hemp rotted in the field. There has never been another hemp seed sown on Midway Place Farm from that day to this.

This true story of my experience in the halcyon days of hemp raising in the Missouri Valley, I give to my friends as a Christmas present this December 25th, 1911.

CHAPTER 11.

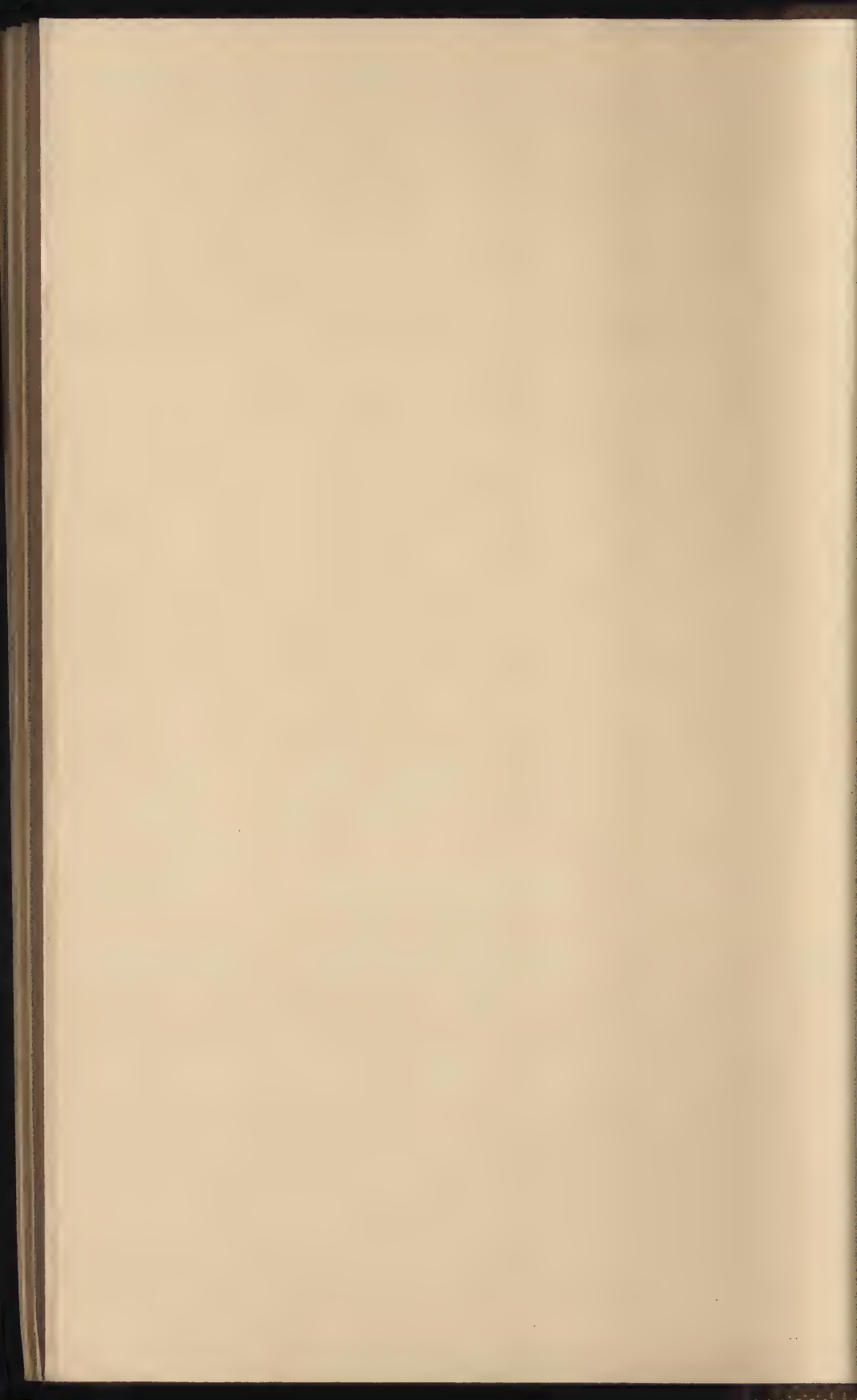
HOW DAVE KIRKPATRICK AND ZEKE DUNCAN BEAT SOME THREE-CARD MONTE MEN AT OMAHA.

Dave and Zeke were native backwoods boys of our neighborhood, whom the writer knew all their lives. In fact I was a pupil of Dave's father in that primitive school; he taught near Cameron a long time before the town was laid out, and for that day, was an excellent teacher.

Dave had inherited a little land from his father's estate, which he had sold to Judge Estep for \$400.00 or \$500.00 in cash, so he and Zeke started out to see the world, bound for California. The Union Pacific at that time was the only transcontinental line finished to the



Hemp and Bacon going to market.



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Pacific coast, so if one would go west, he would necessarily have to go via Omaha.

Our two young friends went to Omaha, which at that time, was a pretty lively burg. Of course, Dave and Zeke drifted into a saloon and gambling den. Dave had about all the money in the crowd, all in bank bills in an inside vest pocket. Dave was not near as green as he looked; in fact, Dave had seen some of the smooth, pasteboard gentry before. They gawked around the gaming tables till finally they ran onto two fellows, one of whom was fooling with three cards. The other seemed to be a stranger, as was Dave and Zeke. The one looking on finally commenced asking the one who was fooling with the cards some questions about what he was trying to do, so the dealer explained the trick of monte to all three of the bystanders, shuffling his cards from hand to hand as monte men do. Dave and Zeke's new found friend, remarked that that man must have money to throw at birds, or he would not offer to bet on a thing that was so plain that any one could win his money, telling them how easy it was to follow a given card with the eye, then put their money down on it and rake off the pile.

Dave, looking just as green as he possibly could, took out a big, black plug of Navy, bit off a "chaw" and handed the plug to Zeke, who followed suit, standing around and looking on at the various games going on. Finally Dave reached 'way down under his coat and fumbled around, digging up his wallet containing the \$500.00, and, taking a ten out, put the wallet back in the vest pocket as carefully as a veritable old miser would have done, and told the dealer he'd try his luck any way.

Now that big wallet of ready cash in the hands of a green looking country boy opened the heart of a three-card monte dealer for once, which seldom occurs, so he covered Dave's ten and let Dave win, thinking he had a sure thing on most of that wad of Dave's, but it turned out he'd "reckoned without his host." On

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Dave's winning, the smooth partner said, "I told you I knew that you could detect the winning card with that quick eye of yours," pulling out a roll saying, "I'll go your partner and we'll bust this concern and put them out of business." Whereupon Dave coolly took another chew of tobacco, remarking he did not care to win more than ten dollars at one time from a lot of three-card monte black legs, saying, "Let's go, Zeke." I got this story from Zeke several years after both had returned.

I'll give a little of my own experience with "confidence men" and three-card sharpers. I have never seen much of them as I would never loaf around a saloon or gambling house. From my boyhood, I've despised games of cards of every kind, even when lying around in camp in war time. Seeing those games going on day and night, I never even learned the value of any card in any of the various games played. I've always avoided them, and I believe if all the cards that I've consigned to the flames on my farm could be gotten into a pile, they would fill a peck measure. Hired hands would have them, and on rainy days would have their games in the hay mow in the barn, and carelessly leave them in sight, and if I found them, they never furnished any further amusement.

In time of the war, on one trip to Chicago I shipped two cars of hogs and sold them at the Cottage Grove Yards, which were located near the Douglass place, the old homestead of the little giant Democratic politician, so renowned for his debates with the immortal Lincoln.

I sold them myself, as usual at that time, the buyer paying me the current funds in bank bills. After paying freight and hotel bills, I bounced a "hoss car" and headed north on State street for the business part of the city. I think I was intending to buy some gold coin to bring home for some of my "clientele," who were able to hoard it against a sudden emergency, which frequently happened in those dreadful days.

I was walking leisurely along a street, I think in the vicinity of Mr. Gage's bank, who, it will be re-

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membered, was a good many years later, Secretary of the Treasury in President Cleveland's administration, I believe. While going a little slowly looking for a bank, a slick looking fellow suddenly accosted me, saying, "Didn't I meet you down at the Cottage Grove Stock Yards?" I looked him over, instantly concluding he was entirely too familiar, but as it was in broad daylight, and on a crowded street, it went through my head I'd see what he was up to. He said to me, "I presume you had stock in, as I saw you weighing some hogs." I answered in the affirmative. His next question was, "What part of the country do you ship from?" Replying, I told him from Cameron, Missouri, whereupon he volunteered the information that he was a merchant from St. Joseph and had brought in a lot of stock also, and that was why he had come to see and recognize me on the street and he kept on talking his familiar gab.

It seemed I could not get rid of him; if I walked a little faster, he'd do the same. If I walked slower, he'd do likewise, and kept discussing the markets. I suspected him from the first, but believed he was a pickpocket, and kept a sharp lookout for my money, which I had in an inside vest pocket buttoned at top of the pocket so a pickpocket could not possibly get it without cutting a big hole through the coat and vest, or by violence, and I thought there was little danger of either on that crowded business street in daylight.

Suddenly, he met a man and they shook hands very cordially and commenced bantering about a case of laces, or goods. They seemed to be apart on the price, one, then the other, conceding a little till they closed the trade. It was then it instantly dawned on me they were scoundrels, as no such wholesale dry goods sale as that was ever consummated out in a busy street. I waited a little to see the outcome of that deal. The buyer took out a \$1,000.00 bill and a \$500.00 one; I think the amount was about \$1,400.00 that bogus deal called for. They fumbled around quite a spell trying to make change, when, finally, my Missouri friend said

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to me, "Would you be kind enough to change one of these bills for us; it seems we can't make it ourselves." I instantly saw their game was to pass a big counterfeit bill on me, and get good money in change, whereupon I told them I did not change money in a crowded street, and pointed out Mr. Gage's bank saying it would be a good place to do the kind of business they appeared to be doing, but I did not think they could put a big counterfeit bill on the bank.

I then yelled "police," and the coat tails of those slick confidence fellows stood out behind them level enough for a three-card monte man to have practised his juggling art on. When the police arrived I told him how those fellows tried to scoop me, but had failed. The policeman said they had, within the last few days, beaten several victims out of big wads of money.

It seemed the confidence and three-card monte men had determined not to let me get home that trip. I arrived in Quincy next morning, and at that time had to take the Keokuk Packet boat to Hannibal (the Quincy and Palmyra cut-off had not then been made). The boat was at the wharf taking on a lot of freight. I had nothing to do, and went up into the cabins, where there were many nice looking people.

It was quite warm, and a rather affable gentleman, who had commenced a conversation with me on weather, crop prospects, etc. (he could see I was a granger and concluded I might be gullible) proposed we'd go up on top of the boat where there were some people already. So, not thinking of any scheme, I went along and we strolled around to the back end, or stern, of the upper deck, when, suddenly my chaperon ran nearly into a fellow, who was, as usual, fooling with three cards. It instantly flashed on me what my genial, new found friend was up to. He pretended surprise, and, stepping back a little, asked the card man what he was driving at, who told him that over in town that morning, he saw a fellow who pretended that he could shuf-

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he cards back and forth so quickly the eye could not follow him—the usual three-card man's racket.

My friend pretended to get intensely interested, and finally proposed to me that we'd try our luck just for fun. I was so disgusted I felt like kicking them both over the railing into the river, and I plainly told them they had struck the wrong man for a victim of three-card monte black legs, and immediately walked away.

CHAPTER 12.

J. Q. A. KEMPER.

I have known personally and well the elder J. Q. A. Kemper, of Cameron, Missouri, now in his 86th year. He came to Missouri in 1850, and I have known him since that time. He is now living with a daughter in Cameron, and I frequently meet with him, and we always drift into ye olden times talk. He has raised a large family of sons, who are very prosperous business men. Mr. Kemper is a relative of the well known financiers in Kansas City, of same name and nativity. He has steadfastly kept "the faith once delivered to the saints" as expounded by "Roger Williams" in early Colonial days, as did his ancestors.

He participated in the little battle at Camden Point, Missouri, as did his father-in-law, Ex-Governor George Smith, and is one of the three or four of us left, who were in that fight. I will relate an incident of that brush fight which I omitted to record in another description of it.

At the first fire of the confederates on us, several of our brave fellows, who were in the rear in that narrow lane, turned their back to danger and made themselves scarce in that vicinity, and never stopped until they arrived in Cameron, and one or two in Kingston. These were the kind of men who were so industrious with cards of nights, and made the night hideous

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singing "Joe Bowers" in a major key (if they had any key at all).

The Kempers have always stood high as business men and good citizens, and have the confidence and esteem of all.

CHAPTER 13.

COLONEL A. W. DONIPHAN.

I can not possibly throw any additional light on the brilliant career of one of Missouri's early day lawyers, soldiers and citizens, Col. A. W. Doniphan. It was my good fortune to hear his eloquence and pathos in one of (perhaps) the greatest efforts of his long legal career.

Three men of St. Joseph, Missouri, had taken a man by the name of Willard out into a wooded seclusion, handcuffed and tied him, stripped his shirt off and cowhided him by turns, pouring whiskey, or trying to, into him, and drinking it themselves off and on for nearly half of a hot day in July, until he, Willard, succumbed from sheer exhaustion and torture, as shown by Jennings's confession, who was found guilty and hanged in St. Joseph a year after the murder. There is but little question that Jennings was the least guilty of the participants in this most brutal murder. One of my neighbors, Mr. John Pawley, was present and witnessed Jennings's execution. He was a poor man so it didn't take justice long to overtake him.

Not so with Langston, who had some property. Three or four prominent St. Joseph lawyers, including Col. A. W. Doniphan of Liberty, were employed by Langston in his defense. The prosecution was assisted by Silas Woodson, who had recently settled in St. Joseph, and was elected Governor of Missouri many years after. (I'll refer my readers to page 407, History of Clinton County for full account of this tragedy, which occurred at St. Joseph in the year 1852, 60 years since.) I'll also call attention to what Col. Doniphan

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says in another chapter of the above mentioned history, in writing of great lawyers, among others his distinguished opponent in this celebrated trial.

I didn't hear the evidence, but Jennings' confession gives a good idea of the whole transaction. Everybody who read the St. Joseph papers at that time were familiar with the facts brought out in Jennings' trial. All I cared for was to hear the two most brilliant orators of the bar of Western Missouri at that time. From that day to this, I've not heard such matchless oratory, as fell from the lips of Doniphan pleading with the jury to spare the life of his client, Langston. Pleading not for acquittal, but for life. At times there was hardly a dry eye in that little old brick temple of justice, his brilliant pathos swaying the audience and to some extent, the jury (I thought at the time). I never have known of a murderer, whom I thought merited the death penalty any more than did Langston, taking Jennings' confession as facts, which were undoubtedly true.

On the other side, Governor Woodson depicted to the jury the pleadings of poor Willard, who was being whipped to death by three men just because he owed them some little bills, and had not the money to pay them with, and kept putting them off, as is the case frequently with delinquent debtors, terrible scathing denunciations of the brutality of any human beings, who could be so lost to pity and the pleadings for mercy of the dying man, made such an impression on me at the time, much as I have been against the death sentence, I would have voted guilty of murder in the first degree, while Jennings did not think murder was contemplated, and probably would not have occurred had it not been for the inevitable filling up with whiskey, which is the usual stimulant to such brutality.

Doniphan's eloquence triumphed and saved the neck of Langston, who got 20 years in the pen., and was pardoned out a few years later by Bob Stewart, governor of Missouri.

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CHAPTER 14.

A FUNNY INCIDENT OF WAR TIME.

While this little incident has very little importance, it is, nevertheless, a little funny. I was shipping a load of big wether sheep to St. Louis via Hannibal, where we unloaded off the cars early in the morning and had to wait there until four o'clock P. M. for the fine Keokuk Packet, "Jennie Deans", one of the finest steamers of that day; even today it, and its twin sister, "Effie Deans", would be called fine. I concluded I would graze my muttons some, and so turned them out near where the big machine shops of the H. & St. Joe Ry. were located at the foot, and nearly under the high, almost perpendicular cliff. I hired two bright Irish boys to herd them and help get them back when the boat arrived on which they were billed through to St. Louis.

I stayed with the boys, who had a big shepherd dog that knew his business, and I went and got lunch for all of us, and we had a nice time and the dog did most of the work. He, and an old wether, made lots of fun for us and all that big crowd of passengers, roustabouts and everybody else about the machine shops. When the boat sounded her great fog horn whistle up the river, we started our sheep for the landing to be ready to go on board. The sheep didn't much like to leave the mountains, but with boys and dog, we finally got 'em all, but one, in the vicinity of the landing. One old, big wether concluded he would remain in his mountain fastness, so back he went, up that nearly sheer precipice, where near the top was a shelving rock forming a ledge sticking out so far that we could not roll rocks down on him from the top, and it was too steep and dangerous for any one to follow him on that narrow ledge. Besides, he was full of fight.

The excitement and fun had reached the passengers on the big boat, and out they came by dozens of laughing, jolly people to see the fun, knowing that the boat

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would not weigh anchor until that lot of sheep were aboard. Everybody was trying a hand seeing how high each could throw a stone but all to no purpose, and that old mutton was still "holding the fort", when one of the Irish boys, (owner of the big dog), suggested he could get him out of that hole, so, calling his dog, and climbing as high as he could and taking the dog along to a place on the side of the cliff where the dog could see the sheep, pointed in its direction and said "sic him, Shep, bring him out of there, Shep."

On seeing the sheep, the dog followed along on the bench under the overhanging rock. The sheep had gone as far back on the bench as he could, so all he could do was to turn and show fight. That pugilistic contest was decided in favor of Shep, who grabbed his muttonship by the wool of his shoulder and neck, and down they came, Shep on top, half the time at any rate, rolling over and over from one shelving bench to another, down that high bluff, Shep and his little master receiving an ovation at the hands of that jolly crowd.

Shep and the sheep have gone the way of the earth. The boys may, or may not, be living, but I and the bluff are here yet; the bluff will remain a mute sentinel, years after we are all passed away.

Since writing this true story of the dog and sheep at the high cliff at Hannibal in war time, I have been told that cliff is locally known as Lover's Leap, instead of a dog and rolling sheep.

In this connection, I wish to say to all, that I think my friends, the Dildine Bros. of the Dildine Bridge Co., formerly of Cameron, Mo., now located at Hannibal, will vouch for any of my stories which I claim to have seen, or in which I have been a participant, as based on facts.

The Dildine Bridge Company, by untiring energy and business enterprise, have built up an enviable reputation for good work, promptness and despatch.

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CHAPTER 15.

CLINTON COUNTY'S HEAVY COURT.

In the 1858 election, J. C. Scott, B. F. Willis and James R. Coffman, were elected Judges of Clinton County Court. This Court was designated, for many years after, as the Heavy Court, and justly so, their combined weight amounting to over 1000 lbs. No one of them weighed less than 300 lbs. One would readily believe this ponderous body would do things, and they did.

As a monument to their memory, stands the two immense stone piers on which rests the big arch bridge spanning Shoal Creek, four miles south of Cameron. The original bridge was a heavy wooden Howe truss, the first of the kind in the County (as my memory goes). I think it was finished in the fall of 1860, and was dedicated by a big public dance. The writer was at that dance but took no part, as it seemed to him, it was only a harbinger of what was coming next season. Many of the young swains who "tripped the light fantastic toe" on the new floor of that bridge, now lie mouldering on some far off battle field in the sunny Southland.

I'll try to call to mind a few whom, I remember, were there. Among many others, were Dr. and Mrs. King, and Allison Shanks, Mrs. King's brother, Hiram A. McCartney, Asher McCartney, Uncle Harry Parker, and daughters, Thomas P. Jones, who afterwards married Miss Nannie Parker, Preston Lindsay, who was a brother to the late Major Lindsay, whose father, Richard Lindsay, was commissioned by the court to overlook the building of the bridge. I am not certain, but think O. P. Newberry was there, Milton Wigginton, J. A. Calvert and many others, a majority of whom, had there been two flags there that day, as were a year later, would have enrolled under the Stars and Bars, in place of the Flag of our Union, as they did six months later, many of them to their sorrow.

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If there ever was a public structure in Missouri built and christened more devotedly to the "lost cause" than this was, I've not heard of it. Many of these gallant young bloods crossed that structure in a hurry, and for the last time, on a bright May morning six months later, to join their Confederates at Brooken School neighborhood, and that was a very unhealthy neighborhood, too, for them along about that time. They had waked up, by their overbearing attitude the Rogers, Major Green and many other Union men, who, by this time, were organized, so the hot bloods left in a hurry, many of them to return no more, and many a good, warm hearted boy went with that crowd south to fight for their rights, and not one in ten of them owned as much as the odor of a nigger.

And this "Heavy Court" left a monument of stone, built with public money, a powder magazine which was standing a few years since (and probably is yet) between the business center of Plattsburg and the railway depots, in the west part of town. The idea was to make Plattsburg a military storehouse for Confederate supplies. I suppose, taken altogether, the "Heavy Court" did as much good as harm.

As a citizen, Judge Willis had the reputation of being an exemplary man. Judge Coffman lived at Haynesville, and I knew but little of him. I think he was one of the original owners of the town site of Haynesville. Judge Scott lived five miles south of our place, at the time of which I am writing. I heard him make a speech in Cameron in his campaign. He exclaimed, "They even charge me of having religion." "My God," he apostrophized, "what would my Kentucky friends say if they would hear that accusation." His wife and daughter were Catholics. He justly claimed that fact was no bar, under our laws, to holding office. However, I thought that was all buncomb to pull the wool over some people's eyes. The fact was, he was the nominee of the fire eating wing of the slavery Democrats, and could have been elected in Clinton County

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at that time as such, had he been a representative of Ghenghis Kahn or Adbel Alcader. However, this ponderous Judge had a gleam of poetry, or romance, in his make up, and must some time, in early life, have read "The Lady of the Lake"; they named their boy, "Walter Scott". It might have been at Mrs. Scott's suggestion.

And now I've come to the last, the six foot tall, slender Miss Mariah Scott. She was not quite as tall as her father, nor did she have the ponderous avoirdupois of her worthy sire. She was the reigning belle of that bridge dance, and it looked awfully dangerous the way she slung herself and those young Confederates around on that high bridge that day. I suppose, however, she was only aiming to get the boys used to danger, and well she might. I can think of not more than one or two of those who went south in such a hurry that bright May morning who ever returned. Among those that went was Anderson Franklin, a good hearted fellow, who was a brother of Ben Franklin of Kansas City, who was a prominent lawyer for many years, and was, in President Cleveland's administration, appointed as Minister to one of the South American Republics, and later on, Governor of Arizona Territory. I have had recently a letter from one of his sons.

However, this is only one among thousands of other like incidents in '61.

CHAPTER 16.

HOW A LYNX LOOKS.

About 40 years ago, I was going for Dr. Scott, who lived five miles south of our place on a place now owned by Mr. John Estep. I went by the old Burkhart place and aimed to, and did finally, cross Shoal Creek just above where a tall steel bridge spans the stream one-half mile northwest of the Henderson farm, at the old Isaac D. Baldwin Ford. I was riding at the time that spirited black horse, "old Sam" which was the best horse I ever

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owned, and I think the best horse for everything a horse is used for which was ever produced in Clinton County. He lived to the great age of 34 years, and then was shot as a merciful ending of his useful life.

When I came to the north bank of the creek and started down, about half way to the water at once Sam stopped short, gave a snort, whirling around so suddenly that I came near being unbalanced and thrown off. I reined him up as quickly as I could, and looked in the direction of the crossing to ascertain what had scared Sam so badly. The horse still violently trembled with fright so it was about all I could do to hold him.

Just a yard or so above where the road came down into the creek from the south side, in a little bunch of willow bushes, I saw a strange looking little animal which I took to be a large fist dog, but still the little villainous looking thing didn't look much like a dog. It had such fearfully bright, wild looking eyes, and sharp ears sticking straight up with their tips turned down. The horse was so badly frightened I hardly knew what to think of the "varmint," especially when I called "dog," then yelled at the top of my voice calling and sicking dog. There the little villain sat still staring me in the face, so I concluded to make a charge on him, if I possibly could get Sam to face him on a charge.

Going to the top of the bank, I reined up my charger. I put spurs to Sam whooping and yelling like a Comanche Indian. I bore down on him, waiving my hat. All this noise didn't seem to disconcert him a bit. However, he trotted, or kind of jumped, along up on top of a high knoll, or end of a little ridge, and there he sat, for all the yelling I could do. I left him there wondering whether he was a dog or wild animal.

I rode on up to Mr. Henderson's and, seeing him at his barn, told him of what I'd seen down at the creek, and asked him if he had such looking dog. He said he had a small like dog, but nothing like the animal I had described.

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I studied about that vicious looking animal which scared Sam so badly a good deal, but later on the mystery was solved. Several other people had seen this strange customer; one of them was Davis Duncan, my neighbor, who went out one morning with a bridle to get a horse up which was running loose in the woods, as all stock did at that time. He was going along a path, he said, when at once a little dark colored animal reared up behind a little log not far ahead of him with such sparkling, wild looking eyes that it frightened him for an instant. He looked at it and it steadfastly gazed at him, and would not and did not, move, but he did. He said the little villain looked as though it had a notion of springing on to him, and he had nothing to defend himself with, but the bridle, or his hands. He told me he never would have said anything about the incident in the woods, had not the story I am telling been made public later on.

Awhile after these occurrences, an uncle of mine, "Uncle Bill Williams," and John and Jos. Frederick and probably others, were out hunting. At that time there were a few deer left, and one could be scared up by dogs occasionally. These parties had along a lot of dogs, and were not a great distance from where Pleasant Grove Church and school house are now, which are about four miles west of the old Mormon town, Far West. After ranging around quite a while, the dogs struck a hot trail; away they went, yelling, the men after them, when, suddenly, they brought something to bay, and it appeared from the noise and yelling of the dogs that they were seemingly hurt. The men came up and saw some cat-like animal which would make a terrific spring at a dog and make him howl, by a stroke of his fish hook pointed claws. The men waited for a lull in the scrimmage when one of them shot and killed dead, a lynx, and the dogs skirmished around and routed another, the mate of the one already killed, and killed it also.

These two are the only lynxes (family of cats, or

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panthers), which have been seen, or killed, that I know of since I've been in the county.

In this connection, I further add that I learned something about the habits of the lynx about 25 years ago from my Uncle Charles Williams, while in Oregon visiting with him at his mountain cabin in the foot-hills of the Santiam river country. He was a backwoodsman for many years in the vast fir and cedar forests of the foothill country of the east side of the Willamette Valley, and had a great deal of experience with the wild animals, natives of that vast timbered waste.

He said the lynx would skulk along on the trail of a man, hunter or trapper, for half a day at a time, and no one knew why. They did it more out of their curiosity as they had never been known to spring on to any man. He thought probably they followed for the offal of deer, or other game killed by the hunters, and trappers, said he had killed many a one of the little villains when he found they were on his trail, which was detected by hiding behind the immense fir logs lying in every direction in those big woods. They'd rear up behind those logs to look at him; he'd lie still and they'd keep coming closer until they'd get near enough, then he'd shoot them in the head when they reared it above the log they were behind.

One who has never seen those big trees and logs will hardly believe it, when told that one could not walk five miles in that big woods in a day to save his life, if he had to follow a certain point of the compass. I remember remarking, while on the ship going up the Columbia river and seeing the great fir forest, that I'd like to be out there and take a tramp of a few miles. A man standing by said, "Did you ever try that feat?" I said "No, but intend to when I get up in the Willamette Valley." He said, "You'll know more after you try it. I'll tell you that you can't walk five miles in a straight line in a day for your life." I did know more, and found

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where there were no paths cut, and logs burned out of the path, I couldn't walk half of five miles.

Lots of those old logs are more than 100 feet long and so big, to get on one of them, one has to go nearly to their top, which is generally broken off and from two to three feet high at the little end, with sometimes two or three others just as big ones piled across the one you are trying to get across, and the whole covered with a dense growth of vine raspberry with vines 20 to 40 feet long, and a perfect mat, in many instances hiding the log and ground, and if you see a little open place with no logs or trees covered with those vines, try to go across it and you'll likely go in a hole up to your neck, where some old stump has been burned, and frequently a great hole like a caved-in cellar is run into covered with the raspberry vines, and those vines have the finest little berries imaginable. These big, cellar-like holes are where, one day long past, a big tree has toppled over with its great, wide spread roots, which ran out from the stump in all directions and carried the dirt with them, which the rains of winter wash gradually off, and they are either burned, or decay with the log, and the dirt lies piled up by the side of the hole like it had been shoveled out.

I've seen those big roots on recently toppled over fir trees, which lay up on their edges fully 25 feet to the top edge. It is almost useless for one to tell people, who have never been in those great fir and redwood forests of the Pacific Coast how they look. Plenty of those millions of decaying old logs would have made 20,000 feet of clear lumber, and are as useless as are the millions of gold coin in the bottom of the ocean.

CHAPTER 17.

STEEL PLOW FACTORIES IN ST. JOSEPH.

It seems a little strange that there were two, well equipped (for that day), steel plow factories in the bust-

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ling little city of St. Joseph, sixty years ago. The style of one was, Carter & Thomas, the other, Aquail J. Morrow. They both made the newly invented Peoria pattern of all steel plows. While the mold boards were not of 3-ply, rolled together steel, as at present, to my notion they were better, but would not scour in a good many gravelly soils. I've done as good work with one of those A. J. Morrow Peoria plows as I've ever done with any of the more modern makes.

In the spring, I think it was of 1852, Mr. John Snow, and Mr. John Pawley had ordered two 18-inch plows with the long steel mold boards and long, big, wooden beams, which were used in breaking the very tough prairie sod at that time. It took from four to six yoke of oxen to draw one of these big plows through the prairie sod, and one could hear the cracking noise of shoestring roots (there is nothing now left of that shoestring weed, or plant since the prairie sod has disappeared).

Messrs. Pawley and Snow hired me and Mr. Simon Kariker, an uncle of Wallace Kariker, to take my team and go for the plows. It was about the first of May and a very wet spring, creeks up bank full a good part of the time, with very few bridges on the smaller creeks. It commenced to rain on us about the time we struck the Castile creek timber at Mr. Pickett's place, about a mile east of where Stewartsville is now. We stopped awhile in a shed at Pickett's, and when it slacked a little, we struck out. Soon it commenced to rain again, but we drove on crossing Castile and little Third Fork a mile or so beyond. It still rained and we were dripping wet, but some good people took us in for the night.

Having gotten dry and being rested, with a good warm breakfast, we started for St. Joseph. On driving down to a little, but very long, creek, called Muddy, we found it bank full, so we had to drive five miles out of our way to a shaky, wooden bridge, and we didn't reach St. Joseph that evening, staying not far from where

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Saxton is now. Next morning we got to the city about ten o'clock, and loaded the two big plows with beams as long as our little, old wagon box, and the inevitable salt; two sacks salt was always one of the things which had to come, it mattered not what else was left, when a wagon went to any Missouri river town before railway days.

We got off about noon and got out across that muddy creek which had given us so much trouble on the trip out. We stayed the second night with the same people who had kept us as we went in.

It looked ominous the next morning, and we hurried to the Third Fork to cross on an old shaky bridge. After crossing it, it began to rain again, so we took out the hind gate of the wagon to cover the precious cargo of salt, and drove wearily on. However, we'd gotten "kinder" used to it. We had to go down south out of the way several miles to a bridge on little Third Fork. When we came near to it, we found the bottom nearly covered with water. I didn't like the appearance of the depth indicated by the brush and bushes in what looked like a slough between us and the bridge. I told my partner I was not going into that ugly looking current until I had tested its depth. So we unhitched the horses and took the harness off of one that I knew was a good swimmer, and I took some of my own harness and shoes off also.

I bounced the horse and put in to that muddy, ugly looking slough, and had not gone ten yards till the horse floated off and swam across the slough, the swimming water being some 20 yards wide, by the look of the undergrowth in the open timber. I finally found a way where the water did not come up to our salt, and hitched up and drove down by the trees that I spotted as marks of safety, and finally crossed without further risk, and we drove on through mud and water to Mr. Clark's, who then lived not far from a new wooden bridge across Castile Creek, near where Stewartville now is.

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It rained nearly all night, and the next morning was Sunday. It quit raining about 8 o'clock. The new bridge had no approaches and was about five feet high square up to the floor. Mr. Clark kindly went down with us to the creek, and found it bank full. Clark said it was out of the question to try to get on to the bridge. I took a look at the surroundings, and decided to take the wagon to pieces and carry it across piece by piece, which we did, and put it together on the east side of the bridge. Carrying the wagon box over was a job to get it up on and down off, then on to the running gear of the wagon, then those big plows and heavy salt sacks, then the harness.

The road ran into the creek above, and came out below the bridge. Kariker and I bounced on to the horses, I leading, into the foaming current under the bridge, like a dart and luckily, hit the landing place all right. I neglected to mention that we didn't have many clothes on when we went under that bridge.

We dragged along all day heading the little creeks and branches, having to leave the wagon trail and go out on the prairie into soft, slushy gopher hills, the horses sinking to their fetlocks at every step, and the wagon cutting through the soft sod. We, at last, after five days of rain and drudgery, got home, and I think I got six dollars for my services with team and wagon.

The first job that Mr. Snow did with that big prairie breaking plow was for Mr. William Henry, a few miles north of the present site of Cameron, and I'll venture to guess, Judge Henry will remember it, as well as he does the dance at Mike Moore's in war time.

CHAPTER 18.

O. H. P. NEWBERRY.

The first time I remember seeing the late Major Newberry was at a little Fourth of July picnic, held in a grove on the place later owned and improved by the late

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Hiram Gorrell, one mile north of my home, Midway Place. He had the beautiful young Lizzie McCorkle in his charge that day, and later on married her. She is living yet and is one of three who were here when I first came to the county with my parents seventy years since.

Major Newberry first came here with the corps of engineers and helped in all the surveying details while the Hannibal & St. Joseph Ry. was being constructed. He was generous to a fault. I remember. At that little picnic he had lots of good things to eat including a basket of champagne of which he invited everybody to partake.

Among other accomplishments he was a fairly good lawyer in Common Law, but never to my knowledge practiced much in the courts. He was patriotic, and when the great Civil War broke out he volunteered, and was with Col. Mulligan while he was beleaguered and surrounded by the overwhelming force of General Price at Lexington, Mo., and was there credited with a heroic deed that should go down to coming generations. The siege was being pushed by the Confederates, who rolled lines of hemp bales, which were shot-proof for any guns that Mulligan had within his entrenched camp. These bales they would roll in unison, forming a good movable breast work and when near enough would throw hand grenade shells with burning fuse over into the Union ranks.

On one occasion a loaded bomb came over the earth works with burning fuse fizzing, and fell among the soldiers lying in the trenches. Quick as thought the brave Newberry grabbed the death dealing missile and hurled it back over both breast works, where it burst over the heads of those who sent it.

I think this heroic act worthy to go down to generations yet unborn side by side with that of Sergeant Jasper at historic Fort Moultry.

Major Newberry was a near relative of Postmaster Newberry of Chicago, under Mr. Cleveland's administration, who was founder of the great Newberry Library

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in that great city, and who at his death left a large legacy to the heirs of the Major, including his wife and her children, one of whom was the wife of the late Frank Darby, father of the genial Walter, of the Darby Automobile Co. No nicer or more accommodating young business man in Cameron than Walter Darby to whom I am under obligations for past favors.

JAMES WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER 19.

PRICE HARLAN.

While W. P. Harlan was not among the first settlers of Shoal Township, he was nevertheless here in a very early day. Having settled on the place adjoining my home, Midway Place, in the year of 1840, and lived there until his death, about 30 years since. I was intimately acquainted with him as he was our nearest neighbor for many years.

Price Harlan was a man of strong convictions and sterling integrity. No one was ever asked to vouch for what he said he knew to be a fact, or for what he agreed to do. He was always on the side of the weak and poor and was not afraid to say so.

He was the best farmer in the neighborhood while he was young and could do his own work. Having raised a large family of girls in later years, I've heard him complain that his hired men had allowed cockle-burrs to get started on his farm. He always kept a flock of sheep and was always a deadly enemy of cockle burrs and mongrel yellow dogs.

Price Harlan was the first Woman Suffragist that I can remember of, having always claimed that my mother, a widow who had children to educate, should have a right to vote at our school meetings. He helped to build the first public school house in the township and I think about the first in Clinton County. He was the most expert man with a common chopping axe that I ever knew.

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We thought if we could do anything as well as Uncle Price that was good enough. He could run a corn row furrow with a single horse and a single line across a forty acre field, that I verily believe a line stretched taut would center the furrow its entire length. I covered corn, with a hoe three days after him when I was 17 years old for 25 cents a day. I promised myself after that experience that I'd never hire out again and I've kept that promise. Another boy and I had covered about 10 acres each day and our hands were blistered by the time we had finished the job.

In a very early day Mr. Harlan donated a tract of land for a public cemetery, and within the last decade one of his daughters, Mrs. Frances Park, has added another acre to her father's gift and this cemetery now is known as the W. P. Harlan Cemetery in which I expect before long will be my final resting place. Mr. Harlan helped bury the first person in this grave yard and probably more of his neighbors than any one will gratuitously.

By frugality, industry and perseverance Mr. Harlan accumulated what would these days be quite a little fortune as it goes with farmers.

I might write a quire of paper and not begin to enumerate his many good traits. If he had bad traits they were few and harmless and we will let them rest in oblivion. He was a consistent member of the Baptist church for many years prior to his death. To sum up I think this neighborhood is better by the example set by Price Harlan.

James Williams.

Mid-way Place, Sept. 5th, '11.

HOW DREAR TO THIS HEART.

How drear to this heart are some scenes of my childhood,
When dim recollection brings them to view;
No orchard, no meadow, but prairie and wildwood,
And hunting and fishing we all liked to do.

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The good housewives wishing for winter reserves,
Used grapes, plums and crab apples for honey preserves,
With plenty of cabbage and also potatoes,
*They stewed up in honey lots of tomatoes.

Having no place these good things to store,
They'd dig a deep hole under the floor;
Under the bed they'd have a trap door;
A small boy they'd send down in this hole
Of African darkness (a terror to his soul).

He didn't like to go; mamma said he must;
On coming to the light was covered with dust;
He didn't like often to perform this feat,
But always brought up good things to eat.

Yours truly,

James Williams, Dec. 25, 1911.

*Fruit jars had not been invented then.

CHAPTER 20.

GOING TO MILL SIXTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

Every old settler knows it was a job to get wheat ready for the mill, but it was a bigger job to get it made into flour fit for bread. Just imagine, my young farmer friends, plowing your ground with a wooden mould board plow that would no more scour than a black oak log dragged down the road, then sowing seed by hand and covering with wooden tooth harrow, or dragging a big crab apple brush to cover it in the dry clods, and leaving it for rain and the virgin soil to do the rest, and if it rained, we usually got some wheat; if we had snow, when the grain began to get in a stiff dough, we'd cut it by hand with a grain cradle. I've cut many an acre of wheat and oats and bound it by hand. My, how sore our hands would get binding bearded wheat. We'd then stack in a circle so we could put it on the ground in a circle and put horses on it and ride them around in a circle on it. We called this operation tramping out wheat.

We kept stirring and turning the straw until about

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two-thirds of the wheat was on the ground. Some few had plank put down, but those plank floors were few and far between. We would use wooden forks and home made clumsy hand rakes to get as much of the straw out as possible. Then, we'd rake it in a big pile, chaff and wheat, and use an old clumsy wheat fan to clean it. When ready for the mill, it usually had about five per cent, or more, of grit, sand and dirt in it, and our little, old horse power mill, having no smut or other cleaning machinery, one can imagine how the flour looked when baked in bread. It was a fearful thing on teeth with all that sand in it, but it was a ground hog case; we had to eat it.

In those old sweep power horse mills, we'd use two or four horses, and grind about six bushels with two, or ten to twelve bushels with four horses in eight to ten hours. We didn't bolt it at same operation of grinding. We took it up in a measure of some kind, carried it up a split pole ladder with round rungs for steps, put it on top in a big box that they called a "bolting 'chist'", which was 10 to 16 feet long, with a nicely made reel covered with fine silken gauze first two-thirds of its length, and a coarser cloth for shorts, the bran coming out at open back end of bolt. I think that all modern bolting machinery of the present day, is made on about the same principle of those old time bolting reels turned by hand with a crank. A knocking device was attached to jar the flour and keep it from clogging the bolting cloth.

We had some wheat the year my father died. We took a little more pains in keeping the grit and dirt out of it than usual. I wanted a little better flour than we could get on the old horse mills with hand bolting machinery. To get this better grade of flour, we had to go to Platte River in Platte County, about fifteen miles west of Plattsburg, nearly thirty miles from home, a hard day's drive in short winter days. I think, a Kentucky man by the name of James Estill, and his partner, whose name was, I believe, Mr. Bates, had built a good modern

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equipped (for that day) water power saw and grist, corn and wheat burrs, with all the machinery and ample power to drive it a good portion of the year. This mill made flour at that early day that I think was better than our modern roller flour. Their machinery would clean the grain of all impurities, and that was my reason for deciding to go there for our winter's "grinding", as we called it.

So, about the middle of December, 1848, one very cold morning, I loaded 7 or 8 bushels of wheat, and about 10 bushels of corn shelled by hand; we had never heard of a corn sheller, either hand or power. I took along feed for team and some cooked stuff to eat, and one or two old quilts to keep me from freezing, as it was quite cold that morning, and got colder and colder the whole day. I arrived at the mill about nightfall. It was an awful cold place to keep my horses tied to the wagon; however, I did the best I could for them in finding a little shelter from the piercing cold northeast wind, and fed them a good feed of corn and sheaf oats, which we used in place of hay, and it was a good substitute, too. I went in, after getting my grain in the mill, to a fire in the corn mill house with loose 6 inch boards for floor, and about 8 or 10 feet above the icy cold water. That little stove had about as much effect on warming that good, big, open room as an Owl cigar of this day would have on a good, big bed room on a cold night.

I had some frozen corn bread and hog meat, and made a little black coffee, but couldn't get the stuff hot enough to more than thaw half way through till I commenced eating, as I had not eaten much of the frozen meat and bread on the cold prairie. It was about all I could do to drive the team and keep from freezing. I had no overshoes, but had on a pair of very tight fitting boots, the best things on earth to freeze one's feet in, and they and that zero weather did the business for mine on that trip; they are paining me now, this sixty-three years after.

My gentle readers, allow me to pause and tell you a

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tragic story. Mr. James Estill, the owner of the mill (as I was told within the last two years by a very old man who lived near Westport then, but lived in the neighborhood of Estill's Mills, at the time of which I am writing, and for many years, called the Union Mills, had some difficulty (as I understood my Westport informant) with his partner, and they finally agreed to fight it out on the "Field of Honor", agreeing that a negro man should impartially load the guns, they casting lots for choice of guns. As I understood it, that negro was the only witness to the tragedy, however, I am not certain about this. At any rate, they met and Estill killed his opponent, as I, and everybody at that time knew. I remember that the public censured Mr. Estill, whether justly so or not. The Estill Flats, I was told by my informant, which are located just west of the new Coates House in Kansas City, were built by a brother of James Estill, owner of the big mill on Platte River.

The negro, who I was told loaded the guns, was miller in the corn mill. He had a cot and offered to share it with me that awful night telling me I'd freeze if I tried to sleep on that cold floor, and I would have frozen; that night is the only one of my life I ever slept with a nigger. I bless him to this day.

An old acquaintance and friend of my parents, whom I knew quite well, whose name was Joshua DeHart, who at that time, I think, lived in De Kalb County near old Victoria over the line in Daviess County, was at the mill that cold night and helped me, as I was a boy then, to take care of my team. The millers ground our grists that night. Practical millers say that water has more power in night than daytime. Mr. DeHart had a cold from sleeping that night on that cold floor. He did not sleep much, he said, so was up long before day looking after our teams; he fed mine as well. Coming into the mill, he told us a fearful snow storm was raging outside, which was true. In the 75 years I've lived in Western Missouri, I've not seen any deeper one, and never saw one that lay as long without thawing. My feet are sore

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to this day from freezing that terrible winter. One thing made it appear so awfully cold was, we were so illy prepared to withstand the cold.

After a warm breakfast of black coffee, fried pork and warmed over bread, loading our grists, we (Mr. DeHart and I) started home as daylight appeared in the eastern horizon. The snow came down at a fearful rate, and from the northeast right in our faces. Dragging along, we arrived at Plattsburg about 1 P. M. and stopped to feed, but our wagon boxes were full of snow, so we shoveled it out as best we could and fed our horses the little feed left. Made a little coffee, got some bread and ate a lunch dinner. After probably an hour, we started for home. The snow had gotten so deep, and our wagons loaded with our grists and full of snow besides, we made very slow progress.

The storm slacked late in the day, the clouds breaking away and the wind veering to northwest and it bid fair to be a very cold night. Our teams were very tired. We arrived at Brother John Stone's, a church brother of Mr. De Hart's and a good friend of mother's, my father having bought of him the timbered tract on which William's Creek Bridge now stands, several years before. Mr. DeHart said he was going to stay over night with Bro. John Stone as he could not make the long distance to his home. I said I had to go home as mother and the little girls would freeze. We lived in a double log house with big, wide fireplaces, and no one to cut wood but a 10 year old boy.

Bro. Stone and DeHart protested that I'd freeze if I started across the trackless prairie that awful night. I persisted, but one of them commenced unhitching my team, the other telling me to get out of the wagon and they'd take care of the horses. They knew more than I did, I was then so cold and stiff that I would have frozen then and there had they not helped me out of the wagon and into the house. Had they let me start across that prairie that evening, I'd not now be writing this story.

The sun came out next morning bright, but it was

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intensely cold. I started for home, but had only land marks to guide me, as not a trace of the road was to be seen for the deep and drifting snow. I finally got home about 1 P. M. to find an almost frenzied mother. She lay awake all that fearful night thinking I was freezing to death in those snow drifts on the trackless prairie, which is now the beautiful Keystone neighborhood; it is now sixty-three years since I made that trip to Estill's Mills.

CHAPTER 21.

THE EARLY DAY HARD SHELL BAPTIST PREACHER.

I must confess I should approach this subject a little gingerly as it comes pretty close to home. Being born of Baptist parentage, of course, I heard in my earliest childhood their opinion of the Calvinistic theory of Predestination, Foreordination from the foundation of the world, and of infants being in torment not a span long, and all that kind of rot, calculated to drive a child away from the fountain of good. I am writing now of recollections and impressions made on my childhood memory nearly 75 years ago in Van Buren (now Cass) County.

Some years ago I ran on to a book, whose title was, "Rural Rhymes, Talks and Tales of Olden Times", by Martin L. Rice of Lone Jack, Jackson County, Mo., the recognized Poet Laureate of Jackson County for many years, who died only a few years ago at a great age.

I will digress by saying when quite a small child, before coming to Clinton County, I knew quite well a brother of the poet, Mr. David Rice, who was a clerk in the first store in old Pleasant Hill, owned by W. W. Wright, and have in my possession many receipted bills for goods bought of him 75 years ago. David Rice married a lady whose maiden name was (I think), Farmer, a kinswoman to the pretty little Lottie Farmer,

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several times mentioned in these memoirs. David went to California in the great exodus of 49 and 50, and died on the plains, I think, as did hundreds of others, including one of my father's brothers and his wife, who were buried in one lonely grave, to be scratched up by ravenous wolves and their bodies devoured.

There was, at that time, another young man living in the neighborhood whose name was Willy Bayley, who married Miss Nancy Wilson, a daughter of the good Indian contractor mentioned in my Shawnee Mission chapter. Miss Wilson was a cousin of the writer. She died a few years after her marriage with Mr. Bayley. As they were all old Tennessee stock, it was not strange that Mr. Bayley should select the young widow of the dead David Rice for his life partner, and they both lived in Pleasant Hill for many years, he dying a few years since at a great age. I do not know whether Mrs. Bayley is yet living. I visited them a few years ago and had quite a long talk with them about the poet, and first surveyor of Cass County. It was Martin L. Rice, who surveyed the original town plat of Harrisonville, Mo. In his "Talks and Tales", Mr. Rice mentions, among many others, a Hard Shell Baptist preacher, who was on his way to the Little Blue country to hold a meeting at Bro. Fitzhugh's, when Rice's friend, the Hoosier pilgrim to Westport, fell in with, and accompanied the preacher to Brother Fitzhugh's. This trip must have been made nearly seventy-five years ago, and that being the case, the writer was living within one mile of Pleasant Hill at the time, but a very small child; however, I can remember some things which occurred that far back. It may seem a little strange that I knew, small as I was, this same Hard Shell preacher, as well as Bro. Fitzhugh, who was my father's guest many a time at their big meetings. The Hard Shell's name was James Savage, one of whose brothers, Hiram Savage, had married my father's sister, Polly Williams. They moved to Dallas, Texas, many years since, and one of my father's brothers, James Williams (the one for whom I am

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named), married the Hard Shell's sister, Polly Savage, one among the best women I ever knew; she died near Scio, Oregon, some years ago at a great age.

As to the doctrines those old Hard Shells promulgated at that time, I was too young to know anything about, only as I heard them talk. When we got over on the north side of the river, I found lots of Hard Shells here, too. My father could not swallow predestination and other dogmas proclaimed from Hard Shell pulpits, so he allied himself with the branch of the Baptist people called Missionary, endorsing the poem,—“From Greenland's Icy Mountains.”

Much as I had heard about Hard Shell's preaching, I had never heard one preach, after I could understand anything, about the doctrine of predestination until I was a grown-up man, so, one fine Sunday morning, knowing that a very prominent man of that day holding to the faith of Calvin, would preach down the creek east of us a few miles (somehow I used to like to go down east of Sundays thinking I might see some one whom I thought just right at the meeting). Away I went, getting a good position on the porch of the private house where the preaching was to be held.

Finally the preacher arrived. He was a tall, portly gentleman, with rather florid face, indicating, as I thought, his nativity. After some rather sonorous, backwoods drawling (I believe they called it singing), he opened his discourse with their stereotyped text, “No one can come unto me except the Father who sent me, draw him.” I am not sure I've quoted this passage of Scripture correctly, however, I think I've given the sense, if not the precise words. So our old sentinel on the walls of Zion, floundered along quoting passage after passage which were not apropos to the subject, as I looked at them with what little attention I did pay to them (my best girl, I think, was not there), and it was all I could do to keep from going to sleep.

After his pounding away for about an hour or more, (I was not the only sleepy one in that crowd) intimating

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to sinners they ought to be Christians, but at the same time he more than hinted that if they were not of the "elect" they would be damned if they, did, or if they didn't.

And this was the last time I ever gave a Hard Shell Baptist an opportunity to inflict eternal damnation on me, whether I would or would not. From what I knew of the antecedents of this, as well as some other old Hard Shells of that day, I concluded he was a better exponent of the market value of niggers, mules, tobacco and whiskey (especially the home market for some of these chattels) than of the glad tidings of a crucified Redeemer, and the sequel proved the correctness of my observations.

I've not heard a Hard Shell sermon since.

CHAPTER 22.

SHIPPING STOCK FIFTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

It might interest some of the old timers in the stock shipping trade to recount the many difficulties and drawbacks shippers had to encounter fifty years ago.

To commence with, there was very little cash capital in this part of the state, either in banks or private hands. I remember, as I have said once before in this work, that many of the early local shippers bought their shipments (their little funds, most of it, being tied up in land and feeding), on credit till the shipper returned, and the currency we brought back would have put to shame Jacob's herd of cattle on his ranch in Palestine before he and his grandfather, Abraham & Lot, dissolved partnership. Many colors would be a very tame description of how it looked; in fact, I couldn't tell the good from the bad, the spurious from the genuine, and even the genuine was based mostly on hot winded promises to pay of some far off concern, whose circulation was based on somebody else's promise to pay. This was just the kind of currency the contractors of the Hannibal

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& St. Joseph Ry. had to take the pay out for labor and material in building this, the pioneer railway in the West. So that this, with the little gold and silver the Government paid out for supplies on the border, was our entire circulating medium, and the paper shin plaster circulated, and the gold and silver, in most cases, stayed in bank vaults, in case values had to be moved suddenly. I well remember when I first shipped stock to Chicago. I always sold them myself, face to face with Nelson Morris, Myers, Tilden and many other New York and Pittsburgh buyers at the old Lake Shore Stock Yards, which were located on the Lake shore somewhere in the vicinity of 16th to 20th streets. We, after selling, always submitted our currency, as it was called (a great misnomer), to Mr. Steven B. Roath, the general live stock freight collector for all the railways at the Yards, who was, at that time, considered the best judge of "wild cat currency" in the City of Chicago. If Steven O. K'd. a package, we pocketed it and released the stock to the buyer.

I can also remember that bright Irish woman, who was the housekeeper and matron manager of the culinary department of the old Lake Shore hotel, which was run by the late John B. Sherman, who later, and for many years until his death some years since, managed the big Transit House at the great Union Stock Yards, established, I think in the year 1865. I've just today, Jan. 8th, 1912, received the Kansas City paper of Jan. 6th announcing the destruction by fire of the great, well known Transit House, where I've eaten many a good meal.

The good Irish matron followed up the Stock Yards and John B. Sherman and stayed with them to the end of her life, as I learned from the Drovers' Journal at the time it occurred a good many years ago. When I first went to Chicago with stock, there was slough grass growing where the Transit House was burned on Jan. 6th.

Mr. Solomon Musser, of Cameron, Mo., drove overland 200 steers from Cameron to Chicago in 1855 or '56,

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driving them all the way, and crossing them at Clinton, Iowa. They grazed all the way, and his hands herded them where the stock yards are now located and in the vicinity. When the market would be a little bare and then spring up a little, he'd cut out a few of the best and drive down to one of the three yards, viz; Lake Shore, Pittsburg and Ft. Wayne, or Michigan Central, and later (war times) Cottage Grove Yards, and sell the cattle himself. This, of course, was a long time before the Live Stock Commission firms had offices at the Yards, and in like manner nearly every shipper did the same thing until the great Union Stock Yards were opened in 1865 or '66, from which time on, very little selling has been done by the owners of stock. Cattle feeders, however, frequently buy their feeding cattle, but there is a question whether, in the long run, they gain much, especially if their time is limited, and the class of stock they are wanting happens to be scarce on the market at the time they are on the market wanting to purchase.

In the selling of cattle, I've found out by more than 50 years' experience, that a feeder from his feed lot doesn't know when he has the best buyer in the Yards nibbling at his stock. Commission salesmen trading with the buyers frequently hunt them up on a bad market, and if they make a reasonably fair offer for the stock, don't let them get away without a hard struggle to sell, and usually succeed.

CHAPTER 23.

WHY AND HOW CAMERON GOT THE NAME IT BEARS.

Many years ago there lived in one of the central, (I think it was Howard), counties of this state a man whose name was Elisha Cameron. In the tide of emigration west, he moved to Clay County in a very early day. I get this history from my mother, who knew them before

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they moved to Clay County, and was a schoolmate of Mrs. McCorkle, who was a daughter of Mr. Cameron, and Mr. Samuel McCorkle's wife. Mr. Samuel McCorkle was a very old settler; was a native of Kentucky, born about 1797 and died about the beginning of the great war. Samuel McCorkle, E. M. Samuel and the Hannibal Railway Co. were partners in the original town plat of Cameron, and as a courtesy to Mr. McCorkle, allowed him to name it after his wife's father, Mr. Elisha Cameron. Mr. McCorkle had a bearing orchard when I first was at his place 70 years ago, and used to give us boys, who were his frequent visitors, lots of good apples to eat and take home to mother, his wife's old schoolmate many years before.

Mr. McCorkle was quite a good judge of fast horses and sometimes (not often) would back his judgment against such well known old sportsmen as old Dick Welden and Dave and Andy Hughes of Far West, and usually held his own. Old Dave Hughes then lived in the best house in Far West at that time. It had been the residence (in the palmy days) of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet. Mr. McCorkle was generous to a fault to the very poor and died with many friends and not a known enemy.

There is no question, but his two daughters, and Mrs. Louise Kariker, three miles south of town, are a great deal the longest residents anywhere near Cameron. His daughters, Mrs Elizabeth Newberry and Mrs. Susan Harris, have been mentioned several times in these memoirs, I've been acquainted with them 70 years.

CHAPTER 24.

A TRIBUTE TO D. WARD KING, OF MAITLAND, MO. "THE SPLIT LOG ROAD DRAG MAN."

Come young and old, let us sing
Of split log drags and D. Ward King,
He's solved the question of heavy loads,
Teaching us how to drag the roads.

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Conventions meet, pass resolutions with a jerk,
Expecting the farmers to do all the work.
I'll tell them now: better count the cost,
Before they "reckon without their host."

Relieve the farmer of part of his load,
By hiring a man to drag the road;
He'll make them better; I'll tell you why
By dragging them well as they get dry.

Now let me repeat to "Auto men,"
The farmer won't bear any further strain
Endangering the lives of children and wives,
Come out and help to give him heart;
I'll go his bail, he'll do his part.

Then drag the roads as slick as glass,
Your big six motor will smoothly pass;
A four seated car with seven piled in
Will run so easy, 'twill make you grin.

Better not work the roads at all
Than plow them up late in the fall;
But if good results you would bring,
Do the work in the early spring.

Let country and town join hands and sing,
Of the "Good Roads" renown of D. Ward King.

These lines, though lacking in rhythm, melody and meter, such as they are, are respectfully inscribed to the memory of D. Ward King of Maitland, Mo., the "Evangel of Good Roads."

Midway Place, Route 1, Cameron Mo.

Jan. 8th, 1912.

James Williams.

CHAPTER 25.

PEDDLING CHICKENS TO FT. LEAVENWORTH 57 YEARS AGO.

In the spring and summer of 1855, my mother had raised a fine lot of nice chickens, Domineckers, we called them, with no home market only Plattsburg and Haynesville and three dozen chickens would have swamped both

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markets. We heard from our neighbor, Mr. William Gilbert, father of Mayor Gilbert of Kansas City, Kas., a few years since, that a good spring chicken would sell for 25c to officers and soldiers at Fort Leavenworth; Leavenworth City was hardly known then. Weston, on this side of the river at that time was the largest town between Brunswick and St. Joseph and was about as good a town, but not as large as St. Joe.

So we decided to market our chickens at "The Fort." I made a 3-story coop about 8 feet long and as wide as a wagon box, to fit in the bolster and hind stakes like a box on a wagon, with bottom rail of 3x4 oak scantling cross pieces mortised in to nail floor to, divided by two partitions for middle floors, making in all, three compartments that held 12 to 15 dozen chickens nicely. I put $\frac{3}{4}$ inch pins in bottom rail on front and rear, or hind bolster, to keep this big coop from going forward in going down the long and very steep hills. At that time the roads were worked and graded very little. I never saw a road scraper for many years after that, and the first I saw was a cast iron affair which now would hardly be considered good junk. We then had no brakes to our wagon, nothing but lock chains, which locked the wheel. We had to stop, get off the wagon to lock and unlock. If the hill was not too bad, we'd hold back as long as possible, and then gallop the team the balance of the hill, a very unsafe performance with that Shanghai, 3-story, rickety chicken coop, which came very near being the cause of this book never being written.

At any rate, I got the affair ready for the chickens, and we loaded it as full as we dared to, the weather being very warm and sultry, and away I went to market somewhat better pleased than we were when we started to Mirabile with "Hemp and Bacon." I had a big mastiff dog and I didn't want him to go with me, but he followed, and as he would not go back, so he went along.

It took me two days to reach the Fort and sell my chickens. I had the time of my life in keeping the soldiers from getting most of them. I found the dog a

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good friend in need when a chicken would get away from me in taking it out of the coop. The soldiers around would go for it, but the big dog was too quick for them. They didn't dare offer any violence or they'd have gone to the Guard House instanter. They were pretty smooth, but the blue coats seven or eight years later could have taught them tricks of a disappearing chicken which would have astonished a Japanese juggler.

One chicken got away from me, and away the old dog and soldiers went after it, around and around the house and finally, a door being open, in the chicken went, and the big mastiff hard after it, and under a bed with the dog still after it, scaring some niggers nearly out of their wits; at any rate, they ran out of the house into the street with eyes sticking out far enough to have been knocked off with a shingle. But the dog got the chicken just the same, to the disgust of the soldiers who were engaged in the chase.

I soon sold all the chickens, but it was about night, so I went back $\frac{1}{2}$ mile on the Government Reservation in a secluded nook and camped for the night, feeling pretty safe with my good friend, the big mastiff. I didn't start very early the next morning. I crossed the river on a little ferry at the Fort, and drove down to Weston, arriving about noon and put my horses in a stable and got my lunch at a restaurant. I had some goods to buy. In the meantime, it commenced thundering, with dark clouds gathering in the west. I bought a sack of salt, and as it had commenced to rain, I bought little, else thinking I'd get them in Plattsburg after the rain.

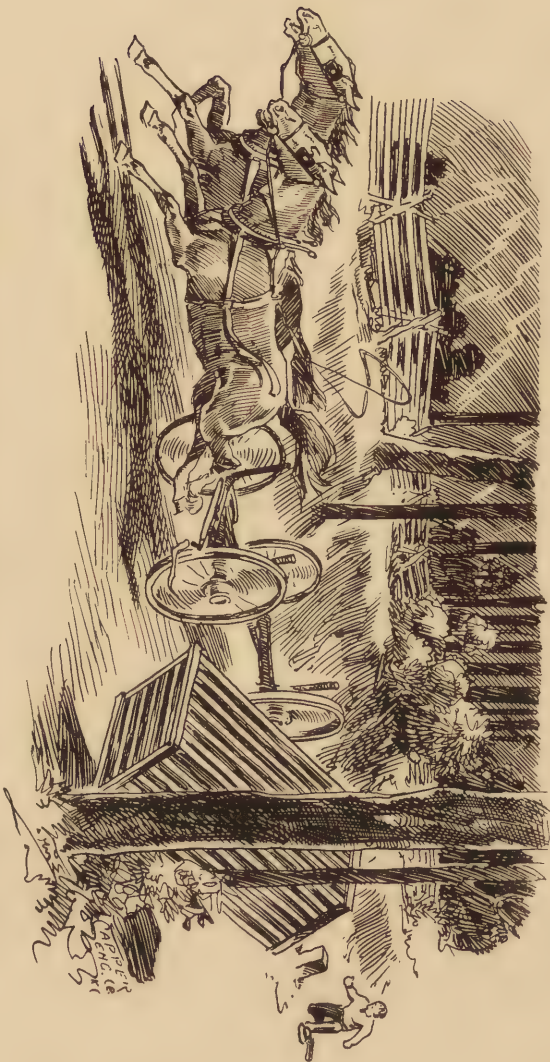
While in the store (the big dog with me), I met old Mr. Archie, the father-in-law of Mr. Gilbert, mentioned before. He put at me to go out home with him and stay over night, telling me how to find his place about 2 or 3 miles out. By this time the rain was coming down in torrents; on its slacking up a little, he started home and I for my team. It was then nearly dark. I got the sack of salt in the wagon, covering it with a wide seat board, and hitched up and started with-

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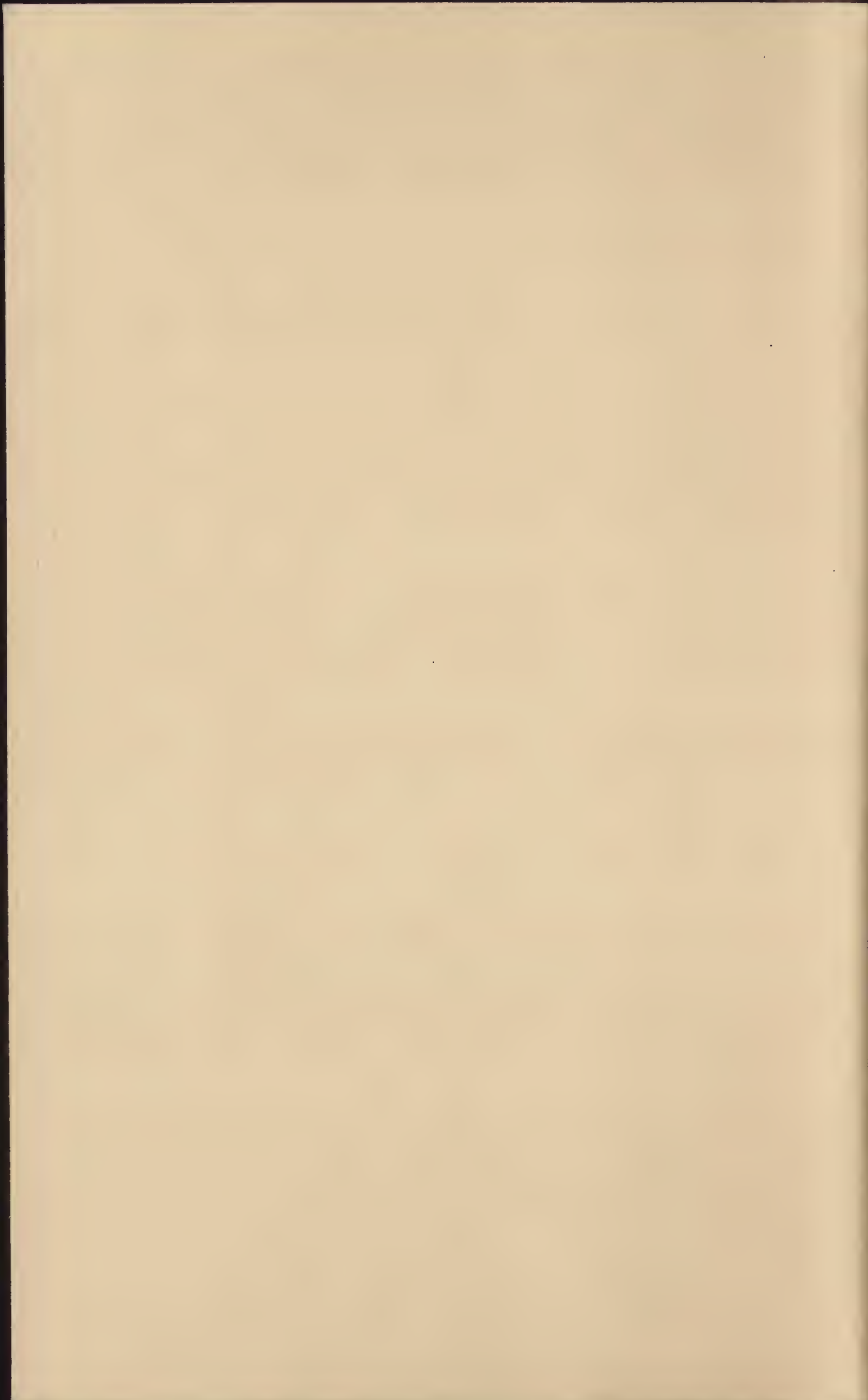
out thinking of my good dog, which I saw no more. Everybody had started home. I think my dog was locked in the back warehouse where we got the salt. That dog was really worth as much as that load of chickens. I didn't have him long and had never learned his worth until this trip. I felt pretty badly when I found he was not with me.

I drove on quite slowly; the road was very slippery for a barefoot team, and it soon got as dark as Erebus, and the rain came down like a tropical torrent. When out a mile or so, on going down one of those long, steep ridges of Platte County, when about midway of the hill, I felt the big chicken coop wagon box sliding forward on to the horses. With no brakes, all I could do was to jump for life, as the heavy thing jammed against the horses, which were already nearly in a gallop going down that long hill. Off I tumbled in the mud, rain and Egyptian darkness. With an occasional peal of thunder and flash of lightning, straining my eyes in the direction of the noise made by my team and wagon, I would catch a glimpse of them. I stood breathless, listening and straining my eyes, when at once there came an awful crash. I started down the road as well as I could see by the almost incessant lightning, when I ran onto a tall cornerstone marker in the middle of the road. It was at least three feet high, and my wagon had centered it and pushed it half over in the direction the team was going.

The shock had knocked the big coop clear off of the running gear, turning it over in the road, the team taking the wagon on a little distance farther and finally, getting rid of it. By this time the rain had slacked up. I heard the chain harness up at one side of the road by a high rail fence, and watching when it lightened, I found the horses and took off the broken harness, got on one horse and led the other, covering my salt with the wide board, and by inquiry at every house where I'd see a light, I finally got to Mr. Archie's quite late. This good man got a lantern and found one of my horses pretty badly hurt. He had a good liniment (which I am using to this day, never



“I stood breathless, listening and straining my eyes, when at once there came an awful crash.”



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having found any better) which he used on the horse. He went with me the next day (Sunday) taking one of his teams and wagon, and brought my wrecked wagon in. We doctored horses and wagon and harness all day, and next morning, stiff and sore as my team was, I started for home. This good man Archie would not think of charging me a cent for all his trouble and work, yet he was just the kind of man we called Rebels a few years later.

Then, is it any wonder the Blue and the Gray have shaken hands across the "Bloody Chasm," and marched shoulder to shoulder up bloody San Juan Hill to the martial strains of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

CHAPTER 26.

THE OLD SHAWNEE MISSION.

The old Shawnee Mission buildings are located two or three miles out of Westport (Kansas City), to the southwest. I have never been right there at the old Mission, however, I've known of it since my very first memory, 73 or 74 years ago. The buildings stand, I am informed, about three-fourths mile south of Shawnee Place station on the Strang Electric line, between Kansas City and Olathe, Kas. My father helped his brother-in-law, Mr. Andrew Wilson (who then lived half a mile south of the present site of Pleasant Hill in Cass Co., Mo., and was a contractor with the U. S. Government) to furnish fat hogs to both the Harmony and Shawnee Missions to supply the friendly Indians, where, as my memory goes, both Catholic and Protestant missionaries vied with each other to advance these semi-civilized Indians in the arts of peace and Christianity.

Many a time I've heard my father tell mother, (when he had gotten back from one of those trips) of the Catholic services in those old buildings. I especially remember one trip he made, when he attended the Easter ser-

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vices of the Catholic Mission. He thought it little less than desecration; not understanding, or realizing that the beautiful Easter services of the Catholic Church would (as it undoubtedly has) do more to attract and to some extent, civilize and Christianize the semi-barbarous nations and tribes of savages of North America, than any other since the days of Whitfield.

And, yet, without the wholesome fear of the uniformed cavalry of the U. S. Government, these friendly Indians on our western borders could not have remained at peace with their white neighbors, some of whom were but little, if any better, in principle, than their savage neighbors.

This man Wilson got a contract to furnish plows for the Missions and had the plows made at a primitive blacksmith shop run by a Mr. Frederick Farmer, an Uncle of the little sweetheart of Cousin Luke Williams (Lottie Farmer), with whom I had the spelling contest a good many years after for the little Bible.

I can remember just how those primitive plows looked. The mold board was usually made of a very twisting walnut log cut in cross sections as long as the mold board was wanted. For sod breaking, it was nearly twice as long as for old ground. The walnut timber being very hard, would sometimes scour a little in the exceedingly tough prairie sod, but not a bit in the old ground. We'd starve to death now if we had to use such implements as those. However, they were a step in advance of the ancient method of plowing with the fork of a tree and crotch for the plow, and the other for the beam, with one handle in place of two.

A somewhat strange coincidence, is having heard my father tell about what a fine country it was around those old Missions 70 years ago, and I am now owning some lands along the old Santa Fe Trail not a great distance from the old Missions. It may be a little better land, but I think it is not as nice as much of the lands in Clinton County.

About 90 years ago, our Government sent to the

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border, Nathan Boone, one of the old Indian fighter's sons, rightly presuming that he knew better how to treat and manage Border Indians than any other man in the West (barring his father who was too old at that time). Many of Nathan Boone's descendants are still living six miles south of Westport, and were my neighbors while I stayed there a few years since. My mother knew Nathan Boone well.

CHAPTER 27.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Knowing that these biographical sketches grow monotonous and are interesting only to people who are descendants of the particular biography of some of their forefathers, hence, I believe a short story of some of the unwritten history of soldier raids, escapades, skirmishes and other incidents that came under the notice of the writer, who was more or less in camp and along with the enrolled militia in several military excursions, or raids, south and west of Cameron, would interest the younger generations, who have come on the stage of action since these tragic scenes have been nearly forgotten.

The first that I was with was just a day or two before Col. Mulligan's surrender at Lexington. A battalion of the Iowa Second Regiment, I think it was, got off the cars at Cameron and marched across the country south to Liberty Landing to intercept a large force of Confederate recruits commanded by Col. Patten and Raines. As well as I now recollect, a call was made for mounted militia men (volunteers) to go to Platte River bridge (as we thought) to guard the railroad, wooden truss bridges at that time, which were very important from a military standpoint. Well, forty of us patriots came to the front. Our horses and accoutrements were loaded on cars and run to Platte bridge, a good deal faster than we liked on that rough road. We were un-

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loaded and ordered to "Forward, march" to form a junction with the Illinois 16th Regiment (about as rough a lot of almost brigands as I came in contact with during war time). In the meantime, we learned that the Confederate forces of Raines and Patten were just a few hours ahead of us.

So, tired as we were, we made a forced march that same day to New Market in Platte County. Raines' men had completely cleaned the County of stuff to eat, and the militia were without commissary and had to depend on foraging on the enemy, which were mostly women, their men being either hid in the brush, or with Raines' army ahead of us. Our scouts ran on to a flock of sheep, killed what they needed, and roasted some of the choice pieces, and we ate it half done without salt, bread or anything else, and turned in for the night, and such a night! I took cholera morbus and was awful sick from eating that half rare mutton, and had it not been some one had a little brandy, or whiskey along, I might not now be writing my soldier experience of fifty years ago. The Quartermaster's Sergeant of the Illinois troops gave us a little share of their rations for breakfast. Meantime, the Illinois 16th Infantry were, many of them, mounting on the fine saddle horses of Buchanan and Platte counties, some horses carrying two men. Early next morning the bugle sounded "mount". Rather a strange call for an Infantry regiment.

Next call, "Forward, march, double quick", but the double quick was not executed. It had rained a short time before, and General Raines' two thousand raw mounted recruits, beside several hundred of our crowd were mounted, together with one company of regular Cavalry (the best drilled soldiers I saw during the war), as well as a battery of artillery (the only one I ever witnessed unlimber in action in my little war experience) with the great crowd, all on one road going helter skelter, we made very little progress.

Arriving late in the day at the bridge across the Platte river at Platte City, we found near the bridge

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some long ricks of cord wood piled up and "Si Gordon's" so called bushwhackers hidden behind them. On the approach of our van guard, they opened fire on us and killed one man, and I think wounded one or two others, then fled across the bridge, through the town to the woods beyond. 'Twas then the artillery rushed past where I was, to the front, unlimbered and commenced shelling the woods northeast of town. The bombs, smoking fuse shrieking through the air, bursting in the woods frightened our green militia, I have an idea, a great deal more than they did Col. Gordon's seasoned partisan soldiers.

Talk about a town being looted! I'll just say, up to that time I had but little idea of what war meant. The worst elements in the country were turned loose; the enraged soldiers were hungry as wolves without commissary and transportation, hence, had to carry on their backs, through mud, their blankets and what little commissaries were issued to them before leaving St. Joseph. The blankets getting wet with no tents, were mostly thrown away, and the provisions eaten up. This was what was the matter with that tired mob that night. Was it any wonder that they looted the town?

I'll give only one incident I remember as it was so ludicrously funny. The soldiers had run on to a lot of very fine canned fruit and other good things to eat, besides a lot of home spun and woven blankets, in the home of a wealthy family. There was no one there keeping house but an old-like, ponderous negro woman, and I'll never forget the fury of that old colored woman servant when she contemplated the ruin of her good (she said) master's and mistress's home, saying with gestures suitable to the occasion, that she'd always been Union, but if this was Union she'd not be Union "no mo'".

When morning came, we were routed out early, a courier having arrived urgently requesting our command to hurry up to Liberty with all possible speed, saying a disastrous fight had occurred on the north bank of the Missouri River near Blue Mills Landing, in which Col. Scott's battalion of Iowa Infantry had been entrapped in

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an ambushade, together with some Missouri militia, and badly cut to pieces, losing a good many men in killed and wounded, as well as part of their artillery. Col. Scott's brave men managed to cut their way out and saved one or two cannon, the postilion and gunners cutting the dead horses loose and drawing the pieces off the bloody field in the face of a furious fusillade, which, however, was discharged from only farm rifles and fowling pieces of Gen. Raines' raw recruits at long range, doing very little execution. The Union forces received the first onslaught from the ambushade (they foolishly rushed into it) at point blank range of those fowling pieces, and in their frantic attempt to unlimber and bring their guns into action, many of them were shot down. When the bugle sounded their recall, they left their dead and wounded on the bloody field.

Some of my neighbors were killed, others wounded in that little battle. The most dead and wounded men I saw in my militia experience through the Civil War was after this fight (in which the Confederates were the victors) at William Jewell College Hall which was converted into a military barracks and hospital.

Our command hurried full speed, after the news of the disastrous repulse at Liberty, without any regard to military tactics, arriving in squads all forenoon, and the footmen all through the afternoon and evening. Liberty was a worse torn up town, if possible, than Platte City was when we left it. Stores, shops and many residences were completely gutted of everything whether useful or not.

It is a shameful truth that I am sorry to put on record that many seemingly good Unionists of that period appeared to be more anxious to secure plunder, especially good horses or mules as Government contractors were paying big prices for, than they were to face the Confederates, bushwhackers or anything else where there was danger in the locality. The rank and file were good men; the trouble was higher up.

In my opinion, this was one cause of the Confederate

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success at the beginning of the war. Their people had little to lose but niggers and a mighty poor market in which to sell.

Midway Place, Nov. 7th, 1911.

CHAPTER 28.

SHIPPING SALT FROM CAMERON, MO., TO WINTERSET, IA.

I wonder if anybody will believe that as heavy and cheap an article as common salt has ever been marketed in Winterset, Iowa, bought in Cameron and hauled in wagons the more than 150 miles over almost boundless prairies to Winterset, Iowa. It has been done, and the writer is the individual who accompanied that invoice consisting of 12 sacks of Kanawa Ohio River salt. Those sacks contained 150 lbs. of salt each. It was in June, 1860, the dryest season that anybody can remember up to that time. I think the entire precipitation for twelve months would not reach four inches.

Seeing a total failure of crops stared me, as well as every other farmer, in the face, and hearing that crop prospects were promising about Des Moines, Iowa; and knowing that there was no railway transportation to Des Moines nearer than Eddyville in the eastern part of the state, I jumped at the conclusion to buy a load of salt and haul it to Des Moines and exchange it for flour for back load, as was frequently done with Missouri apples out, and Iowa flour back, but I later found I'd "reckoned without my host."

I loaded up and started on an old wagon and a plug (good, big) horse team, and headed north on old Grand River trail. I got out on the big prairie near where I had the experience a good many years before in a "Boy's Wild Ride—and Wolves after Him," when my troubles began. First thing I knew of, off came the tire from one of the hind wheels of the old wagon, and I out on the

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high prairie about two miles down west to skirt of timber, and pondering what to do. I saw a man coming from the direction of the timber, and waited to see what he could tell me about getting out of the bad box I was in. Luckily for me, he knew the exact thing I wanted so badly to find out. Pointing west, in the direction of the timber, he said a country blacksmith had a little repair shop there and could set my tire.

I unhitched my horses, riding one and leading the other, and went down to the shop. I found its owner, a nice, good man, who loaned me his wagon, and went with me. We took along a pole and board to prop it up after raising the axle to relieve the wheel whose tire was off. We put it and the loose tire in the wagon, and then off for the shop. Arriving there, he soon set it, and, still using his wagon and team, took it back to where I'd left my wagon and camping traps. He helped me get the wheel on, charging me 75 cents for all this work and trouble. It was nearly night, but I had to find water before I could camp, and that was a job at that time out on the high prairie; we'd no rain for six months and everything was as dry as a powder horn. There were no well augurs and bored wells then.

I had to drive a good many miles in the night (but it was pleasant) before coming to a house where I could get water for my team. Camping, feeding and watering my team took so much time that I took a cold meal as it was too late to build up a fire. I was up early in the morning feeding my team, and then made a fire, got out my cooking outfit and dishes; I'll give my readers an invoice of the kit—one old coffee pot, one sheet iron frying pan with handle, one pint tin cup, one tin pie pan, old rusty case knife and two tined fork and pocket jack knife, one old ax, and I believe I had along a revolver pistol, but am not sure.

Now for the "menu." Broiled, or fried, bacon, sliced bread with bacon grease for butter (had lots of sure enough butter and eggs later on), black coffee, brown sugar and a little water. The menu was not very elab-

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orate. The decorations not quite up to a modern country club spread, but an appetite like an early day wolf's made up for any little deficiencies in style.

I was on the road pretty early as it was so awfully dry that the middle of the day, even in June, was very hot and wearied my team; for that reason I started early and drove late when I could hear of a good camping place several miles ahead.

I crossed the west fork of the Grand River at Groomer's Mill, through old Pattonsburg, Bethany, Decatur City to Osceola, where, at evening, after I'd lain down in my wagon, I heard the plaintive negro melody of "My Poor Nellie Gray, They Have Taken Her Away," sung by a lot of young people in a house near by, for the first time. I heard it a good many times a little later on. I didn't then realize the storm which was ready to break over our devoted heads, of which that plaintive song was only a monitor.

Learning in Osceola that I'd have a poor show in either Indianola or Des Moines, to sell, or exchange salt for money or flour (owing to drouth in Missouri and Kansas and failure in the wheat crop so flour had gone up and nothing but cash would move it), hence I turned northwest headed for Winterset, a good town at that early day, but away off from transportation, St. Joseph, Mo., being the nearest railroad point.

There is a big rocky hill northwest of Osceola, called the White Breast Hill; there I again had trouble. In going down that hill with locked wheel, one of the boxing in the hind wheel broke (in many wagons of those days there were two boxes in place of thimble, as now). On learning that there was a roadside blacksmith shop not far ahead, I drove to it with the broken box. The smithy, having no extras, forged out one and put it in the hub, which answered for the time, so I drove on headed for South River Mills.

At that time, those water mills did a great deal of the grist work, as well as commercial work. These mills, if I remember, were about five miles south of

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Winterset. On arriving at the mill, I called on the proprietor telling him I wanted to exchange salt for flour. I had already learned that he was operating a large grocery store in Winterset, and would probably trade flour for salt. He wanted salt, but didn't want to give flour in exchange, but said he'd take my whole load left (I sold one or two sacks to farmers on the road, and could readily have sold all, but they had neither flour nor money), and give me butter and eggs in exchange, butter at 10 cents and eggs at 5 cents. I traded; it was a ground hog case, and I had to; I took all the eggs he had, I think about 150 dozen, and had to take the balance in butter. As hot as the weather was, you can guess what I had before me, 125 miles to St. Joseph, Mo., on an almost boundless, treeless plain a great part of the way.

The merchant was a nice man and assisted me in every way he could, to pack my goods for its pilgrimage, putting the butter in clean, tight barrels, so in case the heat melted it (which it did), I'd not entirely lose it, and packed the eggs in bran (no egg cases then). I got them through all right and wholesaled them at 10 cents per dozen, doubling their cost. Not so good, however, with the butter. Of many shades of color, it made a rather peculiar blend as to color. I'd like to have a sample of it now to submit to Dr. Wiley¹ for his opinion as to its purity.

Well, something had to be done with it. The huckster I sold my eggs to, told me of a great, big cold spring on the Black Snake Creek, which runs from the northeast down through town (St. Joseph), and a young married couple of Germans, who had rented the tract that this spring was on, and he thought the nice little German woman would help me prepare the butter for market, and she did. I furnished lots of ice and helped her, and we worked like beavers one whole Sunday, and got that soft, many colored stuff in shape to sell, and we called it butter and sold it as butter, even if it was not up to the real Goshen standard. I retailed

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it at the market house and the little German woman put it in rolls. It sold like hot cakes at $12\frac{1}{2}$ and 15 cents, and I finally found a hotel man, who took the job lot at $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents.

After many thanks to my good German friends, as well as liberally compensating them for helping me, with all my pockets full of silver money, I bought part of a load of flour, and with rested team, and buoyant spirits, struck for home. After paying for my load of salt, I think I had about \$2.50 per day for myself and team. However, I didn't want to peddle any more salt or butter that season.

I might add that on the day I traded that load of salt to that nice Winterset grocer and mill man, the news was flashed from Chicago that Abraham Lincoln had been nominated by the Republican Convention at the Great Wigwam, and I'll further remark that, later on in the season, in company with several other stock men, I visited that "Mecca," the immortal birthplace of the Republican Party, so far as results go, the "Great Wigwam."

CHAPTER 29.

RURAL ROUTE NO. 1, CAMERON, MISSOURI.

This, today, is not ancient history, but fifty years hence, might interest some one, when, possibly, all light mails will be transported by flying, aerial transportation.

Thirteen years ago I concluded we had as good right to have our mail delivered at our doors, as Platte City and Maryville, the only two offices at that time that I knew of which had rural, free delivery, so I rode (no automobiles here then) up to Cameron and consulted with postmaster F. M. Filson and Attorney A. J. Althouse, designating the present route No. 1, which has had very little alterations from our first petition.

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We were called optimists by our friends, who said we were fooling away a good deal of valuable time, but we paid little attention to that kind of talk.

Althouse got a copy of the law directing how to proceed, and wrote the petition, as he does all other business intrusted to him (so far as I know) correctly. Next morning I was in the saddle early with that petition, and I had to dig up the rural delivery law and explain it to every fellow I called on to sign my petition. The first man I called on, my near neighbor, would not sign it at all, saying he was afraid to trust his pension papers out on the road in a soap or cigar box. I saw it was no use to argue with him, telling him life was too short to waste any time trying to get a man six miles from his post office to let the Government send his mail every day in the year, save Sundays and four holidays.

So, away I went and had no difficulty with any other man on the route, after the thing was explained to him. I was on awfully good terms with my Democratic friends that day, as I always am socially. We could agree as well as J. P. Morgan and Andy Carnegie did when they were injecting \$600,000,000 worth of water into less than \$300,000,000 of steel stocks, and brazenly put the \$900,000,000 of watered stock on the market for green ones to bite at, and they bit, and the people are dancing to their music, as well as paying the fiddler, the decisions of the Supreme Court notwithstanding.

I'd made a good start and was getting ready next morning to put in another day on my proposed route, to wrestle with my neighbor farmers, who were nearly all in their fields planting corn, when the whole scheme was checkmated, so far as I was concerned. I was out in a pasture giving some directions about a line of fence my men were building, when a vicious Missouri mule kicked at another mule of the same nativity, missed the other mule, but hit the rural router and put him out of business, so far as walking out in the corn fields

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and making the usual preliminary book agent talk to prospective patrons of the route. Some one came along in a buggy going to town, and I got in and went to the post office, explaining that I was "hors de combat," while I was really "mule de combat," and was down and out.

But we had the thing started, so Postmaster Filson and Lawyer Althouse took the matter up where the mule kicked me off, and to make sure of success, both went all the way to Washington, laying the scheme before the proper officer of the department, with immediate success. Althouse and Filson were a good team then, and are yet when "get there" is the prize.

Before 24 hours after their arrival in Washington, it was flashed over the wire to the Kansas City Journal, and almost simultaneously to Cameron and Midway Place, that Rural Route No. 1 had been authorized, subject to usual regulations. I and my friend J. Lake Jones, had just a while before built privately the old Red Top telephone line, the first country line out of Cameron, hence the news came to us before the public generally got it.

The inspector, Mr. Rathbone, established our line by our guaranteeing the building of a bridge or two, which our good court cheerfully did, and we escorted the first rural mail carrier to the farthest point of his route with a full brass band, having a fine dinner at Deer Creek School house, where the writer was called on to tell about going for the mail 50 years ago, in which he recounted some of the evolutions of the postal business for 100 years previous, including the efforts of the great Postmaster General of England, Roland Hill, for penny postage.

Now, 12 years later, there starts from Cameron every (mail) day in the year, 8 rural carriers, two of whom are using fast motorcycles on well dragged roads.

In this connection, I may be pardoned for insisting, in season and out of season, on the use of the King split log pattern road drag, which is now being manu-

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factured of steel by our old friends, the Dildine Bridge Company at Hannibal, Mo., which do excellent work and last always.

CHAPTER 30.

MY FIRST TRIP TO CAMERON, AND COLONEL M. F. TIERNAN.

Nearly all of the older residents of Cameron will need no introduction to Col. M. F. Tiernan, who came with the first business people to Cameron. I think Col. Tiernan, when I first knew him, was one of the most polished gentlemen of the old South that I had met. A genial, witty story teller, yet suave and polite, almost to a fault. He was a Marylander of (I presume) Irish lineage, and I think Catholic faith.

'Twas on my first trip to Cameron I met him for the first time. Cameron then consisted of an old shack, which I think has been torn down and moved and rebuilt for a stable, or something of the kind. I think it stood near where the north side public school buildings are now. Why I recollect the little shack is, it was the only place I could find to hitch my horse that damp, gloomy November morning.

The two frame buildings had recently been moved from a point one mile east of town, called Summerville, and abandoned because of its inconvenience to get to and from the country. One of them was still on the trucks with big capstan still anchored on the prairie; there were no streets then. The other, having been moved first with the little stock of goods and notions, remained in transit for shelter in case of rain, the storekeeper selling goods as they moved when wanted.

After securely fastening my horse, I went to the store. It was a pretty cold day; they had a little stove and some fire, around which were several railroad people, and some few citizens from the country, like my-

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self discussing the possibilities of the new townsite, and the probability of how long it would take to reach Cameron from St. Joseph with the iron tract, etc. (It took two or more years from that time.)

The proprietor of the little stock of goods, happened to be gone that day, I think, to St. Joseph. Mr. Summerville, who first owned the goods down at the old townsite, I think, had just sold the stock to a St. Joe man, named A. T. Baubie, well known many years later as Major Baubie. Col. Tiernan, being a friend of Mr. Baubie, seemed to be in charge of the little establishment that day. Finally, some one called for sugar; I think probably it was myself. The Colonel, shaking the sugar barrel and scraping around the bottom, said there was no sugar in the barrel worth anything, remarking that the proprietor had taken several teams to St. Joe to replenish the stock. Directly another customer called for a plug of tobacco. The Colonel scraped around and found the tobacco also was used up, so made the same explanation to the tobacco customer. Presently some one called for a gallon of whiskey, whereupon the Colonel shook up the apparently empty whiskey barrel, and hearing nothing but the rattle of soaked tobacco, burnt dried peaches and other refuse stuff in the bottom, turned to the customer and crowd generally, saying, "I declare, out of three of the most necessary things of life; whiskey, sugar and tobacco."

In closing this story, it is with profound regret that I record that whiskey proved the undoing of the genial Col. Tiernan. He went down and down to the gutter, finally blowing his brains out in the Baubie Hall one morning. On his wife (the splendid woman he had married late in life in Baltimore) viewing his dead body weltering in his blood, she exclaimed, "This is the end the damnable saloons have brought this good man to."

Mrs. Tiernan was an estimable, scholarly lady, who taught a select school of higher branches. My youngest daughter, Maude, was one of her pupils, and rec-

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ognized her as a fine teacher and splendid lady. She died a few years after the Colonel's death, leaving, I think, but little property and no children to bear the disgrace of a drink-crazed, suicide father.

CHAPTER 31.

THE END JUSTIFIED THE MEANS, OR KANSAS CITY'S BIG DRUNK.

The opening of Kansas City's Stock Yards occurred in June, 1871. At that time, the little, one story box building located at the north end of the present big yards, not far from where wagon loads of stock are now unloaded, constituted the office building.

There were not more than three or four blocks of lots, most of them pretty strong, to hold the wild range Texas cattle. This occasion, I think, was the first Live Stock Show, there being a premium offered for car loads of range cattle. As my memory goes, the Hunter Bros. got the premiums. They, at that time, were handling lots of Texas cattle.

In order to get stockmen's attention turned to Kansas City as a market, a big banquet, including the big drunk spoken of, was given by the city people, stock yards people, and all the big trunk railway lines finished from east and progressing rapidly to the range country south and west, contributed freely to make a grand spread to the stockmen of four states and several territories to the south and west.

They made a huge success by sending out invitations with free tickets to all the known shippers of stock, who had previously been trading in Chicago and St. Louis. They got them here, and got lots of them pretty drunk at that free lunch banquet. The fact is, it was the biggest banquet, as well as the biggest drunk, I ever saw. It did the business, though, and from that pretty

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noisy beginning, the biggest Live Stock Exchange Building in the known world, and second largest live stock market in the world has grown up.

Words fail me to describe that banquet. It was in a large hall, I think, on Main or Delaware Sts., about 5th or 6th. The noisy crowd gathered in the street opposite the banquet hall, and packed the street with a good natured, jostling, rollicking, milling conglomeration of cow-boys, ranchmen, drovers, feeders, shippers and last, but not least, conspicuous were the Indian contingent. They milled, jollied and yelled, until it was announced "grub" was ready, and such a rush they made to that sumptuous feast. Notwithstanding the tables were capable of seating several hundred at a time. I can't tell how many times they were filled.

And the wine, Great Caesars! I've never seen anything equal to it, and it was of an excellent quality. About a half dozen waiters served it without any limit.

One old Cherokee Chief seemed to be an especial favorite with everybody. They dined him and wined him to his heart's content, but they overdid it some. They poured it into him until he limbered up, or, rather, limbered down, and the last I saw of him, about six of his cowboys were carrying him down and out.

I got tired and repaired to the Coates House to hear the speakers, several from Colorado and New Mexico, beside local talent. By the way, some of the local talent was not quite so full of the "red grape barrow" as was the old Cherokee, but had enough to limber up their tongues. I think a Mr. McCoy, and perhaps Milt Magee, were some of the natives who sang of the coming glory of Kansas City, and even if they were a little boozy, they were pretty good prophets.

How different the West Bottoms looked then and now! The street from the Union Depot had great mud holes and big stumps, now and then a big tree, with little frame shacks at intervals. Most of those shacks were dedicated to the sale of booze. The old State Line House was the hotel. Some of the "Thirst Shops"

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served lunch to cowboys, greasers, loafers or anybody who patronized them.

It is not necessary to tell how this locality looks at present. Take a look at it after reading my very imperfect description of how it looked then.

JAMES WILLIAMS,
Cameron, Mo.

CHAPTER 32.

B. F. DAVIS.

Who, that lived in Clinton County twenty-five years ago, does not remember this tall, long, bearded, genial, Democratic politician of those days? Frank, like Davy Crockett, the hero of the Alamo, believed strongly in rotation of offices. That is, when Frank had served the good people of our county through one official term, he was willing to let some other good Democrat take the vacated office, and take another "higher up" himself.

I think I am safe in asserting that Frank nursed more pretty babies along about the election campaigns, not only nursing them, but succeeding beyond his most sanguine expectations, in convincing many a Republican woman that her baby was about the prettiest that he'd struck in the county.

Frank kept climbing till he got to the top of the county office's ladder. Then, it was, he dropped down and out of politics, and struck for an increased clientele, hence, better wages. He went into the live stock commission business in St. Joseph. Not only that, but has gone into publishing a periodical, which he dubs, "Davis' Yellow Journal." In that journal he introduces an old gentleman, whom he calls "Old Man Facts." The picture of this old fellow reminds one of a very old gentleman known in our beloved country as "Uncle Sam." One thing, Frank and his son have neglected to blow about the wonderful advantages their "yellow" literature offers to advertisers.

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CHAPTER 33.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

How strange it is first impressions in our early infancy stay with us through life. The very first performance of my life that I can distinctly remember occurred in Van Buren, (now Cass County) Missouri, about 35 miles southeast of Kansas City, near Pleasant Hill, as I have said several times in this work. My father was a Baptist (not a hard shell) preacher. This event must have occurred about the year 1839 or 40. We lived in a log house, I believe the old English law called a man's house his castle. However, this house, as I remember it, did not bring to mind the Castle of Belted Will with serrated bastions and moat and draw bridge in some ancient forest, but it was only a plain little hewed log house on the claim we had squatted on before the government had surveyed the land and subject to the famous squatter's sovereign rights of that day.

My parents were away from home attending a revival meeting in the neighborhood and a cousin of mine, John Williams, who was about four years older than I was staying with me that afternoon.

Now, us, Baptists were strong on immersion and us two boys having baptising on the brain, (it refreshed by the recent revival), concluded we'd turn preachers and, of course, had to baptise our converts. Our Jordan was nearby. "There was much water there," the fact there was too much depth in those prairie holes of water for our depth (we tried it with our fishing poles). So we had to strike a convert that we could trust in that deep water whether he had repented or not. So looking about us for a proper subject we discovered a great favorite of the family, in fact its mascot. The family name of our newly found convert was Thomas, a name that reached back in his family farther than history or tradition.

Thomas didn't altogether approve of the preliminary

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proceedings of the two young ministers—they raked around for a good long string and finally found a plow line (little rope) which they after a good deal of coaxing, got Thomas to allow them to tie around his neck. (So away they went “Nolens Volens” like a good many other Christian ministers do with their quite young and helpless converts.) Arriving at their Jordan, their new convert, it seemed was about to go into a fit of hydrophobia. Tom didn’t like the looks of the water and like some other converts squalled and scratched, but we baptized him just the same. We had never read any church dogmas about triune immersion with face downward which is believed to be scriptural by many good christians. However, we practiced that style on that (for poor Thomas) fatal day. The cat hadn’t repented but the writer remembers he had some reason to repent when his mother next morning learned of Thomas’ tragical, untimely end.

CHAPTER 34.

CANNING FRUITS, MEATS, ETC.

It may not be known by many young people that the canning of fruits, fish, meats and vegetables was not practised, if even known, 65 years ago. The first I ever heard, or read, of such a process of preserving fruits, meats, etc., I read in “The Valley Farmer”, I think about the year 1856 or ’57. The paper was published in St. Louis by E. K. Woodward and Ephraim Abbot, who, a while after, I think, sold to Norman J. Coleman and it was merged into Coleman’s Rural World, which became famous during Mr. Coleman’s long and useful career.

The article referred to went on to explain how one Professor Gamgee, of some college or university, had been making experiments by heating the fruit to drive out the air, then hermetically sealing it while hot, prac-

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tically the way it is done now throughout the civilized world, predicting that "Gamgeed" fresh beef would finally be a possibility, if the learned professor's theory held good in practice, and it now looks like the professor knew what he was talking about when he was explaining his new process of preserving almost anything that we use daily, salt, perhaps, excepted. That discovery should rank in importance with the invention of the cotton gin by Whitney, or the steam engine by Stephenson and its application to transportation by Fulton and others, its use being about as universal as any of those great inventions.

I also can well remember when the first iron steamship, the "Great Britain," landed at the wharves at New York, I think in the winter of 1846 and '47. I remember her dimensions, length and beam, and ton burthen, and all about her building was published in the New York Evening Post, which was taken by a man by the name of Amos Hart, who was, at the time staying with my parents finishing a log house.

This ship "Great Britain," should not be confounded with the Leviathan built many years later, the "Great Eastern", which would have dwarfed the "Great Britain" into a barge or yawl. While I've not gotten the ton capacity of the "Great Eastern", but think it was the biggest since the one built in a very early day by one "Noah", the passenger capacity of which was eight souls, bodies included, I presume.

But for passenger service there is probably nothing in the known world equaling the great "Mauritania" and her twin sister, "Lusitania." I'd like to have seen a model of one of those monster ocean grey hounds alongside of the models of the "Pinta", "Santa Maria" and "Nina", the fleet which left Genoa with Christopher Columbus as commander. A replica of those three famous vessels, it will be remembered, was shown on the lake at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

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CHAPTER 35.

WILLIAM E. CROYSDALE.

Mr. Croysdale was among the first to sell goods in Cameron, having married a Miss Skinner, whose father was a very wealthy slave owner in Platte county, and who built a big water mill on Platte river in an early day. Mr. Croysdale's house was on, I think, part of the ground now occupied by the older college buildings, and all of Ford's Addition to Cameron, as well as Ford's new cemetery was on the Mrs. Croysdale, nee Skinner, tract.

Mr. Croysdale sold goods quite a while after the war broke out, but his wife's people all being large slave owners, everybody considered him a sympathizer with the Confederates. While this may, to some extent, have been true, he was, nevertheless, as law abiding a man as was in Cameron at that time.

It was not to his interest to be a rebel, owning as he and his wife did, the store and the foundation for a fortune in real estate. Croysdale was smart enough to know that the slave business was done for, even before the Emancipation Proclamation, hence he was a Union man for pecuniary reasons, if for nothing else, just as the Confederates were for the property which was in slaves, if for nothing else.

There were a good many pretty rough characters holloing loudly for the Union, whom Mr. Croysdale had some reasons to believe were none too good to get a lot of half drunken soldiers and raise the hue and cry of "rebel" and loot his store, of which there had been an example a short time before. I refer to the looting of Mr. Weatherly's store, of which I can't give the particulars not being present at the time.

Mr. Croysdale came to me one day, saying, "Williams, take this store, run it as best you can, I'll pay good clerks and bookkeepers, and you need not put one cent of your own money in the business, and take half the profits for your time and influence," and I only a young

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man without any business qualifications for the dry goods and grocery trade. I took the matter under consideration and consulted with mother, as I always did, and took her advice which had always been safe, and stayed with what I knew something about, i. e., handling live stock on the farm, and I also shipped considerable of grain and other produce as well.

Mr. Croysdale closed out his store and moved to Independence, Mo., handling several farms, and, finally, going to Kansas City and establishing the Croysdale, Vaughn Grain Company in the Board of Trade building, and his sons are still there doing business as the Croysdale Grain Company. I formed their acquaintance while I was living south of the city on Holmes road. One of them bought a 5-acre tract which I showed him and his father on the occasion of their visiting me, and on which he built a nice, modern residence with a nice large lawn; I gave them the trees which are now ornamenting that beautiful dooryard.

Young Croysdale, finding it too far to street car transportation, sold it to Senator C. W. Clarke, who had married a maiden sister of his. The Senator, a sturdy Republican, who, when the dead lock occurred in the Republican legislature of Missouri, and it was divided and could not elect either Thos. J. Niedringhaus or Mr. Kerens to the United States Senate, opened a headquarters in favor of Major Warner, who, as every one knows, was elected over that distinguished, grand old man, Senator Cockrell, who was afterward given a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission by President Roosevelt, as the best available Democrat for the position. I think the distinguished gentleman has filled the position to the entire satisfaction of all parties.

Senator Warner, ever grateful, recommended State Senator Clarke for collector of the port and general manager of the great post office and Government buildings at Kansas City, which office, I think, he still holds under the Taft administration. He now lives at 75th and Holmes Sts. on the tract young Croysdale bought and

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improved, and Mr. Croysdale lived with them until his death, which occurred about five years since. The writer has had some little dealings and acquaintance with Senator Clarke while living at Lonesomehurst Park, and found him a very affable gentleman, and worthy of the high office he fills.

The writer was well acquainted with Mr. Wm. A. Vaughn, who was the genial clerk of Mr. Croysdale's store when he sold goods in Cameron. Mr. Vaughn was an ardent adherent to the Confederate cause having married a sister of Mrs. Croysdale, one of the Skinner girls. He showed his faith in the Confederate cause by enlisting and going south, and stayed with it to Appomattox, and came home and acted like the gentleman that he was, and always greeted me when I'd visit him in his office in the Board of Trade building, with a cordial shake of the hand, always inquiring about his old Cameron acquaintances. The last time I met him was at the steamship ferry office in San Francisco, nearly twenty-five years since.

I was going across the bay and up to Santa Rosa. A gentleman just before me was purchasing a ticket, I being next. When he turned, I was face to face with my old friend, Billy Vaughn. We instantly recognized each other, and had a talk while the steamer was crossing the bay. He told me he was on the way to Sitka, Alaska, (however, not that day), but was on an outing up the sound and insisted strongly on my going along, which I regretted that I could not leave my home affairs long enough to make the trip. When I took this genial, good man by the hand in parting, it was a long farewell. It so happened that I never saw him after he returned.

On one occasion at Cameron in the early days of the war, I was in the store when he called me, saying, "Jim, you are hustling all the time. Let me tell you how to make a fortune." "How, Billy?" I said. Answering, he said, "Go to the mouth of the Kaw river and buy some of that swamp land east of the river between it and the bluff (which is now known as the

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West Bottoms), and if you live to be an old man it will make a fortune. I replied, "It is about all I can do to keep soul and body together here, Bill," saying, "If you have so much faith in the land, why don't you buy some of it?" He replied saying he did not have the money or he would.

When he got home from the war, he did just the thing he advised me to do, bought real estate in Kansas City, (however, not in the West Bottoms), and when he died the papers said he left an estate valued in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million of dollars. I think he has several sons in Kansas City, but I've never made their acquaintance.

When many years after I'd visit him sometimes, he referred to the time we were fighting for our rights, but not with the usual bitterness which was common at that time of the returned adherents of the "Lost Cause."

CHAPTER 36.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF W. B. LA FORCE.

The La Force brothers were our neighbors when we lived at Lonesomehurst Park south of Westport, in Jackson County, Mo. Mr. W. B. and his brother, B. F., the financial agent and real estate broker in the New York Life building, married sisters, the daughters of a Mr. Estill, a wealthy real estate owner of Howard county, Mo., who many years ago built the massive Estill Flats across from the New Coates Hotel.

Mr. W. B. had bought the 100 acre tract located six miles south of Westport, on Wornall road, one of the best improved tracts in that vicinity. Mr. W. R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City Star, made the improvements for a fine country home, as I have heard, but got into a deal with Judge Chrisman for the Times newspaper, and Chrisman put it, and other lands on the market, and La Force bought the 100 acres. He had an ambition

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to build up, and had succeeded in getting together the finest herd of thoroughbred Jersey cows probably in the country, and took a great pride in their breeding, and his dairy had probably the best and most select clientele for its products in Jackson County.

He had a large barn fitted with all kinds of machinery for preparing feed for his cows, with a big gasoline engine and overhead shafting and pulleys for driving the different machines. He and one of his colored assistants were running one of the machines, when the driving belt came off the big engine and in place of stopping it, as his colored man suggested, saying, "I've put it on many a time when the engine was running," and he'd not more than gotten the words out of his mouth (the last he spoke), when the big belt looped, or hitched, around the big overhead line shaft, jerking it loose from its fastenings and bringing it down and striking Mr. La Force on the head and killing him almost instantly.

Mr. La Force had several nice boys, as it has been my pleasure to meet them. No matter when or where one meets them, they always recognize him by politely tipping the cap and speaking respectfully. They are at Harvard, I am informed by their uncle, B. F., and I predict a bright future for those genteel behaved boys, and wish them, and their good mother, all the happiness that their good conduct and surroundings will surely bring to them.

Their uncle, B. F. La Force, is a fine business man, with whom I've had (for me) pretty large transactions, which have been entirely satisfactory, and I can cheerfully recommend him as a first class man with whom to do business.

CHAPTER 37.

ERNEST KELLERSTRASS.

Who has not heard of the Kellerstrass chicken ranch at 85th and Holmes St., Kansas City? I am quite well

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acquainted with Mr. Kellerstrass, and have had some little dealings with him, and have found him a fair and liberal man in a neighborhood deal.

As to his fine White Orpingtons, they tell their own story at the shows. Mr. Kellerstrass told me that he sold Madame Paderewski, the great pianist's wife, five young pullets for the great sum of \$7,500.00 which a man, who was working for him at the time told me he had seen Paderewski's check for the money.

I regret to hear Mr. Kellerstrass' health is not good.

CHAPTER 38.

MORGAN BOONE.

Morgan Boone lives on Holmes Street Road, half a mile south of the electric line at 85th and Holmes Street. I lived four years a neighbor to Mr. Boone, and found him a fine Christian gentleman, a good neighbor with a fine wife and lots of goods boys and girls.

I regret I cannot mention each of my old neighbors at Lonesomehurst, but they can rest assured I will never forget their kind treatment while living there, or when I visit them after moving back to my old beloved home, Midway Place, Cameron, Missouri.

CHAPTER 39.

SOME THINGS I'VE SEEN IN THEATERS AND SHOWS.

Now I know when I commence to tell about what strange tricks I witnessed in shows, my friends will smile at my seeming ignorance of sleight of hand juggling, legerdemain. Well, I've not seen it all by any means, nor wouldn't if I lived one hundred or more years, but

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I'll tell what I've seen that looked strange, as well as felt strange. "Seeing is believing, but feeling is the naked truth."

On one occasion, there was a big show in Chicago. I went in the side show. There was a fair haired little woman, who was loudly proclaimed by her chaperon, a man, who said she could tell what any one had concealed in their hands, or pocket. He asked any one to ask her what they had in their hand; however, he'd always repeat what the party said who asked the question. One or two out of the hundreds of others asked, will illustrate what I am trying to explain.

One person asked, "What have I in my hand?" The chaperon repeated it. "A watch", which was true. "What time by that watch?" She answered the time indicated by the hands on the dial of that watch. I thought I'd test her. I had at the time a piece of paper with a name on it, and it was a check for my grip left at the depot. Holding it in my hand, shut up tightly, and down where the man could not see it (the woman was blindfolded so she could not see), I asked, "What do I hold in my hand?" (the gentleman repeating the question). "A piece of paper," she said. "Has that paper any value?" I said. "Yes, ten cents," which was the price I had to pay for my baggage upon presentation of the check, and dozens of others asked, who said they were not in any way connected with the show, and had the same experience.

On another occasion, being in Chicago with stock some years later, not more than 18 years since, at the hotel a lot of stock men after supper asked the host where we could have a good evening's entertainment. He told us by all means to go to a certain theater (I've forgotten the name), as there was undoubtedly, he said, the strangest performance by a little woman that had ever appeared before a Chicago audience, and was the wonder and comment of all the newspaper reporters.

So several of the guests went. After some pretty fair vaudeville and other attractions, the strange lady

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was introduced, but first the proprietor made a talk telling the audience of her wondrous feats of strength, at the same time inviting six men (he wanted six big strong men), and pledged those volunteering to come up on the platform of the theater that no trick of any kind should be played on them for the amusement of the audience. The crowd seemed suspicious, whereupon I suggested to the two or three stockmen who had come with me from the hotel that I'd go if they would. They, after some hesitation, finally went, and I think about three of us. When we went on the platform we were offered nice seats, and the platform manager didn't have much trouble in getting his quota.

He then told us why he wanted big strong men, also assuring us that he had a pleasant surprise for us and his audience, as well, saying, "You'll not soon forget what you've experienced here tonight." And I haven't. I think the first trial of that little, feeble looking woman's strength was with a big long heavy pitch fork handle. We were asked if we knew what the handle was. Of course we did. "Now, gentlemen, stand in line here in front of the footlights so the audience can see this little lady push you six big men all over this platform with ease, try as hard as you may to push her back or off the platform." She put the palm of her open hand on the rounded top end of the handle, and we all gripped it with both hands and braced our feet. When the word was given, "All ready?" "Yes," she shoved those six men across the stage apparently as easily as one of us could have shoved a baby wagon. I know I pushed against her with all my strength, and the others said that they did the same.

Then a chair was gotten and one of us sat down on the chair and two on him, and she put her open hands on one of the front rounds in the chair and lifted the chair with us on it up high enough for the audience to hear it crack when it came to the floor, which was repeated several times, after which a good, long green hickory cane, made from a hoop pole,

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the proprietor said, was brought, and he asked us to verify to the audience that the cane was what he claimed it to be, which we did, about four of us (all who could get a good grip on the cane, at any rate), took it in our hands, and were told that the lady would twist that hoop pole cane into a withe, if we would grip it so tightly that it would not turn in our hands, and that she would only lay the palm of her open hand on top of the cane. She twisted the cane into a withe, and an Iowa stockman took it back to our hotel to show and said he would take it home with him.

CHAPTER 40.

A TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEY IN 1846.

In the spring of 1846, I think it was, a topographical surveying expedition was fitted out at Fort Leavenworth by the United States Government under the command of Lieut. Emory of the Topographical Engineers, whose report to the Department fell into my hands some two or three years after, and as I always wanted to be an engineer, dry and uninteresting as those official reports usually are to young persons, I, at that time thought the Pacific Coast, especially Oregon, (we didn't own California until 1846) was a veritable paradise on earth, so I became intensely interested in that scientific report.

This expedition started from Fort Leavenworth following the "Old Santa Fe Trail" across Kansas, then Indian Territory to and up the Arkansas, past Bent's Fort, up the "Huerfano", through Raton pass down to Las Vegas and Santa Fe and Albuquerque; thence, striking west to the head waters of the Gila (Hela) River, past the old copper mines vicinity, giving the best description of the Navajos and Popo Maricopas Indians I've ever seen, mentioning the Bill Williams Mountain, now so well known by travelers over the Santa Fe

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route, crossing the Colorado River, and up the Mojave country and Maricopas, also of the thieving Navajos, as well as the wondrous blankets made by the Navajo women from the long wool of their numerous flocks; crossing part of the Great Desert to their final destination, San Diego, California.

Strange as it may appear, I learned from this report how engineers arrive at the altitude, latitude and longitude by scientific instruments and the fixed stars, as well as by real measurements. Of course, I could not have done, or made, the intricate astronomical calculations; however, I got some idea how (to the unlearned), those apparently impossible things could be worked out by triangulation.

After nearly forty years, I went over nearly the same route as that survey. I was some better prepared than most of the passengers on the Santa Fe to understand the locality we were passing through than those who had not studied these notes made by scientists, and that report has been more than verified as to the mineral, agriculture and stock raising, and wonderful scenery of Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, as well as the wonderful, and as yet, unexplained mirage of those great cactus deserts of glittering white sand, in whose burning wastes so many have since perished.

I have only once witnessed the mirage, at Mojave Station on the Santa Fe. Plenty of people exclaimed, "Oh, look at the pretty lake of water and trees on its shore." I knew in a moment their delusion from the descriptions in that survey report, and other books of travel across deserts.

When that survey was made, Westport was the last town in the West under the Stars and Stripes. "Old Rough and Ready" had not issued his famous order at Buena Vista, when everything appeared to be lost, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg, a little more grape, sir." Nor the gallant charge of Captain May at Resaca de la Palma; nor had the heroic Major Ringgold offered up his life as a sacrifice on the altar of his country. Nor

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had the "Xenophon of the West" made his famous march.

It was along about this time our country began to make history. There has been more accomplished from that time to this to ameliorate the condition of mankind than had been since the days of Greece and Rome in all their glory. And, yet, with all our progress in the direction of bettering the condition of our toiling millions, the demon of drink has kept pace with all of our progress, and fills the streets, grog shops, beer guzzling establishments, called saloons, with their freezing, ragged, starving devotees, on those awful bitter wintry nights, defying all the associated philanthropists to relieve their urgent needs, and yet these same people want, or tolerate, the source of a great part of this suffering.

CHAPTER 41.

ISAAC D. BALDWIN, THE PIONEER SETTLER OF SHOAL TOWNSHIP, CLINTON COUNTY.

I have never heard it questioned that Isaac D. Baldwin was the first settler in Shoal Township, as the township lines are at present. He, however, had some contemporary settlers in what was then the limits of this Shoal Township, in the persons of Jonathan Stone, Harvey Springer, John B. Gibson and a few others, in what is now Platte Township.

Mr. Baldwin settled on the farm now owned by Mr. George Henderson near a good spring, now on the Mr. Ed. Rice's place near the Baldwin residence, about the year 1830. The Baldwin residence was at the cross roads, east and west road from Far West, (at that time in its zenith) to Plattsburg and beyond to Fort Leavenworth and Weston, which at that time, was the largest town north of the Missouri River above Brunswick except St. Joseph, Robideaux's Landing and Trading Post.

Joseph Robideaux was an early French trader with

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the Indians, whose first name the city of St. Joseph bears. I have seen Monsieur Robideaux several times in my young days. Many of us early settlers did a good deal of our trading at St. Joseph, as it soon became a good, big town, and was the nearest Missouri River point.

But I digress from Baldwin. The great highway from the Missouri River at Liberty, running north crossed the great trail east and west at Baldwin's place, and for 20 years, or more, was the most public place in Clinton County outside of Plattsburg. Many more immigrants passed Baldwin's place than Plattsburg.

Isaac D. Baldwin was an old Tennessean, and swore by the hero of New Orleans to the day of his death, which occurred in February, 1849, only a few years later than the old hero's. Baldwin could tell some amazing stories, as could many others of the old pioneer hunters and trappers of those days. He was, for many years, justice of the peace, and there was seldom any appeal from Squire Baldwin's decisions.

The first postoffice in the present limits of Shoal Township was at Baldwin's, and Isaac D. Baldwin postmaster. I wish I had a photograph of it and its surroundings, to present to some historical society. Its name was Mount Refuge. Baldwin nearly always kept a barrel or two of whiskey, and any one could buy it by the gallon for 25 cents, but its sale was not the prime reason for keeping it. There was always a large local demand for it.

Mr. Baldwin heeded the injunction, "Be fruitful and multiply," etc., as he was the father of 16 children, all of whom have gone from this vicinity, save one, Mrs. Philip Uhrich, of Cameron. The youngest, one of his girls, married Anderson Cameron a son of Elisha Cameron, for whom Cameron was named.

For several years before his death, Baldwin kept a cross roads store, and an old fashioned sweep, horse power grist mill, and I'd like to have a picture of it

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also, as I have not language adequate to describe it and its products.

Mr. Baldwin and his first wife, and several of his children and a few others, were buried on the old homestead, and I think their graves are now desecrated and entirely lost to sight. I took a little look for those graves not long since, and I felt a sigh of regret that the most picturesque character of our early settlers should be allowed to lie in neglected graves in the manner in which they are.

When Baldwin died, it took James W. Kirkpatrick three days to sell the store and other property. Mr. Kirkpatrick was the best auctioneer at that time, I think, in Clinton County.

A fatality occurred going home from that sale. A Mr. Chris Harter was thrown out of a sleigh and killed. Mr. Harter was a relative of the Harters, who have lived many years in, and around, Cameron.

Another fatal incident of the sale was, some one disturbed a hive of bees, which came out in great numbers and attacked a horse, a big stallion, and stung him so badly that he died.

That Isaac D. Baldwin was one of the most picturesque characters who has lived in Shoal, or any other part of Clinton County, will be admitted by all who knew him, if there are any such now living.

The period of his death about divides the old from the new. I regret that there are but three or four people about Cameron, who can attest as true what I have written of this old pioneer. Among the few who will remember Mr. Baldwin, are, Mrs. Louisa Kariker, Mrs. Elizabeth Newberry and Mrs. Susan Harris, and perhaps Jack Reed.

JAMES WILLIAMS,

Midway Place, September 16, 1911.

CHAPTER 42.

HIRAM STEPHENSON.

There are but few of the early settlers who will not remember Hiram Stephenson, who settled at the

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head of the little creek known as Williams' Creek in (History of Clinton County) about the year 1839, and lived there until within a few years of his death about 20 years since. He was justice of the peace for many years. He was my wife's, and John Stephenson's father by his first wife, who died when my wife was a baby.

His second wife, Sally, was a daughter of the late James McBeath, who was the first butcher Cameron had, killing the cattle and hogs at home and peddling the meat in Cameron. His last beef was always the fattest one.

Hiram Stephenson taught school in "that first school house" in which I was a pupil, and at which I learned the rudiments of Pike's arithmetic which have stayed with me till this day. Mr. Stephenson was a born mathematician. For an ordinary problem he seldom had any need of a slate and pencil only to demonstrate to his pupils.

He was a man of strict honesty and was never known to prevaricate, or swerve from truth and justice and fair dealing, notwithstanding he held to unbelief in the Scriptures. It is a pity that many professing believers do not practice those sterling qualities, as did Hiram Stephenson.

He suffered with stomach trouble and indigestion uncomplainingly for many years, retaining his pleasant good humor and kindly words for the little ones to the last, and, notwithstanding his bad health, lived to the ripe age of 80 years.

He was a native of Kentucky, leaving home early in life, he carved his way, paddling his own canoe. He hauled with an ox team native lumber from the Wabash River to Lake Michigan to old Fort Dearborn, while the old fort was still standing, to build nearly the first houses in Chicago. The site of Ft. Dearborn is now marked by a big block of granite. I've stood by that stone and wondered how desolate was the scene in 1812, and now, 100 years since, one of the great cities of the world has been built around the site of that

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lonely place. It seems strange indeed that my children's grandfather was among nearly the first to furnish material to build the first houses in the great city of Chicago, which I predict in 100 years more will be the third largest city in the world.

Mr. Stephenson moved to Missouri from Fountain County, Indiana, in an old fashioned, hand made, Tennessee ox wagon, with a great frame bed, as they then called the box. It took a block and rope, or about six men to put it on or off the running gear. He also later brought to this neighborhood the first thimble skein, Studebaker wagon ever seen in this part of Missouri.

There were few better informed men in his day among non-professional people than Hiram Stephenson. He was well versed in ancient history as well as modern, was a great reader of current news and Biblical history, as well as the Bible. He appeared to be informed on almost any subject on which one would question him. I could nearly always learn something in a conversation with him.

His second wife raised a family of five sons (one little girl died while young), which are now scattered through the Western states, one, Crittenden, being dead.

Hiram Stephenson was a good collector, but a better paymaster never lived in Shoal Township. Without an enemy, he passed away, and this short sketch is a tribute to his memory by James Williams.

Midway Place, September 21st, 1911.

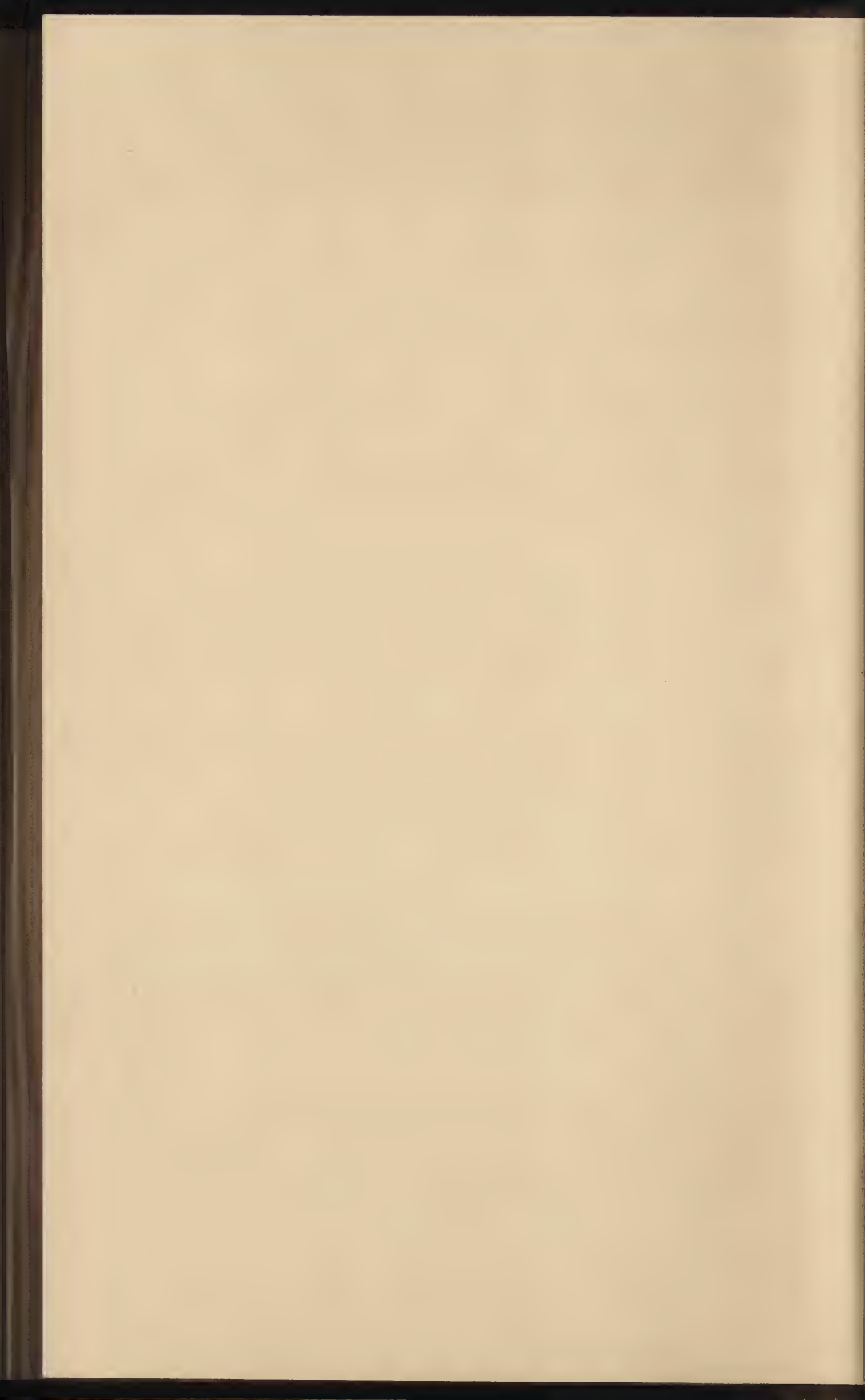
CHAPTER 43.

A BOY'S WILD RIDE—AN EXPERIENCE WITH WOLVES SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Along in the fall of 1846, my father was away from home preaching for a little flock of his church brethren, at Brother John Osborn's, afterwards known as Vic-



"It seemed as though a hundred hungry yelling wolves were on my trail."



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toria, in Daviess County, Missouri. There is not now a vestige left of that old town.

Along in the evening on Saturday, my youngest sister, the baby a year or so old, took the croup (a very severe type of membranous croup), and no doctor nearer than Plattsburg or Maysville. Mother sent me for two of our neighbor women. They worked heroically with the little sufferer, but she grew worse. Mother turned to me, with the look of a mother over a dying child, and asked me if I could find the way across the prairies to Mr. Osborn's, where father nearly always stopped over night (John Osborn was the father of Judge J. J. Osborn, who for many years sold goods in Cameron, and now lives in Colorado Springs). I told her I would try it; I was then in my 12th year.

I remember we had no saddle, and I had to make that 40 mile trip on a bare backed horse with an old quilt for a saddle. About sunset, I started on the most lonesome ride of my life; (there being but one house on the road until I struck the Grindstone Creek timber 1/2 mile this side of Mr. Osborn's). I struck the old Grand River trail at Brushy Ford near the McCartney Spring, which was a noted camping place of the emigrants going north in great numbers to settle the timbered regions of the north Grand River country. I passed on at a lively pace over the trail where Cameron now stands, crossing the little creek half a mile east of old Uncle Billy Read's house, and, onward, till rounding the head of Long Branch on the high divide west of Mabel station on the C. R. I. & P. R. R. I was thinking of the panther old Mr. Timothy Middaugh had killed down in the timber half a mile east of the road (I think this timber is now in Mr. Charley Wright's feed lot and pasture). This panther, the last and only one killed that I know of since I've lived here. Of course, I felt lonesome.

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"When at once there rose so wild a yell,
Adown that dark and lonely dell,
As if all the fiends from Heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner cry of Hell."

—Lady of the Lake.

It seemed as though a hundred hungry, yelling wolves were on my trail. "I was mounted on a mettled steed, of the wild, untamed, Ukraine breed." With my right hand I held the rein; and with my left the horse's mane.

My horse needed no urging; it seemed to be frightened, as well as I. We sped on, on and onward, like a winged arrow in its flight. I ever and anon looking over my shoulder expecting to see the whole pack with glaring eyes and lolling red tongues close on the heels of my tiring horse. How long or how many miles I pushed my horse, I do not know, when, (oh, horrors), it occurred to me that in my fright and flight, I might miss the dim wagon trail that left the great highway which led to the Iowa territory, Fort Des Moines, and beyond to "Terra Incognita."

As good luck would have it, my horse seemed to know the route better than I, the horse having been over the road more times than I had, and so carried me safely to our goal, arriving just as the worshippers were getting home from the evening meeting. I lost no time in informing my father of the baby's dangerous condition at home, 20 miles away. Resting myself and horse, probably half an hour, we were on the way retracing that long lonesome road, arriving at home about two o'clock. The baby was better. In fact, was better than I was after riding 40 miles on a bare backed horse, and having the worst scare of my life. The father and mother, and most of those worshippers, have gone to that "bourne from which no travelers return," but the boy who made that wild ride, and the baby are still living.

I now think there were no more than three or four howling coyotes, which can make a great deal of noise.

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My excited imagination did the rest, but I will say this incident on my memory, is like some great, lighthouse on the dim receding shores of time.

CHAPTER 44.

BLOODED CATTLE.

The Duncan family of Clinton County, has been famous for fifty years for its blooded, thoroughbred, short horn cattle.

While I shall not go into the history of the business in the early days, I would respectfully refer any one to the History of Clinton County, page 387, for early history of the business. I here add that I have had more or less acquaintance with nearly every name mentioned of those early enthusiasts for better blood. However, in this little work, I can mention only a very few.

Stephen and his brother, Joseph Duncan, are the first short horn cattle breeders, who brought thoroughbred cattle to the north central part of the county. I knew those two gentlemen quite well in my young days, and I am glad to pay this small tribute to their memory. I've never in my long life, known two men, whose word was more implicitly relied upon, than Stephen's and Uncle Joe's was. A short horn from Uncle Joe's herd hardly needed a pedigree; everybody knew he didn't offer anything which was not good. While I am not personally acquainted with his son, Joseph, Jr., I understand the mantle of the father has fallen on the son. I am somewhat better acquainted with Mr. H. C. Duncan than any member of Uncle Stephen's family, while I've had some acquaintance with all the brothers of this good family.

I think I can truthfully say, that Clay Duncan has probably done more to disseminate good, blooded cattle throughout the West than any other one man in Clinton County, and, unlike trust robbers, has accumulated a

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good competence for himself, while at the same time he was a benefactor to all his patrons and the public generally, as well as a credit to the community in which his life work was cast. I have known Clay Duncan from boyhood. We both commenced handling stock about the same time, and I've had many deals with him in our younger days, and have never known him to swerve one jot from an agreement.

He has always been a strong advocate of temperance and practiced what he advocated. So far as I know, all of those good Duncan families have kept the "faith once delivered to the saints," as advocated by Alexander Campbell, Moses E. Lard and other prominent leaders of the Christian Church. A pity it is that every community has not more of the Duncan kind of citizenship in it.

CHAPTER 45.

HOW NEAR I CAME TO BEING KILLED BY FALLING TREES.

It would seem to one a little superstitious, that some good angel guardian had watched over me through my long, and to some extent, adventurous life, or I'd not be here telling about it at nearly 80 years of age.

We had only one old log stable, our old round log house moved back for horses, when my father built the double hewed log house with double stack stone chimneys, with wide fire places opening in each room, at that time thought to be just the thing for elegance, convenience and comfort, of course. Their cost was not in fuel, "wood", we called it, which was so plentiful it was (lots of it) burnt in great log heaps while clearing the first farms in the timber.

It was in the winter of 1855 and 1856 we decided we wanted a better barn and stables than the old log house and log corn crib with driveway and wagon shed

“Get out, the tree is falling on you.”



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between. However, these were a good deal better than some of our neighbors had, but we wanted a frame stable with some room above for hay. I made some plans and went to work hewing timber in our fine white oak woods tract for this building, and long about mid-winter there came quite a deep snow, probably 10 to 12 inches. As the O'Donnell water power saw mill (which I have mentioned before) was finished with a good prospect for plenty of water to drive the machinery, we decided to cut a lot of logs to finish our proposed barn.

On a quite cold day, my brother and I were cutting down a big cottonwood tree about 40 feet to first limb, and nearly three feet in diameter at the stump. This tree stood nearly plumb, and one could hardly tell which way it would fall as it was in a low bottom and very little wind, so we chopped away watching the tree closely to see which way it would fall. I had selected a bunch of sycamore, small like trees, which had grown up around on old snag of a former tree which stood about 20 yards due north of the tree we were cutting. I was going to hide behind this bunch of trees, if the tree should fall to the south, to keep any frozen limbs from falling on me, as I was on the north side of the tree. It was so nearly balanced that every little breeze would seem to start it, first north then south. We kept chopping notwithstanding it appeared to be nearly cut off at the stump. It commenced cracking a little. On looking up at it to be sure which way it was going, it appeared to be going to the south. I told my brother to look out it was going south, and started for my little bunch of trees which stood right in line the way the tree was falling. My brother, stepping back a few yards, on looking up at the falling tree, yelled, "Get out, the tree is coming on to you."

Quick as thought, I jumped squarely to the one side, and had hardly gotten 10 feet away before the big tree crashed down, the big log body of the tree falling exactly in the tracks I had made in the snow two seconds before, and smashing the little clump of syc-

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more trees, which I had started to get behind, into splinters, and, today, 56 years after, there is another clump of sycamores which have grown up where that big cottonwood smashed those on that cold day. I can now show some boards which were sawed from that log, and the barn with several additions, stands just across the road west of my residence, in good shape, and looks as if it would stand 100 years yet, if kept dry.

On another occasion, several years before this occurrence, I was helping my Uncle William (Bill Williams) cut some house logs in a little bottom just west of the big arch bridge across Shoal Creek, four miles south of Cameron. Just west of that is an almost perpendicular cliff, which is a sheer precipice of 100 or more feet, the highest in North Missouri, which I have seen. Our tree fell on another (a sycamore) knocking a limb off of it big enough to kill an elephant, which fell within two feet of me. Had it struck me on the head, I would never have known what hurt me.

On another occasion several years after both of these escapes from being killed, I and many of the neighbors were helping Mr. John R. Miner (Uncle Jack) to raise a big log barn or stable. The logs had been cut in summer time and peeled; they were hickory and awfully heavy and slick, and were about 20 or more feet long. Mr. Price Harlin and I, I think, were on the west corners carrying them up, as we called notching and saddling the logs, a kind of rude dovetailing of them, to make them hold the building together. The young men of today won't understand what I am trying to explain, but the old fellows will.

After we'd gotten the building nearly all up except one or two rounds, it got very high and dangerous to stand on those round, humpy, slick logs and chop. The most of the logs had been hauled on the highest ground on the east side, and were put up from that side by the men on the ground and rolled over with pike poles. The hump of a log was always left up when finished

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(if they were humpy, which these were). The log came rolling toward Mr. Harlin and me, hump, hump, hump, passing over the highest part of the side logs on which it was rolling and coming on to us. The men on the ground laughing and telling backwoods jokes, paid very little attention to the log and the few who were rolling it. It kept humping over and over; finally I got ready to jump, for if it had rolled over twice more it would knock both Mr. Harlin and me off the building, and would probably have killed both of us, as it was a big log and about 20 feet to the ground, but it fortunately stopped in time to save us. I didn't notch that log down, nor any other at a public house raising. I came down and told that noisy, joking crowd just what I thought of their carelessness, and I've never carried up another corner from that time to this. However, I think that was the last house raising in the neighborhood and it was never finished, rotting down in war times, and a frame built in its stead.

I am aware these stories are not very interesting to many. However, I give them as part of the experience of the pioneers, which is gone forever in this land.

CHAPTER 46.

THE OLD FASHIONED SPELLING SCHOOL OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

This little work would be incomplete without mentioning our "spelling bees," which occurred usually in fall and winter time while the schools were in session.

We had at that early day some excellent spellers judging them by the standard of Webster's Elementary spelling book, the old blue backed book, so dear to the hearts of the few of us now left.

These spelling matches were usually held in some private, big, log house that had a great wide fire place with a rousing hickory log fire, if the weather was very

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cold; if it was not much cold, the boys and girls would sit close together so that they needed little fire. The door of those log cabins usually stood open in the day time to give light; there was ample ventilation through chinks and cracks when closed at night. Tallow candles were used in lighting them.

The youngsters for miles around would all know of the spelling; they got the news then as well as now, if we didn't have telephones. When all were there (especially the good spellers), they'd appoint a teacher, usually Mr. John S. Well, whom I have mentioned before as being the best speller in the state, and I think I was right. No one was willing to spell on the opposite side if Mr. Wells was an opponent, so he good naturedly consented to pronounce the words and keep order. No trouble to keep order where love rules, and we all loved John Wells, and some of us would have liked to have loved one of his sisters, had she been willing.

"In peace Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls in gay attire is seen,
In hamlets dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and Saints above;
For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."—Scott.

Usually two young ladies would "choose up", as we call it. These ladies always knew the good spellers. After many little "tete-a-tetes" and soft nothings being whispered in the ears of girls by their admirers, the leaders of each side would cast lots for choice of spellers (quite an advantage) by one of them taking a broom stick, or ramrod of some old gun (which was always present in those days), and, tossing it up, the other girl would catch it at any point she pleased, firmly in her hand, then they'd measure the length of that stick by the girl, who tossed the stick up, taking hold just above the other girl's hand, and vice versa until the top of the stick was reached, and the one having the top of the stick was expected to have firm enough hold of it to throw it over her head. In case there was any question raised about

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her having a very uncertain hold on it, the one having the last hold as described, got the first choice.

Then every one present was expecting to hear the victor say, in her most pleasing voice, "I'll take Mr. Abe Smith," the other, "I'll take Mr. Hiram Wilhoit," then, "I'll take Mr. James Williams," but a few years later this choice would have been—"I'll take Mr. Abram Watson." I have omitted to say that some of the very best spellers of that day were away off to one side out of reach of most of those spelling matches, and were not very well known or first choice would have been, "I'll take Mr. T. J. McBeath", "I'll take Miss Elizabeth J. Stephenson." This good young lady died about the time these spelling schools were in the zenith of their popularity. She was the sister of the writer's wife. When the war came, they were abandoned, never to be revived.

In this connection, I might be pardoned for narrating a spelling contest in which I participated during the winter of 1849 and '50, in Cass County, Missouri, near Pleasant Hill. I am not egotistical enough to parade my own acts before posterity more than to illustrate what tribulation, suffering and inconvenience of the pioneers of those days, who hungered for a little knowledge (called "book larnin'" by the old backwoodsman).

As frequently stated before, my father died in the fall of 1848, and I was a good, big boy of 14 years and thirsting for a little of the rudiments of a common education; i. e., "Readin', spellin' writin' and 'rithmetic." My father had, at the time of which I write, three brothers and two sisters living in Cass County, from whence we had moved a few years before. Father's oldest brother, Uncle James, for whom I was named, and his oldest son, Luke, a family name for generations, came over to Clinton County to see how my mother was getting along, which was very poorly. However, she would have endured any privation short of starving and freezing that her children might get a little elementary education, if nothing more.

As there was to be no school at home that winter,

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Uncle James insisted, and mother finally consented, to let me go home with them. I think we had less than \$5.00 in the house at that time. 'Twas November and very little had been raised that year, the first that we had tried farming since my father's death. I was nearly barefooted and had one every day suit of homespun and one for Sunday, no difference in quality of goods, only one was worn more than the other. I had an overcoat left by my father, which did good service that cold winter, keeping me from freezing in the little cold bed room in one corner of an outside porch, weather boarded with only split clap boards, as we called this split and shaved weather boarding.

To make up for all our poverty, we had the courage of the Crusaders, and knew no such word as "can't." The day before we had set to start, my younger sister rolled down off a high pile of long fire wood and striking a sharp timber, cutting a vein came near bleeding to death. Frequently there were no doctors nearer than 20 miles those days. Nearly all the older men, and women, too, had some practical ideas of surgery, such as stopping flow of blood by bandaging above the artery, but in this case no bandage could be applied, so we used cold water to clot the blood, and an ooze of oak bark for an astringent, which finally stopped the bleeding, or it stopped of itself, more than likely.

To make matters worse, one of my Uncle's horses had jumped over out of the rail lot fence (everybody traveled horseback; no spring wagons or buggies then, only in the larger river towns). The horse swam the Missouri River at Blue Mill Landing, south of Liberty, and was caught by the ferryman, who remembered having crossed it ten days before. In a day or two sister was up running around, so mother gave me enough money to buy a pair of very cheap shoes at Haynesville, and sent my only little brother to help us as far as old Bro. Haynes, near Haynesville, when he returned to our desolate home and mother, to get through the cold winter as best they could. This left us with three men and

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one horse and two saddles; we found out on that trip what "ride and tie" meant. In our case it meant walk most of the time, but we were elated when we found the horse with the good ferryman on the south side of the river at old Wayne City, or near there.

I will mention that on this trip the second night out we stayed at a farm house, which was situated on the Blue Mill battle ground many years after. When on the battle ground the next day after the disastrous repulse of the Union troops, the writer recognized the buildings and surroundings, and my father camped near the same locality when moving here some years before.

So we had two horses and no extra saddle to handicap us and only one footman in the bunch; we sure enough did "ride and tie" then, and made pretty good progress across the almost boundless prairie between Independence and Pleasant Hill, arriving at uncle's home one mile west of there a little after nightfall. And, oh, great grief! My uncle's youngest child named Wiley Bayley for old Uncle Wiley Bayley, who died a few years since in Pleasant Hill, had climbed up to the table and turned a pot of boiling coffee on himself and died in great agony within a few hours; he was buried when we got there. There were no telephones and only one commercial telegraph at that time reaching St. Joseph.

I give all these particulars of this little trip that could be made now in a few hours without getting out of the cars to cross the great river, to show the great inconvenience we labored under at that time.

My uncle had to move about three miles before winter set in, but had little plunder to move. I worked like a Trojan, helping all I could, so when they got moved, he being a pretty good selfmade scholar, got a school about three miles from the place he moved to, in his old neighborhood, agreeing to teach English grammar, which he had never studied a day in school in his life up to that time. His oldest son, Luke, also got a school near where his father had moved, the one I went to that winter and about which I am writing this me-

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morial. I now have in my possession letters from Uncle James Williams, 40 years old, of as correct grammatical construction and as polished diction as could emanate from a William Jewel professor.

My cousin, Susan Williams, a young woman yet at home, had attended an Academy (I think at Lexington), and was a good grammarian. She had for pupils at night her father and her cousin James, the writer of this story. Uncle kept away ahead of his scholars, they not dreaming that he was studying grammar as well as they. Now, my good readers, let me tell you all I know of English grammar I learned in that little backwoods cabin located within two miles of the town of Greenwood on the Missouri Pacific Ry. in Jackson County, Missouri.

But I've wandered away off from that spelling contest I commenced to tell about. Cousin Luke Williams was away ahead of any young man in the neighborhood in education, having attended several terms the Chapel Hill Academy, located, I think, at Clinton, Mo., and was competent to teach, either in town or country. He got a day school and boarded with an old and wealthy (for that day) farmer, named Jack Farmer, whose daughter Lottie he afterward married.

In the beginning of his school, he bought a nice, little polyglot Bible, very fine print with gilt edges, which the offered to the best speller, or the one who quit at the head of the spelling class the most times during the term. I hate to say it, but there were more poor spellers to the square yard in that bunch of pupils than I had ever run across at one school. There were only two fairly good spellers in that lot of about twenty-five. I was one and that little, pretty sweetheart of Luke's, Lottie, the other. I didn't care very much for the little Bible, but was thirsting for glory, and knowing how it would please my good mother at home far away for me to come off victor, we worked like beavers. Lottie and I committed to memory every word of each lesson. Even then I knew what was the matter with Luke and Lottie.

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She wanted to please him, and no one could blame him for being pleased if she won. But Luke was too just a man for any partiality, so we had it nip and tuck, first one, then the other going around that class of dummies. I've seen that class of ten or twelve all miss a simple word, many of them not naming a single letter of the word; when the word would come to Lottie or me, it would be snapped up like a trout snapping a fly on a sportman's trailing hook.

Neither of us missed a word in that contest. I came out victor, but I've since thought my victory was hardly a fair one, for this reason, we were usually tied. It was Lottie's time to be head the day she was sick. Of course, quitting head the day before, I had to go to the foot of the class. Oh, what fun I had turning down whole squads of big boys and girls. About the third round, I was at the head of the class and one mark ahead, and I never gave poor, dear Lottie any opportunity to get even. Had she not stayed at home that day, we would have been tied, then the test of good spelling would have come.

Many years after the war, Luke being a cripple, having lost a leg at the terrible little fight at Lone Jack on the Union side, while I lived, a few years, south of Kansas City, I often thought I would go over to Pleasant Hill where Luke and Lottie lived. My intention was to take along the little Bible and invite (if any of the scholars of that school could be found) them to a spelling match. They were nearly all killed on one side or the other of the great struggle, as I have learned from Mr. Gill of Dallas, Jackson County, Mo., who told the names of many that I recognized as members of that school. But with all my good intentions of giving Lottie another chance to win the prize, and her good, old crippled husband to act as schoolmaster as of old, alas, I put it off too long; they've both gone to their reward in the "better land".

I and the little Bible, now in my possession, are all that are left of that school. Cousin Luke had also offered

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50 cents cash prize for the best progress in arithmetic. The mathematicians of that school, like the spellers, could not tell (many of them), what the sum of 2 and 3 added together would be, so I had practically no competition for that prize, and won it quite easily, thus carrying off the only two prizes offered. The only competitor at all was a younger brother of Luke, the teacher, "James Barker Williams, named I think, for the philanthropist Barker, who ministered at Shawnee Mission in a very early day. Some of the old buildings of that Mission are yet standing a few miles southwest of Westport, at that time the farthest west town in the United States, with possibly the exception of some of the towns in Texas.

I had earned about 75 cents helping an aunt's boys gather corn during the Christmas holidays. She gave me 25 cents per day; however we didn't hurt ourselves. Much of it couldn't be gotten around very fast on account of the high cockle burrs, her niggers and boys had allowed to get ripe in the corn. Niggers, cockle burrs and mules, at that time, seemed to be indigenous to Missouri soil.

So, with \$1.25 I started home about the middle of February. Another Uncle, Charles Williams, took me to Independence one snowy, cold day, but the ice in the Missouri River had broken up, and was running in great chunks from a rod to a quarter of an acre in size, with thousands of lesser pieces grinding in the whirling eddies of that dangerous, muddy, swift running current. The ferry boat was an old flat boat with great long hewn, wide timbers for side gunwales, probably 40 feet long, and propelled by side oars and poles in shallow water, with rudder oar in stern.

It was quite windy all forenoon driving great ricks of ice in shore on the south side where the boat was tied up; the ferryman lived at old Wayne City. I, one horseman and two men with three yoke of big oxen, were waiting to be crossed to the north, or Liberty, side, Uncle Charles still waiting to see how I got across.

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The above mentioned cargo all got aboard of that frail old boat with no power except hand power, to combat the ice. The three yoke of oxen were coupled together with big log chains, and were located in the middle of the boat for ballast, one of their owners at their front to keep them from going forward and by their great weight sinking the boat; the other man keeping ready for any emergency. "Weighing anchor," the boat swung into the rapid current and grinding ice floes, which would pile up against the gunwale. In spite of the heroic efforts of the ferryman with their pike poles, we drifted out to the middle of the current where most of the running ice was grinding fearfully. When I looked back to see if we were making any headway, horrors, we were, at least, a mile or more down the river below the place of landing. However, by the Herculean efforts of the ferrymen, we were slowly approaching open water where the ice was not so dangerous, and, finally, reached this comparatively still water. The ferrymen used all their power to go up stream the more than a mile to the only possible place the boat could land. It was a long time against the little current that was flowing toward the Gulf of Mexico.

The boat finally reached water shallow enough for the ferrymen's poles to reach bottom to our great relief; we were yet quite a distance from the landing place, but no great distance from the bank. The oxen being restless from the long "voyage," one of the middle yoke got scared and tried to jump sideways out over the gunwale, rocking the old craft till it nearly dipped water. Seeing this I instantly took off my old shoes and overcoat, preparing to battle with the icy water for the shore, believing from watching the length of the poles that I'd not have to swim far before I could wade out, which was the case. They quieted the oxen, and the boat soon reached the landing place, and we all stepped on terra firma from what, had appeared, an hour before to be a watery grave. Those ferrymen were brave fellows even if they did have some whiskey in them. If they had not had, they would not have tried so dangerous an experiment.

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My uncle, seeing us safely ashore, waived me adieu, and next time I saw him was at his home near Lebanon, Oregon, 40 years later, where he and Cousin Luke's father died many years since.

To finish this, to me, eventful trip, I put on my old shoes; about the only good in them was they kept the frozen, icy slush from cutting my feet. One advantage in them was, if they did let the slush in, the holes in them were so big and numerous they let it out again.

After paying my ferry passage, I had 60 cents left. I walked to Liberty and paid 10 cents for a ginger cake and root beer; the 50 cents left, the good hotel man took and gave me a good supper, warm bed and breakfast, when I told him my story. I walked home to meet a glad mother, with the little Bible in my pocket, and I have it yet.

February 2nd, 1912.

CHAPTER 47.

DREAMS.

Whether I've inherited a little of the superstition of the South slave states' people, who have, for generations, been brought up with the ignorant and superstitious negroes, and in spite of all our higher learning, a little of these negro ghost stories still cling to them. I'll not try to explain, but I'll tell some of my own peculiar dreams which I'll never forget.

In the fall of 1848 my parents visited their kin folks in Cass County. As we were to have no school that winter at home, my Uncle James Williams put at father and mother to let me stay with them and go to school as they had secured a first class teacher, and the schoolhouse was close by, so we could do a good deal of work nights and mornings. So they concluded to let me stay and I started in for the winter and the family went home.

I had gotten a good start, and no boy ever tried much

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harder to learn than I did. I will say, when a boy I thirsted for learning, and had my father lived, I think I would have taken a college course, but fate decided otherwise. Somehow, when I took my father's hand when he bade me goodbye, telling me to help uncle and aunt, I felt bad; somehow, it seemed this was to be the final goodbye, which it proved to be.

Two or three weeks had passed, and I grew more uneasy and homesick, but studied hard and said nothing of my troubled mind. Finally, one night I dreamed that Uncle Bill Williams, who lived here in Clinton County at that time (he came to the county the same time we did six years before), came to the schoolhouse, saying he had come for me, that my father was dead, and I dreamed the same dream three nights in succession. These dreams were giving me no little trouble.

There was in that neighborhood, strange as it may seem, a great, stalwart, dark complexioned man, whose name was Bill Williams, and who looked as much like Uncle Bill as twin brothers look like each other. This man Williams came to the schoolhouse one evening just as school was dismissed. I saw him up a little distance among some crab apple bushes hitching his horse, and jumped at the conclusion that he was Uncle Bill. Running to him terribly excited, I called to him. "Uncle Bill, what is the matter at home"? He had never seen me, nor I him. I did not know there was such a man in the world. Seeing my mistake, I told him he looked like an uncle of mine of the same name; all the scholars laughed at my mistake. In a few days Uncle Bill did sure enough come and bring the tidings of father's death, telling me he'd come after me to go home, precisely as I had seen in my dreams three nights in succession.

On another occasion, at the beginning of the war, I was engaged in shipping stock, and on a trip with two loads of cattle bought a little too high. I suffered a considerable loss, and was sorely pressed to know just what to do to make up my loss, which I felt so keenly.

I had a good friend, Mr. John T. Jones, who had

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nearly a car load of nice, fat, young cattle he wanted me to buy and ship, saying, "Ship them, James, at the price I make you and I'll stand any loss at that price," so it was "heads I win, tails, he lost," so I took the cattle, and picked up a few more to fill out a load. The night before, I was to ship next day, still having some misgiving as to the outcome of the venture (as I was too proud to allow my friend Jones to lose as long as I had anything) I was somewhat troubled, but finally slept and dreamed some one handed me six twenty dollar gold coins. On getting up in the morning and telling mother my pleasant dream, she said, "Good luck ahead of you son; always good luck to dream of gold and silver coins."

The outcome of the deal seemed to justify mother's prediction. At any rate, I kept an accurate account to a cent of my expense on that trip. I will say I did not board at \$5.00 a day hotels, or buy theater box seats, but when I got home, after everything was paid, I had exactly six \$20.00 gold coins as profits, having been, at that time, paid in gold coin.

I'll give only one more of these shaky looking stories. About ten years ago, I bought 80 acres of land south of Kansas City, on Holmes and 98th street roads, and moved part of my household plunder, my wife, and our oldest son, Wallace, and I living, or staying, there to "hold the fort." We wanted to sell as we were needed badly on the home place, and were pretty homesick, so one of our neighbors, B. F. LaForce, being in the real estate business, found a prospective buyer and wanted our price and terms, etc. I made him a gross and net price of — dollars.

The deal dragged along till about the middle of May before the interested parties all got back from a foreign land, and looked the place over. They'd been out on Saturday and took a final good look at it, and on Monday morning, I told my son, Wallace, I was not going to do any more work until the deal was either clear off, or consummated, telling him, at the same time, that I'd had one of his grandmother's good dreams the night before.

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I had dreamed that a man came to me holding in his hands a compact package of bank bills looking just like the \$500.00 and \$1,000.00 packages put up by the banks, saying, "Here is" naming the number of thousands of dollars it took to finish the deal, and handing the package to me. So I went over to the city and up to LaForce's office to give him some further instructions and commenced telling him, whereupon he said, "You are too late; the place is sold already, and we are ready for your Abstract of Title," and I didn't do any more work at Lonsomehurst Park.

With these three examples of dreams which were fulfilled exactly as I saw them before, and two of them were told to friends beforehand, is it any wonder I appear to have inherited a little of the old negro superstition of our Southland people? While there are thousands of foolish dreams which never amount to anything, yet there seems to be psychological mystery about some of our dreams which may be made plain to us in the hereafter.

Another peculiar phase of dreams, in my case, at least, is, if I dream of scenes and incidents of early life, especially of my young lady associates, they never grow old. Their cheeks are of the roseate hue, and still have the bloom of youth, though they may have been mouldering in the grave forty years.

Dreams, to me, are a mystery which will never be solved to my satisfaction this side of the tomb.

CHAPTER 48.

AN ALLEGORY.

Sitting by my glowing stove fire one cold, dreary evening in November, my mind in a reminiscent mood, half waking, half dreaming of the past, all at once I heard the muffled sounds of hoofs, and the low rumbling sound of a vehicle passing in the street of a great city.

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I looked and saw on the outside of the enclosed vehicle, the sign, "St. Mary's Hospital Ambulance." Within was a man holding in his arms a beautiful boy child about eight or nine years old, the golden ringlets hanging down over his face, deathly pale from the loss of blood. I also noticed two mounted police accompanying, one ahead to clear the way at crossings, the other as a rear guard of honor, which was a very unusual occurrence, and led me to question the policeman on his beat at a crossing, who gave me this explanation:

The father of the little boy, whose name I learned was Jerry Flannigan, owned a high-toned saloon at the corner of 6th and Blank street. Mr. Flannigan was also a large asphalt paving contractor, and was on excellent terms with most of the city aldermen, and was a special friend of the city engineer. In fact, he gave his "bar-tender" orders not to spare the sparkling champagne or fragrant "Havanas" when any of these officials should patronize his guilded place of business. Jerry, like many modern doctors, was too astute a business man to pour much of his medicine down his own throat, hence, he kept a clear, cool head, and made money beyond the dreams of "avarice." However, he was always open handed and gave liberally to deserving charities, never turning a hungry person away from his door empty handed. In fact, was one of those warm hearted, bright business Irishmen, who make many friends and few if any, enemies.

Jerry came from the Emerald Isle while a little boy, with his parents, sold newspapers morning and evenings, before and after school hours, and kept a savings account with a local bank. Arriving at manhood, he was a splendid looking man and well calculated to be very popular in the society in which he moved. At a social club function he was introduced to a bright, sparkling young lady of ancient lineage, which could be traced back to Knickerbocker days. Her father's ancestors were brewers of beer from time immemorial.

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Her vivacity captivated Jerry and she reciprocated his soft advances, and in due time they were married at the Cathedral with a great throng to witness the ceremony; the Bishop in sacerdotal robes, altar boys holding waxen tapers the pipe organ pealing forth the wedding march.

After the wedding festal days and honeymoon trip, Jerry's father-in-law suggested that the corner of 6th and Blank Sts., was a fine location for a saloon, and proposed to erect a palatial building and present this fine corner and building, free of cost to him (Jerry), provided he would keep a first class saloon in the building, telling Jerry there was a fortune in the business if properly managed and manipulated. While Jerry did not altogether like the saloon part, the alluring prospect of great riches decided him to accept of the gift, and he put in a fine bar and fixtures, hired a first-class barkeeper, who was an excellent judge of counterfeit money, so crooks having green goods to shove could not pass them on his barkeeper.

Things went on prosperously, and, Jerry not being needed, in fact, despised the surroundings of even a first class (so called) saloon, got a paving contract and made money. In the meantime, his bright young wife, although a club woman, after a time bore him a beautiful boy child, who was christened Edward, Eddy. Somehow this good lady had inherited from her ancestors the idea of her illustrious countryman, President Roosevelt, that race suicide, by whirling spray or other criminal, questionable, means was not just the proper thing for a human being created in the image of her Creator, hence, she heeded the command in the beginning, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth."

However, being a society lady, she turned over to Eddy's nurse a great deal of his training. Having two other children, bright little girls, to look after, Eddy did not get the attention she would really have liked him to have. Of course, her early training precluded the idea of her giving up her society functions, bridge, whist and

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other card and dancing parties, so the boy Eddy played with the street urchins till he would be tired, and being a little fellow and as smart as a whip, he would naturally drift into the saloon, where the barkeeper would pet and make much of him, as well as many of the fine business gentlemen who would caress him and give him money to buy candy and toys. As Eddy grew older, he went to the saloon frequently while out of school.

Early in the Eighteenth Century, there came from Europe two families, the English one, whose name we will call Rivers (a fair type of the aristocracy of Colonial days) to Virginia, securing from the Crown a large tract of valley land. The other was of French Huguenot, cavalier lineage, whose name we will call Jacques De Haven. Both families settled in the same rich valley about the same period.

Tobacco having been introduced in England a century before by Sir Walter Raleigh, cargoes of tobacco were freely exchanged on the wharves at Jamestown for cargoes of slaves kidnapped by cruel Arab traders and sold to bad men engaged in the slave trade. Both these families vied with each other to see which could buy the most slaves and raise the most tobacco to buy more slaves and land, and a rivalry sprung up between these two wealthy, aristocratic families that existed from generation to generation until the breaking out of the great Civil War, which freed their many slaves. However, these, like many other good people, treated their servants humanely and many of them remained on the old plantations, for many years, working the impoverished land on shares. Finally, the younger generations, like their young, white would-be masters, drifted to town and city. Many of the young men went west to locate, many to Kentucky, including representatives of the two old families; they were usually sportsmen and frequently engaged in games of poker and drinking in high-toned saloons.

Young Tom Rivers and John De Haven came near having a pistol exhibition at one of the great racing meets

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at Lexington over a game of poker, but friends interfered and hostilities were ended without blood being shed. They shook hands across the bloodless chasm and pledged their ancient friendship over a bottle of sparkling champagne and then and there agreed to go to a booming, lively city on the Missouri River and open up some kind of business to retrieve their waning fortunes. So they got letters of introduction to some first class, high toned society people and business men.

On their arrival in this great city, they were feted, wined and dined by the bon ton of the city at a reception in their honor. Among many other beautiful and accomplished young ladies, they were introduced to the sparkling and ravishingly beautiful Beatrice Revington, whose raven hair glittered with jewels, and from whose white, tapering fingers flashed a thousand brilliant rays of costly diamonds of the first water. Is it any wonder our two friends lost their balance and both fell in love with the brilliant Miss Revington, each trying to conceal from the other, the true situation.

In the meantime, Miss R. divided her coquetish smiles on each in about equal quantities, as well as on many other of her special friends. Things ran on smoothly for a while until about city election time, both of our young friends being ardent Democrats, had nothing to fall out about politically, but having formed the acquaintance of many north end politicians, who always met at Jerry Flannigan's saloon to discuss politics, champagne, beer and whiskey, our friends concluded to have a little game of their old fashioned Kentucky poker.

So, they called for a deck of much used cards (which like Jerry's beer and whiskey were always on tap for convivial occasions), they shuffled, cut and dealt furiously, first one, then the other winning, and in the meantime ordering champagne and drinking freely of the miserable counterfeit manufactured in some dark cellar of a north end wholesale liquor house. Finally, one of them accused the other of stealing a card, or cheating, which was instantly resented by the other, both smarting with rival

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jealousy of Miss Revington's alluring smiles. Hot words passed, and finally, "You are lying and a coward beside." Instantly two shining revolvers were in sight; one, missing fire, its owner jumped aside as the other deadly weapon was discharged, missing the man for which it was intended, but hitting and fatally wounding little Eddy. The police rushed in and marched off to the city jail these hot, drink-crazed Kentucky bloods, but did they arrest Flannigan or his bartender for keeping a disorderly saloon or gambling house? Not a bit of it. Election was too near at hand; they did not dare to do it.

When little Eddy arrived at the hospital, a consultation was held by the surgeons in attendance. A majority was in favor of amputating the right leg above the knee, the thigh bone having been badly fractured by the unlucky pistol shot. But father and mother pleaded hard for them to try to save the limb, to which the surgeons finally agreed, telling them that it was their (the surgeon's) opinion that amputation would inevitably have to be performed, when, in all probability, it would be too late. This prediction proved to be correct. In a short time signs of gangrene were noticed by the surgeon, who was constantly with little Eddy, and his almost prostrate mother and heartbroken father, who was continually upbraiding himself for having anything to do with the miserable saloon business.

The surgeons skillfully performed the amputation, knowing, at the same time it would only hasten the hour of Eddy's dissolution. The hospital priest, a good and holy man, performed the last sad rites of his church by administering extreme unction for the dying, just as though this church dogma would be of any benefit to that little child's immaculate soul, who had the Christ words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Poor little Eddy's body was laid to rest in a snow white coffin amid the sublime burial service of the Catholic church. His father and mother had the consolation of a Christian burial and a glorious Resurrection.

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But what of the two miserable men, who, by that time, had sobered up and have had a preliminary trial before a magistrate, and are committed without bond for murder awaiting the action of the Grand Jury? Ten days later, the local morning paper came out with this announcement: "The Grand Jury empaneled to investigate the killing by pistol shot of little Eddy Flannigan in his father's saloon on blank day of October, . . . , finds a true bill against one Tom Rivers and John De Haven for murder in second degree, saying in their report that the crime looked heinous enough for murder in the first degree, had it not been for the mitigating circumstances that it occurred in a high toned saloon, beside the accused were drunk, hence, were not entirely responsible for their acts." Besides, saloons were necessary to bring business to a town and revenue to pave streets and other great expenses of a great city full of graft and corruptible aldermen and other officials, and in this way the whole community suffers by crimes caused by licensing corrupt men to corrupt the body politic.

CHAPTER 49.

SOME PANTHER STORIES.

I've never seen a wild panther, but the greatest fear of my long residence here was that a ferocious panther would spring off of some tree and tear me to pieces. I never could pass through the big woods, till I was nearly a grown man, after night without my hair nearly standing straight up. If I was compelled to go through the woods in the night, I'd sing and whistle to keep my courage up, and scare the panther off.

On one occasion, I had been across on Smith's Fork Creek to old Mr. Jonathan Stone's place, about two miles west of where Turney now is, on the Plattsburg and Far West road. I was hunting a yoke of oxen that my father had bought of Mr. Stone. Not finding them, after hunt-

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ing, until late in the day, I would not have gone home that night for the oxen, and told the younger Stone boys so. About all we boys talked about that night was panthers, and the most of their stories were located on Shoal and our creek, then an almost unbroken, timbered country for miles, and a few years before had a good many panthers prowling around and scaring women and children. However, I never heard of their jumping on any one, but we boys could supply that part by imagination. I stayed over night and got my nerves all strung up to a high tension by their terrific, blood curdling stories of how the panthers would scream like some strong voiced woman in despair.

In the afternoon, I started home striking the timber near where the Harlan cemetery is now located. I followed the old Indian trail on nearly an air line from the cemetery to our house, now Midway Place. (There are a few fragments of that trail left to this day in the woods, that I can point out.) The evening was hazy and damp while riding along by the side of a lake about half a mile southwest of home. (The lake is now dry most of the season. All the great trees on the south and west of it have long since been cleared for corn fields.) Just as I was rounding the east end of the lake, a terrific scream was screeched over my head. Quick as a flash my horse, a fleet one, was at full speed on the path for home. I was scared so badly that I whipped the horse, making him jump the six rail fence in front of our cabin, telling my parents a panther had screamed at me in one of those big trees at the pond.

Father, not knowing whether or not I had really heard a panther, took gun and dogs and went to our near neighbors, Price Harlan and Pleasant Stephensons, who went down to the lake, they and the dogs making a good deal of noise on purpose. Instead of a panther, they waked an old sleepy hoot owl, which gave them a sample scream, imitating a panther. So they left the old gentleman to his cogitations. He was evidently meditating on a raid that cloudy evening on some near-by hen roost.

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I'll tell now about a sure enough panther scare nearly fifty years later. I would not tell this story as no one would believe it, did not several people bear witness to what I am relating. I'll give the names of some of them, two of them, my hired men, are gone. The first man, who heard the terrific scream of my panther, was Mr. Fred Osman, who then lived on a place just at the top of Shoal Creek hill, south of big Arch Bridge, four miles south of Cameron. Fred told me a few days after that he'd heard panthers scream many times in the mountains of California. He hissed his dog, which was barking furiously in the direction of the bridge; it ran down and came back, Fred said, faster than it went, and awfully scared. He said it was a panther that he heard scream down by the bridge. This was the same evening, I and others, heard this stranger.

The next parties who heard my panther were some colored people well known in Cameron, Mr. Aaron Bell, and one or two of his sons, who, at that time, were living on a tract of land owned by the late Judge Virgil Porter, I had leased Aaron a small timbered bottom on Shoal Creek, just south of the mouth of William's Creek. It being a little after dark, they were burning brush, when, just a short distance north of them they heard an awful scream. Aaron told me a few days after—he said, "We stopped to listen and soon such a scream as we had never heard before arose." He said, "Mr. Williams, you ought to have seen these niggers git from thar', we didn't go back thar no mo' that night."

I'll now give my experience with this pilgrim stranger. I'd that evening been to my farm now owned by Mr. Hutton, about one, one-half miles south from my home place, and started home about dark going straight through the woods due north of Hutton's house. I stopped a few minutes at Mr. Maddox's and Marion Newby's, talking a few minutes to each of them, then proceeding home. On arriving near the south approach of William's Creek bridge, at once I hear a terrific scream just ahead of me, apparently 50 to 75 yards distant. It

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made the hair raise on my head. I thought if I had heard such a scream fifty years ago, I would have called it a panther. However, I picked up a good, big club and started, thinking it was only a big Tom house cat yowling. I got on the bridge when another screaming yowl appeared to come from the middle of the road. I then decided I would see, if possible, the animal which was making such awful noise, and hurried up, club ready for business. He gave one more scream, probably 100 yards farther west and that was the last I heard him. However, he'd scared my horses in the pasture until they were trying to break over the fence, running and snorting at a fearful rate. When I came on up to the house, all but one of the boys, including the two hired men, had heard the "varmint", and had gone out to see where he went. When I got home, the first thing they asked me was if I had seen or heard a panther down about the bridge as one of the hired men had lived many years in Southern Kansas near the Indian country, now Oklahoma, said that scream came from a panther, as he had heard panthers scream many times in the Territory. They all went to Mr. Newby's and Mr. Maddox's who kept a big pack of hounds. These hounds were put on his trail but could not be induced to follow it up.

So this pilgrim stranger passed on, no one knowing whence he came or where he went. This occurred about twelve or thirteen years since.

Midway Place, Dec. 19, 1911.

CHAPTER 50.

AN INVENTOR.

The first cultivator in Clinton county was used on Midway Place, with a yoke of oxen and two plough boys. It has been said that "Necessity is the mother of invention." Listen, while I tell you why and how I invented the first cultivator that would finish a row of corn as it went, but oh, what a finish!

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What few horses we had took what was called yellow water when we had worked our corn the second time; when we came to "lay it by," we had no teams except a yoke of pretty fast oxen. We had to do something not to allow the weeds to take our crop. We had one old fashioned, wooden mould board, one-horse turning cary plow, right hand; we also had an old, good, big one-horse shovel plow, neither of which would scour any more than a black oak log dragged in the road cross-wise. A revelation struck me. I took an ax, went to the wood close at hand and cut a forked pole about the size of our ox tongue in wagon, leaving each fork long enough to hitch plow by clevis and one or two links of chain to make plow a little flexible.

I hitched the turning plow to left side, or fork of tongue and the old shovel plow to other or right end of fork, so hitching that yoke of oxen to that rude affair, we managed to scratch both sides of the corn row some, and had the distinction of being the original inventors of the cultivators, so popular for many years.

However, we neglected to patent our invention, hence, will escape being prosecuted for a conspiracy in restraint of trade.

CHAPTER 51.

MISSOURI PRODUCTS.

I think it appropriate that I should say something of Missouri products which I've seen come and go in my 73 years' memory of the Western border. Niggers, mules, hemp and "terbaccer," were the burden of conversation at every log rolling and house raising in an early day, until the discovery of gold in California, when it shifted a little to mules, oxen and gold, but tobacco and whiskey, like the laws of the "Medes and Persians," were as unchanged as the laws of gravitation. Hemp, oxen and niggers in the sense they were then spoken of,

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have lapsed into a "quiet, innocuous desuetude." But the Missouri mule, tobacco, whiskey and the colored person are still with us.

While many of us know exactly what to do with the three first articles, the latter is still an unsettled question in the minds of many. Many whose progenitors dealt in the above chattels, when I can first remember, are now dealing in poultry and eggs, benefiting themselves and the public generally more than did their forefathers in the uncertain traffic in human chattels, even granting it was right from a humanitarian point of view.

But these are not all of Missouri's glory. She is the birthplace of a Clemens (Mark Twain), of a Kit Carson, F. X. Aubrey, the telegraph of the plains, whose trips on horseback from Westport to Santa Fe in less than 100 hours have never been equaled in history. The writer can well remember when Aubrey made these trips, although the exact date is forgotten. Missouri is the birthplace of General Sterling Price, and has been the home of the greatest military hero of all history, General Grant. Of a David R. Atchison, a Doniphan, a Benton, a Clark, a Daniel Boone, a David R. Francis; of John Sappington, Jas. H. Birch, Willard P. Hall, George Smith, Governor Woodson, Claiborn F. Jackson, of whom the writer many years ago, heard it told that he, Gov. Jackson, married three of Dr. John Sappington's daughters, one after the other, and when the last marriage took place, there being no more daughters for Claiborn to marry, the old doctor expressed his fear that if this last girl should unfortunately die before her mother, Claiborn would want the old woman. I don't vouch for this being true, but will say I've swallowed many a dose of Sappington's pills, and have seen his medicine wagons, which distributed his quinine pills and collected at the same time.

But I've gotten off from what I started out to write about, Missouri poets. Everybody knows that Indiana has its favorite poet, the author of "The Old Swimmin' Hole," and Jackson County, Missouri, has its poet laureate in the memory of "Rural Rhymes and Talks and Tales of

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Olden Times" by Martin L. Rice. But Missouri had a poet in ye olden time, whose name, like the author of Arabian Nights entertainment, will have to go down to posterity unhonored and unsung, while his wonderful genius should go down the ages right alongside of Mark Twain's who must have called on him frequently to borrow a meal, or, having let the fire go out in the fireplace, to get a chunk to kindle with, as they must have lived in close enough proximity for these early day neighborly acts.

My readers will already have guessed at the poetical production whose author is lost (so far as I know) to posterity. I mean, "My Name It Is Joe Bowers," and lest the Interstate Commerce Commission should enjoin a Louisiana Tobacco Co., as to sending this immortal poem, descriptive of Joe's woes, as wrappers around their (Missouri) plug, and thus cut it off from coming generations, I thought I'd better give it a place in my little book, which certainly should give it a niche in the Temple of Fame, and be valued highly as Missouri's James Whitcomb Riley.

By the courtesy of Hon. David Ball, of Louisiana, Mo., I have been presented with a copy of the original "Joe Bowers," from which I am transcribing for the benefit of Missourians, who sometimes have to see a thing before believing it.

There were some things in war and militia days that would make a heathen idol laugh, or almost provoke manslaughter or suicide. I regret I have to say that I, sometimes almost wished, no—not quite that bad, but I believe at that time I would not have tied any crepe on my arm had we gotten into a skirmish with the bushwhackers and a few of our card playing, lazy, rollicking, noisy, dirty mouthed fellows, who were no good in or out of camp, had gotten killed. They'd lie around all day when they could be of any service and when night came, they'd get out an old, filthy deck of cards and game till nearly midnight, then three or four of them would sing "Joe Bowers", all in a different key and keep

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every decent man awake. When time came to get up they'd be dead asleep and unfit for anything but finding fault with somebody else. Was it any wonder then that decent men despised such rollicking fellows?

THE BALLAD OF JOE BOWERS.

My name it is Joe Bowers,
And I've got a brother Ike;
I came from old Missouri,
And all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left there,
And why I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mammy,
So far away from home.

I used to court a gal there,
Her name was Sally Black;
I axed her if she'd marry me,
She said it was a whack.
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
Before we hitch for life,
You ought to get a little home
To keep your little wife."

"O Sally, dearest Sally,
O Sally, for your sake,
I'll go to California
And try to make a stake."
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,
You are the man to win,
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain,"
And she hove a dozen in.

When I got out to that country
I hadn't nary red;
I had such wolfish feelings,
I wished myself 'most dead.
But the thoughts of my dear Sally
Soon made these feelings git,
And whispered hopes to Bowers—
I wish I had 'em yit.

At length I went to mining,
Put in my biggest licks;
Went down upon the boulders
Just like a thousand bricks.
I worked both late and early,
In rain, in sun, in snow;
I was working for my Sally—
'Twas all the same to Joe.

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At length I got a letter
From my dear brother Ike;
It came from old Missouri,
All the way from Pike.
It brought to me the darndest news
That ever you did hear;
My heart is almost bursting,
So pray excuse this tear.

It said that Sally was false to me,
Her love for me had fled;
She'd got married to a butcher,
And the butcher's hair was red.
And more than that, the letter said
(It's enough to make me swear),
That Sally has a baby,
And the baby has red hair.

CHAPTER 52

A TRIP TO LAWRENCE, KANSAS, IN 1860.

At first glance, people nowadays will smile when I commence to tell about a trip which looks so uninteresting, a trip which can now be made without getting out of a car within four or five hours, with no more than the ordinary risk of railway travel. Not so, then, however.

The first shipment of stock I made over the H. & St. Joe Railway was to Chicago in the summer of 1860, which consisted of one car of cattle. We had to unload at Hannibal and ship on a big ferry, operated, I think, by the C. B. & Q. Ry. to connect Chicago and eastern traffic with the Hannibal & St. Joe Ry. We always fed at Quincy, where, at that time, were capacious feed yards and a good market for stock, cattle and hogs and fat cattle, as well, as New York shippers who would ship east direct via the Wabash not going via Chicago.

The season of 1860 was the greatest drouth that Western Missouri and Eastern Kansas had seen to that day, or to this, for that matter, but Illinois had a fine

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corn crop, as was that year on the vast prairies of Central Illinois about Augusta, Galesburg and farther north. I learned while at Quincy that stock hogs were wanted badly to eat that big corn crop and we wanted to sell our long nosed razor backs just as badly, so I came home and wanted my brother to go in with me and buy stock hogs to ship to Quincy. I think now, he was afraid of the venture and I tried a load on my own hook and made a little money, which looked mighty big to us at that time, so he went in with me on the next load which we bought on Shoal and Smith's Forks Creek. We had those long nosed, gaunt wind splitters delivered at Mr. John Bedford's place on the divide between Shoal and Smith's Forks creek, out on the high prairie about three miles south of where the town of Turney now is, and there was only one house directly on the road from Bedford's to Osborn (Judge Thomas E. Turney's).

We gathered most of the hogs one afternoon, but all did not get in before noon the next day, but those that did get in put in the whole time in pugilistic exercises getting acquainted with each other. After all were in, it was noon, and we three of us ate dinner with Mr. Bedford (who at the time was digging a well). He proposed that he and his hired man would help us start that motley, long legged fighting lot of stock hogs. We had along a water wagon with three or four barrels to haul water to keep the hogs from dying with heat while on the dusty road to Osborn. When Mr. Bedford got back home, that well which was then about 30 feet deep, had caved in from top to bottom with the digging tools in it, and they are probably in it to this day as they were never dug out. The hired man told me afterward that he would have been in that well with the tools had he not gone with us to help start the hogs.

Nothing further occurred worth telling; we got the hogs to Quincy all right selling them at a nice little profit, but the trouble was, there was no more stock hogs for sale in our vicinity. Clay Duncan, George

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White, Dick Kelly and everybody else, had gotten on to the Quincy racket and grabbed up the last razor back in sight, and that was why I struck for Lawrence.

Today an American would be safer in Afghanistan, Beloochistan, or Teheran in Persia, than a border Missourian in Lawrence in 1860, and I knew it with the experience I'd had on the steamer, "Star of the West" at Lexington, Mo., three years before, but I heard there were lots of hogs (and no corn) up the Kaw Valley which could be gotten for a mere trifle, if the buyer would pay well for hauling in wagons those thin stock hogs to St. Joseph or Atchison. So, taking along all the money I could rake together, between \$300.00 and \$400.00, away I went for Lawrence, not knowing that, after leaving Leavenworth City, which, at that time, appeared to be the coming city of the Missouri River, a few miles out it was all Indian Reservation nearly to Lawrence. I found out something on that trip.

I rode horseback, or in wagon to Plattsburg, then struck west on the Union Mill, or old Estill Mill and Weston, Leavenworth road, and found transportation a good part of the way in wagons going in the right direction, and reached Leavenworth the next day about 3 P. M. Eating a lunch, I started for Lawrence on the stage road in a southwesterly direction till I came to a little creek. I think its name was Little Stranger, where was located the stage relay station and a primitive roadside house of entertainment, the last and only place a white wayfarer could stay over night between the two towns. The balance of the way, I learned, was still an Indian Reservation nearly to Lawrence. I don't know whether it was the Delawares or Pottawatomies, who were still there.

After staying at the stage relay over night, I started early next morning, not waiting for the Leavenworth stage to pass, thinking I could earn money pretty fast by walking, the stage fare being 10c per mile. I pushed on in dust shoe top deep, with no signs of civilization by the wayside. Along about 10 o'clock, I noticed, on

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looking back, a cloud of dust rolling along. When a little breeze cleared the dust away, I could see coming on a swinging trot and gallop, the big 6 horse Concord stage full of passengers, swinging from side to side, rapidly approaching, giving me very little time to decide whether I'd hail the driver and take passage. But the 10c a mile caused me to try the dust afoot, not knowing what I had ahead of me and thirty minutes after he had passed, I was rueing it that I was not in that stage.

Trudging along in that hot, desolate road, I began to suffer for water; no houses and all the little branches dry. How I wished I was back home, but was too determined to find out about those imaginary cheap hogs to take the inbound stage, which passed me going to Leavenworth about 11 o'clock. Luckily, I met a man who told me of a deserted Indian shack on ahead a half mile, by the road side, where he said there was a dug well walled up with stone, but nothing with which to draw the water. On arriving, I found the well as he said. It seemed I was perishing for water, so down the well I climbed on the wall, bracing my feet firmly in a chink of the wall. I dipped water with one hand, a sup at a time, till the good water and cool well quenched my burning thirst, drinking again and again.

I climbed to the top refreshed and continued my tramp, but soon wanted water again. On coming to a forest of fine open timber on a good big creek, (they called the creek Big Stranger), I noticed a good, big two story white house, (the only good house on the 35 mile road at that time). I went out to it (it stood in the woods 100 yards or so from the main road). On approaching, a dark complexioned white man, with a Colt's revolver buckled around his waist, was just coming from the house to the road. I accosted him and asked if I could get a drink of water at the house. He said I could, but the people were Indians, so I passed on thinking that, Indians or not, they could not look uglier than he did. He had a sinister, cut-throat look that

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made me almost shudder, and yet I believe, if he had known I had on my person \$350.00, I'd not now be writing this story.

I called on the Indians; I think they were half breeds from general appearances, got a drink of good water and dallied there a spell, hoping the sinister looking chap would disappear, which he did to my intense relief.

Onward again several miles and I was wanting water again, as well as dinner, which latter was out of the question. I was told I could get water at Tonga's village, which was a few log huts by the wayside near a little creek. On arriving, I went to the best looking hut and found a middle aged Indian with nothing on his person but a long loose blouse or shirt, with two little Indians fanning him. I'll try to tell just how the Indian Chief, Tonganoxie, looked, the only Indian Chief I ever saw.

He was a great big fellow and looked as though he had been for years a staunch customer of "Blatz," "Goetz" or "Schlitz," however, none of these three names so famous in the history of certain cities had been heard of then, in the West, so I'll have to clear Tonga of being a beer guzzler and pass on to the ferry at Lawrence.

The great Bowersock Dam across the Kaw had not been built then; I think the question of damming the Kaw had been discussed some even at that early day, but it was lost sight of in the slavery agitation, which was at that time rending the country. Many years after the war it was revived, resulting in the great dam and Bowersock Milling Co. and probably some other industries. I think it was the original intention of those New Englanders to make a western Lowell of Lawrence, but they had not taken into consideration that Lawrence was located too near the short grass, wild West on two sides, and poor old, moss-back Missouri on another for a successful manufacturing town.

I stayed in town that night and selfpreservation, if nothing else, made me keep my ears open and mouth

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closed. While I detested the institution of human chattels being bought and sold on public auction blocks, as I had witnessed a few times in Clinton County, at the same time, I didn't like to hear their anathemas of all Missourians, which I knew to be unjust, having lived among these people all my life; so turn which way I would, I was between two fires and kept still.

Along in the forenoon of the next day, I noticed a wagon coming in from the east, and I accosted the two nice looking men asking if they were farmers. They said they were and lived a few miles southeast of town near the Waukarusha Creek, at or near where there had been a little village, Franklin, started and abandoned. Telling them what I was looking for, it being Saturday, I asked to accompany them home and if I could stay over Sunday with them and get them to help me to get up some hogs, if they could be found and delivered on the Missouri River so that I could get them to transportation. They readily assented, at the same time telling me that there were a good many stock hogs they thought could be bought, but getting them to St. Joe was the trouble, which proved true and I soon abandoned the idea of getting any.

Staying over Sunday, I learned these nice people were Presbyterians and would have preaching in their good, big house, so I was pleased that I had fallen in with such good people. I liked them a good deal better than I did the Lawrence town politicians. I could not help but think of some home Presbyterian people I had known since boyhood. The preacher arriving, I surveyed him pretty closely. I think he'd gotten wind that there was a Missourian in his audience from some remarks he let fall which were not calculated to flatter me much. However, I was in "Rome" and was trying to "do as Rome did," and came out unscathed. His remarks were bitter, but scholarly and not calculated to give comfort to one hailing from a slave holding community. It was not to be wondered at much, for within a stone's throw, a year or two before, there met in

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conflict some of old John Brown's adherents and their enemy, the border ruffians, and the little cabin in which one or the other of the belligerents took shelter was full of bullets fired by their assailants. I was so full of patriotic zeal, that I secretly endorsed what he said against the institution of slavery, but somehow, even then I didn't like to hear Missourians denounced. I did not know quite as much then as I learned later on.

There was a big camp meeting going on up at Baldwin City at the time, so I went up there with my good hosts. I think there was a good, big college there then, which has developed into Baker University. My good friends, to whom I had confided the fact that I was on the side of the old Flag, come what might, seemed to vie with each other in kindly treatment, and I bade them good bye at Lawrence. I didn't relish making any more money by walking back to Leavenworth over that hot, dusty road; it was bad enough in that big Concord coach.

I crossed the river, walked out 5 miles to an uncle by marriage, Mr. A. V. Baldwin, one of the Shoal Creek pioneers. He was an awful noisy, pro-slavery man and wanted me to drop the hog trade and go into the business of buying and selling slaves. He could not have made a proposition more repulsive to me than that one, and I told him so. I had already within the few years just preceding, seen enough to believe a storm, the like of which no one in the United States had seen, was brewing and told him my opinion of the brutal traffic, and left him to see him no more. His long tongue and noisy, overbearing attitude to those not agreeing with him, got him in trouble in war time. He was arrested and taken to Fort Leavenworth and thrown in prison. He there contracted cold and disease from which he never recovered, and died leaving my aunt and a lot of girls to battle for existence with the cold charities of a selfish world.

And he didn't own a single slave. All that froth and noise was to maintain his rights and he was only an example of thousands of others at that time.

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CHAPTER 53.

THE TRAGIC ENDING OF FOUR OF THE BEATTY FAMILY.

My mother's maiden name was Beatty, and three of her brothers and one sister met tragic deaths.

In a very early day there moved into Caldwell county, near Mirabile, a man whose name was Wesley Hinds, who was a brother to my mother's step-mother, who was mother of Alexander Beatty, who was shot down in old Far West about 72 or 73 years ago.

There was an election on hand in which, I think Wesley Hinds was offering for office, and there was in the county a man named "Bogart," who, it seemed, was greatly opposed to Mr. Hinds, so at the election, Mr. Bogart was either drinking, or was a very overbearing braggart, as was claimed by his opponent. Bogart publicly boasted that he could whip Wesley Hinds, or any of his friends, when Beatty, not liking to hear his Uncle bullied in that manner remarked that he was a friend of Mr. Hinds, and was ready to take Hind's part, or place, whereupon Bogart called him a liar and a coward (I think). Beatty instantly struck at Bogart, whereupon he threw up his left hand fending off the blow, drew a derringer and fatally wounded Beatty, who died the night following.

Bogart mounted his horse and rode off in the excitement which followed, passed his own home, mounted on a fine saddle animal and pushed for Texas. He was seen in Clay county by a party who knew him, but never seen thereafter, fleeing, as many renegade murderers did at that time, to the great unexplored land, conquered recently by Sam Houston, David Crockett and other brave Americans, and was never brought back to face the brutal crime he had committed. My Uncle Beatty was buried on the old Smith Adams' farm about 2 miles southeast of Judge Wallace's farm.

My mother had another brother, James Beatty,

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killed in the vicinity of Mirabile. He, in his young days in St. Louis, had, by overstudy (was preparing for the Bar and had the name of being the brightest scholar in his school) contracted a hard spell of typhoid and nervous fever and when he began to get better, it was noticed his mind, as well as body, was a wreck from which he never recovered. He stayed with his step-mother and half brothers and sisters, and came with them to Caldwell County, and was finally a county charge after they went to Oregon. The court hired a Mr. John Mabie to keep and take care of him. He was so badly paralyzed in his lower limbs at times he could hardly walk. Mr. Mabie moved from one farm to another. One cold morning in March, with Jimmy (as every one called him), he had the wagon piled high with household furniture and the helpless old man on top, when the wagon struck some obstruction, throwing him off and hurting him so badly that he died within 24 hours. Before dying, an old boyhood friend was sent for, (Mr. Colson Davis) and he told us a good many years after, that Jimmy's mind was as clear as any man's with whom he ever talked. He said no man could feel the way he did and live. He said he was going home to a better world. That ever since that sickness his mind had been clouded, but all was clear now.

"This hour of Death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For as these sobbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away."

(Lady of the Lake.)

He died the following evening and I think is buried by the side of his half brother, Alexander, in that lonely, neglected Potter's Field.

On the death of Mrs. Margaret Ruble, a sister, near McMinnville, Oregon, about 30 years ago, Mrs. Elizabeth Kimsey, another sister, while attending the funeral was thrown from her buggy and hurt so badly that she died a few days after.

A full brother of these ladies and Alexander Beatty,

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was Joseph Beatty, who went to Nebraska awhile after the closing of the war. On his way to town one day, his team ran away, throwing him out of his wagon, hurting him fatally, and he too, died from that disaster, making one full, and two half brothers and one half sister of my Mother's who met violent deaths.

CHAPTER 54.

CATCHING WOLVES IN AN EARLY DAY.

There were lots of wolves here in an early day, as well as a few at present. The second year here, we all kept a few sheep and a fat mutton chop was a favorite dish of those big, grey and black villains, called timber wolves, as well as the small coyotes or prairie wolves. Settlers would set big, spring steel traps, with jaws nearly strong enough to hold a bear (it took two men to set them). If one lone man had accidentally gotten caught in one of them, he'd have had to carry it home for relief; he could not have gotten out of its terrible jaws without help.

The wolves were too cunning to be very often caught in those traps, so we made what we called, wolf pens, which were constructed by splitting little poles about 6 inches in diameter and about 8 feet long, building a pen about 3 feet high and 4 feet wide by 8 feet long, flooring the pen to keep his wolfship from digging under. We'd then take enough of those split poles to cover the pen, taking care not have very big cracks between. The pen being nicely covered, we'd then take a piece of split pole, turning split face down like a batten on an old fashioned door, but about 18 inches longer than the pen was wide. We'd pin that batten with wooden pins (iron bolts and big nails were not to be had then) through each slat of the lid (top of pen), rounding the projecting ends of this rear batten to serve as hinges by inverting a forked, small pole with both

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ends of fork same length being sharpened and driven firmly in the ground so as to hold the back end of cover from slipping back, or sideways, when front was in like manner battened, and raised high enough for wolf to jump into pen from front. This heavy hinged top was raised and set on big triggers with piece of beef or deer meat, usually the latter, and if Mr. Wolf, big or little, ever got in that pen and aimed to carve that venison, he was a goner.

We often caught them by running them down with strong horses and hounds, when the snow was very deep and soft. Some of the early pioneers would keep a pack of hounds, and had lots of fun (they said), chasing them. I never was personally along in more than about two of those long chases, and we got the wolf. We also got awfully cold, as well as about as hungry as the wolves we were chasing. When we got home I could not see where the fun came in.

I remember we got up one morning in winter, and while I was making a fire in the fire place (we had no stoves then and our overshoot well was dry and we had to carry water from a little branch west of the house), mother and my little brother had taken wooden pails of that period and started before daylight to the branch for water. They got down west about 100 yards and brother, being ahead, a great big, grey wolf reared up just a few yards ahead of him. Instantly he blazed away at the wolf with his water pail. Mother was just behind and both holloing, scared up another big, black looking animal and both ran off, mother and brother running to the house out of breath. We didn't get breakfast very early that morning. The two big wolves had killed several of our little flock of sheep and were gorged with mutton and blood; they might easily have been run down and killed had we been equipped with dogs and good, fast horses. Such occurrences as this were common in those days.

Midway Place, Dec. 23, 1911.

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CHAPTER 55.

FAR WEST SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

In trying to tell how Far West, the old Mormon town looked, the first time I saw it in 1842, I regret that I have no daguerreotype or photograph to assist me in describing its lonely desolation. Its glory had departed with most of its, at one time, 3000 inhabitants.

I think the first time I was in the old town was at a Fourth of July celebration in 1842, the first I was ever at, but I can remember it as well as if it had been yesterday, and how the principal managers looked and acted. The marshal's name was Branch and he wore a black broadcloth coat, which made a great impression on me. I was told that cloth was made in France and mother had been telling me about the Marquis De Lafayette, the great, good Frenchman. I think that was one reason I was so impressed with that black coat. Miles Bragg was his assistant and Volney Bragg, the first lawyer I ever saw, was the speaker, who read the Declaration of Independence very impressively. I don't remember his speech. Of course, it was along patriotic lines.

There was a long ditch and some slick looking niggers roasting the beef, which was very fine, I remember. At the head of the long table, which was a scaffold under a brush arbor, was seated a very old man, whose name was Benjamin Middaugh. I think this old man served in the War of 1812 and was the father or brother of old Timothy Middaugh, who lived many years about two miles east of Cameron and I think was the grandfather of the family of Middaugh brothers near Mirabile. The long table was located a short distance north and, I think, a little east of the old Temple excavation, which at that time, was nearly intact, and the great cornerstone lying in the bottom. I have been told by those who were on the ground that it took 14 yoke of oxen to haul it. I've not seen it for about 40 years, but am

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told that most of that big rock has been carried away for souvenirs by the faithful Saints.

When I first saw Far West, many of the smaller frame houses had been moved away for farm buildings. A good many of the larger buildings had been torn down and rebuilt after removal, hence, the houses left standing were dilapidated, old looking, unpainted structures, many of them two stories high. They were nearly all frames with poles flattened on two sides for studding, and split native timber for lathing and weather boarding. The boarding was usually 6 feet long, sap taken off, gauged and shaved, which made a good, substantial building. The boarding usually was of big bottom burr oak, the best timber on Shoal and Log Creek. The town was situated on a divide between those two creeks, and had the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railway run up Shoal Creek (as was talked of), Far West today would be the biggest town between St. Joseph and Chillicothe instead of Cameron.

Not only that, there is but little doubt that in place of a desolate waste, the Temple lot would have had a magnificent temple, and Far West would be the "Mecca" of the pilgrim Saints, as Independence is today. The best church building in Independence today is the fine, brown stone on a high ridge along the Kansas City Electric line. The only Mormon I ever heard preach was in that building a few years since and I am free to admit, I think was about as good a sermon as I ever listened to, with a few exceptions. If people will live up to the exhortations of that good man, I think it will matter little whether they think Smith, Rigdon, Pratt, Whitmer, Cowdry, or anybody else were inspired, or the Book of Mormon a Revelation.

I knew David Whitmer quite well when I'd meet him in Cameron. He was an up-to-date farmer, and purchased the first two horse corn planter ever unloaded off the cars at Cameron. I think I, and some other bystanders, helped him put it in his wagon. I remember the wheels of that planter were wooden drums. Mr.

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Whitmer moved to Richmond some thirty years ago, and died there. I think the Whitmer family own the old Temple lot, which is now on the old Whitmer farm, as I am told.

I have never seen Oliver Cowdry, but have seen one of his daughters, who was pointed out to me at church many years ago. She was visiting in the vicinity of Far West. It was at old Plum Creek school house I saw her. She was strikingly handsome. I do not know whether she is yet living. It is not the province of this article to discuss whether Latter Day Saints as a church organization is good or otherwise, but I'll say this, I've been familiar with and a neighbor to them for nearly seventy years, and from what I've seen of those in Missouri, I think they've hardly had fair treatment, inasmuch as our laws allow every one to worship as he pleases, so long as he is law abiding.

Dec. 21, 1911.

CHAPTER 56.

CHARLES E. PACKARD.

While Mr. C. E. Packard was not what I call an early settler pioneer, he has been in Cameron and vicinity about fifty years, and I have been intimately acquainted with him since he first came. I think he is now the only living man who was at my infair dinner, excepting my own family, and I've been (I believe) in closer touch with him than any other man for fifty years, as he has been engaged in business in Cameron nearly all those long years, and has never robbed enough in his dealings with men to retire with a big fortune. He may have made mistakes (as we all do), but, usually, he, as well as others, suffered by his and their own mistakes.

Mr. Packard has been a pillar of strength in the Christian Church, by example of his Christian walk and liberal gifts, and his name should go down to posterity, as it will, as one of the early Christians of Cameron.

Midway Place, Dec., 1911.

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CHAPTER 57.

OUR GERMAN NEIGHBORS.

John Lohman, who died in Cameron a few years since, was undoubtedly the first, by a few months, to settle in the German neighborhood four miles southwest of Cameron. He came in the winter, and old Mr. Sells, father of Frederic, Henry and Adolph Sells, and Karl Kresse's father-in-law. I think this colony settled here about the year 1852, and no better class of citizens, foreign or native born, ever came to the neighborhood from any state or country than they and their descendants. I omitted to mention Mr. Beechner came at the same time. He has many grandchildren to represent his name. I think some of these good people were about the best informed Germans I ever met.

Mr. Fred Selle came to Lexington, Kentucky, several years prior to the time the settlement came here, and had studied English in the Fatherland and spoke it quite fluently when I first saw him, hence, he was an interpreter (Dolmetzer), for the colony in business transactions. However, the little kids soon were better interpreters than any of the older people.

It is not often one meets a better informed man than was Henry Selle, father of Gustave and Albert Selle. He was a master mechanic (stone cutter), as were his brothers, Adolphus and Julius. Fred and Julius both were volunteers, as was Gustave, their nephew, in the Union Army in the great war. Fred and Gustave got back; Julius' life was laid on his adopted country's altar, as was two of Mr. Stein's sons, and one of Mr. Lohman's. Mr. Stein came with the first colonists, and no more worthy people can be found in this community than are the descendants of William Stein, senior. We'd have little use for court houses more than to preserve records and other local business, if all people were like our good German neighbors.

They built the first church building (a log structure)

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in Shoal Township. They now have a capacious frame church and parsonage building, where the elements of the language of the Fatherland are taught in Sunday School and preaching, in both English and German, as most of the younger ones are, to all intents, patriotic Americans, and understand English a great deal better than the German, so dear to their ancestors.

I have noticed that farms sell higher, quality considered, in a German community, than where no Germans are citizens. They all have a patriotic love for the Fatherland, and are first class citizens in any country.

CHAPTER 58.

GOING ACROSS THE PLAINS IN EARLY DAYS.

Sixty years ago, a young man on the border thought his education very incomplete if he had not made a trip or two across the plains to Fort Laramie, Hall, Bridger or Boise on the "Oregon Trail", or to Bents, Fort Santa Fe, Toas, or Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande, over "The Old Santa Fe Trail". For many years there were two companies engaged largely in freighting across that (then) desolate waste inhabited by savage, blood thirsty Indians, ravenous wolves and tens of thousands of the great American Bison, or buffaloes. One of these freighting concerns was owned by the then well known Ben Holiday, who carried freight and express on the more Southern routes. The other company was the great freighting firm of Majors, Russell & Waddell, which is the one about which I knew the most.

I have met Mr. Majors several years ago in Denver. He was then past 80 years old, but was a very interesting man with whom to talk. He was almost a compendium of the history of the Border, and a few years after published his book, "70 Years on the West Frontier", and a very interesting and instructive work. His chapter on "The Mormons and Brigham Young", is, I think, the best

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and least biased I've seen. He lived at, or near, Independence when the Mormons were expelled from there. He also resided in Salt Lake 10 or 12 years, and was intimately acquainted with Brigham Young. He says in his book that he did millions of dollars worth of business with Brigham Young and his Saints, and never found a fairer man with whom to do business.

It so happens, I bought a tract of land a few miles south of Westport, which was owned by Mr. Majors in his palmy days of freighting, on this tract, which I named "Lonesomehurst Park". It had been an old time blacksmith shop. I've found many of the old bricks and cinders of the old forge, where his big prairie schooners were repaired in winter, by a man named Dodson. I presume Dodson on the Big Blue at the end of the Westport and Dodson electric line, was named after this early day blacksmith Dodson.

My near neighbor, Mr. Alvin Douglass, was a schoolmate of Mr. Majors' children, and has pointed out to me the place where Mr. Majors lived, which is just a few hundred yards northeast of the station at the south end of the Marlborough electric line, and but a little distance from Dodson. Let me tell about how Mr. Douglass hid (as he told me) when a boy, in a big, hollow elm tree, which stands on the point of land at the junction of Dykes' Branch and Indian Creek, a picture of which I have at present in a landscape photo engraving of scenery on "Lonesomehurst Park Place", taken nine years ago.

The battle of Westport was raging, and armed companies and detached squads were fighting and chasing each other all over the prairie and woods, and crossings of the creeks. There are now signs of the old time crossing just below the mouth of Dykes' Branch near where the big, hollow tree stands at this time (if it has not been cut down since I left there four years since.)

Mr. Douglass said first one colored uniform would be running and the other color after them, then the other would be running, being chased and fired at as they ran

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for some two or three days. Mr. Douglass is a truthful man, and what he tells can be set down as fact, and a better neighbor than he and his son, George, I never lived by. In fact, all those old settlers out in that neighborhood, including the Boones, descendants of Nathan Boone, the son of old Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, are as good people as any one need want to live by, notwithstanding some of the older ones were Confederates, or sympathizers. I still have a warm feeling for them and visit them frequently when in Kansas City. I lived, or might say sojourned, there four years, either I, or my wife, being at home part of the time, as we always called our old Midway Place, to which we hustled back in a hurry after selling "Lonesomehurst Park."

WESTPORT. The very name suggests times gone by. The old Harris House, at one time probably the largest building west of St. Louis, except the public buildings; the caravansary which probably has housed, and been headquarters for more great men, who have figured in the past history of the great overland traffic and war measures, than any other building now intact and in every day use. It is a staunch, solid looking, old, three story structure yet, and is probably 60 years old. Another is the old Wornall building, some two or three miles out south on the Wornall Rock Road. The city limits, however, are now four miles south of Westport, with enough fine buildings south of Brush Creek (the famous "dead line" of Order No. 11) to make a good, big city. Let me predict here and now, that Kansas City will, within 100 years from now, be the biggest city nearest the geographical center, as well as center of population of the biggest Nation in the world, and all will either speak, or think, in English.

I'll give a few stories I heard told by those who crossed the plains many years ago. My Uncle "Bill" Williams one night was out on guard, when he heard something whiz by him and stick in a little hillock. On examining it, it proved to be a feathered arrow. He instantly laid down flat, when, whiz, whiz, the arrows

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came past him, so he drew down and fired in the direction from which they came, when up jumped three or four big Indians and scampered off, the shot arousing all the camp.

A long time ago, I heard a party tell of some freighters being in camp up the Arkansas Valley, who were eating their breakfast before starting on their day's travel, when, whiz, a lasso went around the body of one of the party, who happened to have a sharpe knife in his hand at the time. The Indian, who had thrown the lasso, whirled his pony to drag away his victim, who instantly seized the lasso with his other hand, and as it tightened, cut it in two with the loop still around his body, thereby saving himself from a terrible death.

Back as far as I can remember, before we moved from Cass to Clinton County, I heard a story told, and I have seen the same story in print a great many years ago, so long that I've almost forgotten the particulars. However, it went something like this,—a very wealthy Spaniard of Santa Fe, or Chihuahua, loaded a six mule team with Mexican silver dollars and started for Westport, or Independence, expecting to take a steamboat for St. Louis to lay in a large stock of such goods as his trade required. He had along several natives as a guard to protect from Indians and robbers.

As the story went, they got along all right until within 50 to 100 miles of Westport, when they were attacked by a band of renegade white cut throats from the Border, who, it was supposed, had some friends in the escort who had notified them. At any rate, the old Spaniard was murdered and his silver and teams taken by the freebooters. I can't remember whether these murderers were ever arrested and punished, or even how the story came to civilization; I was so young and it has been so long since, but this story was current for many years on the Border.

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CHAPTER 59.

WHAT AWFUL LIARS SOME PEOPLE ARE.

If you want to find out how men can lie and misrepresent, just try horse trading, or swapping horses in the back alleys of the village. I got it into my head, work with no trading was a very prosy way to make a start in the world, which, to some extent, is true. So I had to try horse swapping as a starter on the road to wealth. I'd been brought up to tell the truth, and, of course, thought I had to tell the whole truth about my "hoss", and could not realize the fact that the professional horse swapper usually would tell you everything but the truth about his horse.

Then, again, his horse always looked a great deal bigger before I got him than after, and usually would not pull a setting hen off her nest, but would pull more backwards than forward, and, somehow, his teeth would look different after I had him a few days. I found experience taught a dear school, but fools would learn in no other. I learned, but came to the bridle several times.

My old friend, Ash McCartney, once told me a certain friend of ours would cheat a man out of his horse, and at the same time the man would think he was one of the finest men, he'd do it so smoothly. Many years ago, I wanted to buy a good, honest farm horse for all purposes, so this man, hearing of my wants, came to me telling me he had just the horse I needed, guaranteeing him to be all right in every way. I looked him over. He was a big, fine looker and seemed to be about what I wanted, but knowing the antecedents of his owner, I said to him, "I am not a very good judge of a horse, and you offer to guarantee him. I am willing to pay every dollar a good horse is worth, but the horse must be worth every dollar I pay for him. I'll take the horse, try him two weeks, and if he proves to be what you say he is, I'll pay you your price for the horse." I didn't get him. He knew I'd find what was the matter with him in two weeks' trial.

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As smart as I thought I was, I finally got a balky horse unloaded on me. A merchant in town had a nice looking horse, and knowing I wanted one, he got a pretty shrewd fellow to tackle me in the horse deal, so we went into the store and while I talked to the owner, who said the horse was sound, six years old, good saddler and would work anywhere, only his color was not very fashionable, "a yellow dun," and he was a little moon-eyed, everything else was "honest Injun," his man went out somewhere. In the meantime, I wondered what was keeping his man so long, and mentioned "I have an idea L. is warming him up."

Finally, here he came down the street with two horses hitched to a spring wagon, driving up and down the street furiously, giving the yellow horse no time to study about it, and proclaiming loudly that H. was a fool for offering the horse for that price. He put a saddle on him, slashing him up and down the street at a fearful rate, the owner also declaring he was one of the best all round horses in town (he was a good saddler), and I finally bought the horse, and, like a fool, didn't use the precaution to try him before paying for him.

I took him home and the next morning hitched him up to a spring wagon, and he would not pull enough to have turned an old setting hen over in her nest, so we tried the same medicine on him that the smooth L. did, took him on the road and ran him a mile or so, then hooked him to the spring wagon, and he'd trot along kind of sidewise (as all balky horses do), but as a worker was not worth 30. cents. I found him a good saddle horse, but he was so provokingly mean, I was glad to get, and take, an offer of \$65.00 for him a year later. I got \$35.00 worth of experience in this deal. I could have, by law, recovered my money on the plea of obtaining it on false pretenses, but my rule in life had been not to squeal if I've been fool enough to let sharpers "pull the wool over my eyes".

There is another way of learning some things. Just go to a big city with a few thousand dollars in cash,

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pick up the leading real estate paper, look over the advertisements where big snaps appear in big, open face type, especially some fellow's new high and sightly addition, and something like this is trumpeted in your ears:

"Just buy our lots and see them grow. \$10.00 down and 'balance like rent'. We'll save you so much money if you buy 'our goods'. You'll get rich before you know it."

I know a man, who listened to that kind of a siren song on a vacant lot or two in a growing city, who has been watching those lots grow for several years, and I believe this party would be willing to let somebody else watch the City, County, Boulevard, Street Paving, Special Benefit District and Park taxes grow, as they always do, whether the front feet grow or not. The things which are really good dividend payers are, as a rule, not hawked around much.

"I stood beneath a hollow tree, it blew the blast that hollow blew,

I thought upon this hollow world and all its hollow crew."

CHAPTER 60.

THE POTTER FAMILIES.

Eldridge Potter, Isaac S. Baldwin, Nicholas Proctor, B. S. McCord and David O'Neal, John and Joseph Musser and John Bozarth, and George Rhodes, were undoubtedly the first colonists on Shoal Creek. However, it is to the elder Potter brothers that I propose to devote this chapter. But I've known more generations of the old great, great, grandfather Rhodes than any one man whom I can remember in my whole life, except our own family, six generations. They certainly have kept the command given in the beginning,—“Be fruitful and multiply.”

Eldridge Potter, the pioneer patriarch of the Meth-

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odist Israel of Clinton County, was a plain, old fashioned Tennessean, whose sturdy honesty and Christian faith, no one was ever called to vouch for; the same can be said of his two brothers, Nathaniel (Uncle Nat), and Bentley, who came to the neighborhood later on. Eldridge Potter's house looked old in 1842. It was then, as well as before and ever after until his death (nearly forty years ago), the headquarters for the early Methodist Circuit riders, as those good men were called in those days, who gave their best days proclaiming the glad tidings of the lowly Babe of Bethlehem. They went without purse or script, with no assured salary in sight.

How many times have I seen Uncle Eldridge's face at his camp meetings, smiling and beaming with religious fervor, when the preacher would ask the congregation (they didn't have trained choirs then to hollo classical music so no one in the audience could understand a word that was sung, as nowadays in some churches) to sing, "Hear the royal proclamation", or, "Have you heard of that sun-bright clime"; "I hear the voice of singing among the waving trees; the echoes still are ringing on every playful breeze."

What I've said of Uncle Eldridge was just as true of his two brothers, Nathaniel and Bentley Potter, and their offspring to the fourth generation have followed in the good work of their forefathers, and their name is legion. Not one of them to my knowledge, has disgraced their pious ancestors.

As to the Rhodes' family, I personally, when a little boy, knew the older George Rhodes and his son, James, who lived on the Kingston and Plattsburg road at Shoal Creek Ford; he was a hard working farmer, and coined money during the great immigration of the "Forty-niners", and later gold seekers. James Rhodes was the father of Mary Rhodes, an old schoolmate of the writer for a short time. The "Forty-niners" passed our little cabin schoolhouse on that Kingston road by the thousands. Mary Rhodes, I think, was the handsomest girl at that time, I've ever seen, and the beauty of goodness

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stays with Aunt Mary yet, though her beautiful contour of personal charms, and rosy cheeks have faded by the inexorable inroads of time, but the beauty of soul grows like "pure gold" with the burnishing of time. She was the third generation; her eldest son, James Potter, the fourth, his son, Leonard, the fifth, and his children are the sixth generation from the older Rhodes.

Some years since, it was said if a stranger would meet a man in the neighborhood of Turney, and say, "Good morning, Mr. Potter", four times out of five he would call the right name. However, I don't think this is the truth. Eldridge Potter's descendants represent many callings, ministers and the eminent doctors of St. Joseph, Mo., Thompson and George Potter, being his grandsons.

CHAPTER 61.

REMINISCENT OF THE PAST.

Nearly 70 years ago, there came to Clinton County two families. The first was rather poor, however, was able to purchase over 200 acres of good virgin soil of the Government, and erect a (fairly good for that time) log house. This family represented (or claimed to, at least), the "faith once delivered to the saints", and held to through all the persecution of the dark Medieval days of the Spanish Inquisition, claiming their faith was the same as the Albigenses and Waldenses, who lived in the mountain fastnesses of the Alpine region of France, Switzerland, Bohemia and other mountain regions, in order that they might escape the awful persecution and burning at the stake, as befell John Huss of Bohemia, 100 years before Luther, Melancthon, Calvin and Knox.

Some of these early Christians went to the mountains of Wales, and one of their number came to the New World settling in Plymouth Colony. He remained there a few years and was banished from that commun-

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ity for the bold denunciation of infant baptism, claiming that immersion in water of repentant believers was the only Scriptural baptism, and a purely democratic church government was the practice of early Christians. Hence, the Puritan colonists banished him. He went to Rhode Island and formed a colony of his co-religious believers, and today I believe, Rogers Williams of Plymouth Colony fame, is recognized as the Father of the Baptist denomination in America, all over the Christian world.

The other good family I have in mind, were followers of Calvin, Knox, Wesley and many other illustrious, early Christians of the Reformation, who believed that pouring of water on the infants of believing parents by ordained ministers, was Scriptural baptism, whether the infant had repented and believed or not. I must confess this is an interpretation of the Scriptures concerning baptism which (perhaps by lack of faith) I can't understand. However, their daily walk, Christian charity and benevolent acts were such, that one not knowing, could not tell whether they had been immersed in water, or had water poured on their heads for Christian baptism. Contention over these old church dogmas (I am glad to say) seems to be relegated to the past, and a true Christian spirit prevails in all modern denominations.

The two families referred to were only specimens of many other families in the community before the great war struggle. There were grown up men and women in each of the families. The representatives of Calvin and Knox were evidently of the Cavalier aristocratic tendencies of the middle and eastern southland states. Their warm hearted generosity in entertaining their invited guests was a sure indication of their nativity.

These families were good friends and many happy evenings were spent in social intercourse until the dark mantle of war cast a gloom over all social gatherings, as well as family visiting. When the parting of the ways at last came, the one took the side of the Union, the other (natives of the hospitable southland) took the

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side of the "Lost Cause". On the occasion of his last social visit (and he loved to make those visits for he thought there was no such good girl in all the world as one of these, and has not changed his mind much to this day, more than 50 years since), this beautiful girl essayed to pin a red, white and red rosette to the lapel of his coat. However much he would have liked to have pleased this amiable young lady, he almost rudely declined the proffered decoration.

They parted then and there, so far as social intercourse was concerned, the man dividing his time between his private affairs and his military obligations to the Flag of the Union he loved so well. He was a member of a Militia Company at Cameron.

One day some two or more years after the rosette episode, he went to Cameron (he despised lying around in camp idle, hence, was at home a good part of the time), and some of his comrades told him the long promised new uniforms had arrived, exhibiting those drawn by them. He hastened to the commissary for his suit, but found left only "Hobson's choice.". I happened to see him immediately after he got into his ill fitting soldier toggery; it would have made a heathen idol laugh to see how he didn't enjoy his new clothes. After more than fifty years, I'll try to describe their fit.

The pants seemed to have been made for a lager beer guzzler, stomach very capacious and legs awfully short. There was quite a belt of exposed leg between the top of his sox and the bottom of the breeches, and the blouse, or round-about, was hardly big enough for a 12 year old boy, so there was a good wide expanse of open country between the top of his pants and the bottom of the blouse; he looked miserable, and I learned afterwards, he felt miserable, too.

About the time he was uniformed, I noticed a lady hitching (I think a black horse) to a post just south of the H. & St. Joe depot. This patriot seemed to watch that good looking young lady pretty closely, loafing around in the vicinity of the horse with a side saddle.

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Finally, the lady came along with some bundles which looked like dry goods. Our uniformed friend started in the direction of the lady, who was going toward her horse. I learned afterwards what was said between them (the lady and heroic soldier); he whispered it to me one evening when stilly night was closing o'er us.

He asked permission to help her to mount. Now this hero had been reading some Medieval History about the Plumed Knights who marched with Henry of Navarre to Jerusalem to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the infidels, and, of course, concluded that knight errantry was the proper thing on this occasion. But I've gotten clear off my narrative of an incident which really occurred. The proffered aid she smilingly accepted. I guess she smiled at the ludicrous appearance of her chivalrous knight. When she was mounted and foot in stirrup, she graciously thanked him, saying she did not know that any one in the camp cared anything for her, and telling him she hardly deserved such kindness, considering the past. When it came to the soldier's time to talk, he had such a lumpy, choking sensation in his throat, he could not for the life of him, at that time, more than mutter something about 'twas a soldier's duty to protect a fair lady, intimating that the courtesy of thanks was hardly necessary. And yet, if he had owned worlds, I believe at that time he would have lain them at her feet.

I learned afterwards that he waited and hoped till "Hope long deferred maketh the heart sick", and finally worshiped at another shrine. I will not mention the names of hero or heroine of this little "Allegory", as they are both yet living, the one nearing 78 and the other 75 years.

If the good lady should chance to read this little romance, it will not be necessary for any one to tell her the name of that gallant knight, the hero of this story.

Midway Place, Dec. 11, 1911.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE BORDER

CHAPTER 62.

DAVE O'DONNELL.

When I first knew David O'Donnell, he lived just south of Cameron Junction, on land recently owned by Mr. Jas. Bohart. He came to this state and neighborhood about the year 1842, from Tuscarawas Co., Ohio. Mr. O'Donnell was one of those hardy pioneers, who shrunk not from any obstacles that hard work, economy and perseverance could overcome. He hewed out of the wilderness three large farms while I knew him. He went to California in 1850, staying there some two or three years, returning, as nearly all the early gold seekers did at that time, via Panama and New York and Chicago. The entire cost of returning was about \$400.00 in gold, at that time, and took about two month's time to accomplish.

Upon returning, he went to work on his farm, now owned by Mr. Thos. Jones, on the Cameron and Mirabile road. At the same time, he hewed out timber for a heavy frame water power saw mill, which was located one-fourth mile west of the County line bridge on Shoal Creek. This mill was at that time, badly needed, but owing to the millwright's wrong calculation, and setting the water wheels too low, with insufficient width of race, the water soon after being turned on, backed up and drowned the power of the small fall, hence did very little work. I yet have some lumber on my horse barn which was sawed in this mill. It had only a temporary brush dam which soon washed away, and the mill was abandoned. Soon after, Mr. John T. Jones bought the farm on which it was situated. This mill was the last attempt to saw, or grind by water power in the county.

After selling, Mr. O'Donnell moved on a tract of 320 acres five miles southeast of Cameron, and made of it a good, productive farm, and he lived there until his death which occurred about 18 or 19 years ago, at the good old age of over 80 years.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE BORDER

I doubt if ever another man, up to his death, lived in Clinton County, who had done as much hard labor as had David O'Donnell. However, he lived at the time of his death, and for many years before, in Caldwell County, just about one-fourth of a mile from the county line.

He had gotten in debt some on another big tract of land, and the war coming on, this debt was foreclosed and left him almost penniless with a large family. Two of his grown sons and a daughter dying about this time, helped to drag him down financially, and had he not had a courage that knew no such word as "Fail", he would probably have remained a tenant the balance of his life. I know of but two of his children now living (since the death of Geo. W. P. O'Donnell, his son), Mrs. Susan Henderson, of Kearney, and Mrs. David Harper of Cameron, Mo.

In this connection, I will say I was well acquainted with all his children save one girl, by his first wife, who never lived in this vicinity. John O'Donnell, his oldest son (by his first wife) and I were chums in boyhood days. He went with his father to California and died a short time after arriving there. I, however, was better acquainted with George W. P. O'Donnell than any of the rest, having been intimately acquainted since his childhood, more than 60 years. He, like nearly all my boyhood and early manhood friends, has gone to "That bourne from which no traveler returns."

When the cold clods were falling on his coffin, I could indeed understand the lines written many years since, "Earth to earth and dust to dust". He was the last of my boyhood male friends. There are now only three ladies left who were in this neighborhood when I first came in 1842.

For a man with a very limited education, George O'Donnell was a very good business man, was a director for many years in "The Farmer's Bank" of Cameron, and owned about 700 acres of improved farms. He was the father of Mrs. Roland Williams (one of my sons) besides three other living sons and one girl.

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George O'Donnell made most of his property by industry, frugality and close attention to his own business, and died in the hope of a blessed immortality. He was born about the year 1843, three miles east of Cameron, on a farm he since bought and lived on so many years, but had a residence in Cameron, where he died. His wife's maiden name was Julia A., daughter of Samuel Wilhoit, an early settler, eight miles south of Cameron. She is left to mourn the loss of a faithful husband and good citizen. The name of O'Donnell will live a good while after we are gone.

Midway Place, Nov. 12th, 1911.

CHAPTER 63.

A TRIP ON THE STEAMBOAT, "MORNING STAR."

Having a small interest in the land our grandfather Luke Williams left at his death, which occurred about the year 1832 or 33, five miles west of Boonville, Mo., I boarded the splendid little steamer, "Morning Star", at Weston, Mo., the first steamboat on which I had ever traveled, in June, 1856, bound for Boonville, and a gay crowd it was on that Ohio River boat which was making an excursion up the Missouri River to St. Joseph. They had along a splendid string orchestra, as well as a full brass band, which discoursed fine music on nearing the towns where they proposed landing. They had on board the elite of the cities of Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, and a menu equal to that of the Baltimore Hotel of Kansas City, today. With the almost continuous round of dancing, waltzing and eating, I can tell you I felt like the traditional "poor boy at a frolic", and made myself as scarce as possible.

This fine boat went right along with very little trouble with sand bars; however, she stuck a time or two in the vicinity of Dewitt, Carroll County, but lifting

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her bow with capstan and block, backed off and passed on down the muddy current. On this trip I saw Kansas City for the first time. It looked from the boat to be built (on the good, wide wharf on which was piled lots of merchandise, part of which was covered with big tarpaulins) up a deep gulch with a street or roadway, cut out on one side of the gulch. However, I couldn't see up the gulch any distance; it was too crooked. I think since I have become familiar with the city, that gulch was Main, or Delaware street. I think the boat landed near where the big power house is now.

After remaining a while, taking some freight and passengers, her whistle sounded, cable and plank were drawn on deck, and she swung her pretty prow into the current and away she glided, amid the strains of her band. Without anything worth further mentioning, I arrived at the place of my nativity 22 years before. I visited the double log cabin, belonging to Captain Hammond, in which I was born. My parents were staying with his wife while he was gone to Santa Fe on a trading expedition. This, my birth, occurred in May 1834.

I was in my grandfather Williams' old cabin, and had a good drink of fine water at his old well. I visited his, and also my mother's father's graves under a walnut tree, not far from the lonely cabin, off quite a distance from the road, with rough stones from the creek for markers, and I wonder today if those graves are plowed over. Let that be as it may, they will be found when the last trumpet shall sound.

It was on my return trip that I got the first inkling of what was coming five years later. When I had accomplished what I had gone for, I boarded a steamer, "The Star of the West", a regular freight and passenger boat, bound up river. I met with one incident which I will always remember, which occurred at Lexington. The boat had about 100 men from the New England states aboard, bound for Kansas. They all had Sharp's rifles, the best long range guns of that period. When the boat approached the town, there was on the wharf,

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one or two pieces of cannon loaded and shotted with solid shot, and manned by ample force to sink the boat in ten minutes, if she disobeyed their order to round to and tie up, which order she obeyed instanter. An armed company of Missourians came on that boat and took the last gun and pistol they could find, offered no remuneration to their owners, telling those Massachusetts emigrants they should be thankful to get off that easily. They then allowed the boat to proceed.

It was about two o'clock in the night, when the boat was rounded to and I was asleep at the time and did not see any of the transaction above described, but a madder set of men I've never seen. They swore vengeance on border ruffians, and history recounts the many bloody scenes this, and other outrages on both sides, followed up to, and through, the troublous times prior, to, and through the four terrible years of war on the Border.

CHAPTER 64.

HIRAM A. McCARTNEY.

Hiram A. McCartney was born in Harrisburg, Va., A. D., 1821, died on his farm A. D., 1882, his two sisters, the elder M. Jane, and Harriet, keeping house for him till they married, and his older sister, Mrs. Jas. Steele continuing to do so until his death.

It is difficult in writing this short biographical sketch of my old time friend, who was a friend in need (a true friend), to find language to adequately express my gratitude for the many favors and acts of kindness and words of encouragement while I was a poor, fatherless boy.

Many is the time I've been at public vendues when he'd come to me and say, "Jimmy, if you need, or want any of this property, buy it and I'll go on a note with you." Then is it any wonder that the silent tear involuntarily falls to the memory of Hiram A. McCartney,

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my friend from early boyhood to his death. Mr. McCartney was not only my friend, but was the friend of the widow and orphan, as well as the rich and great. His whole life was devoted to doing good to others. When I'd ask him why he never married, he'd always say, "My sisters and orphaned nephews and nieces are a sacred charge I've taken on myself, and this charge I'll keep." I know that Hiram McCartney loved a good and amiable young lady, one of my near neighbors, for he told me so many times that he loved the ground she walked on, and there is but little, if any, doubt exists in my mind that he could, and would, have married this good woman had he not long before resolved to stand by his sisters. This is only one of the tragedies of life.

At the time of his death, Mr. McCartney stood high in financial and business circles. A short time before, Mr. R. J. House, who was running the first bank established in Cameron, had closed the door of the old Deposit Bank, thereby causing considerable excitement and distrust of individual banking concerns locally. It was then that Ex-Governor George Smith and Hiram McCartney commenced canvassing for subscriptions for a new joint stock corporation, to be called "The Farmers' Bank of Cameron." With two such men of undoubted integrity and honesty at the helm, it was but a short time until the required stock was taken, and Hiram McCartney was unanimously elected first president of this Farmers' Bank of Cameron. When Gov. Smith and Mr. McCartney visited me for subscription to the stock, telling me it should be run on honest, business principles, it took no arguments to induce me to take stock in this new and untried enterprise, and it proved a great success from the beginning. But neither of these life long friends of mine lived long enough to enjoy the fruition of the success they so well merited. I finally bought Mr. Cartney's stock of his administrator, and was honored with the election of director and vice-president of the institution for nearly twenty years in succession.

Hiram McCartney, in his younger days, was a great

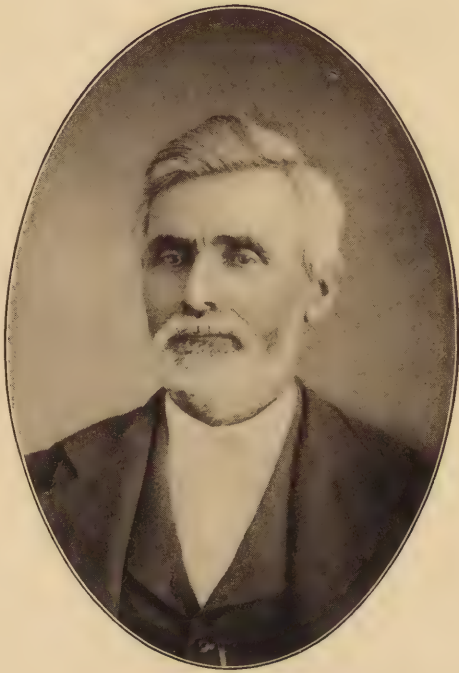
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lover of little dancing cotillion parties, and was popular with all the young ladies; was an enthusiast for singing societies, though I never heard him try to sing, or even whistle, a note in music. He was especially fond of debating, and many is the time I have enjoyed his logic; however, his rhetoric, like my own, was not equal to that of Demosthenes or Cicero. One of his efforts I'll never forget. The subject of debate that night, was,—“Resolved, That a smoky chimney is a greater torment than a scolding wife.” McCartney took the negative side, and after a good, long funny speech, brought the house down with his denouncement, as follows: “Why, Mr. Chairman, there is no more comparison between a smoky chimney and a scolding wife, than there is between a little nigger and a dark, foggy night.” He won the decision.

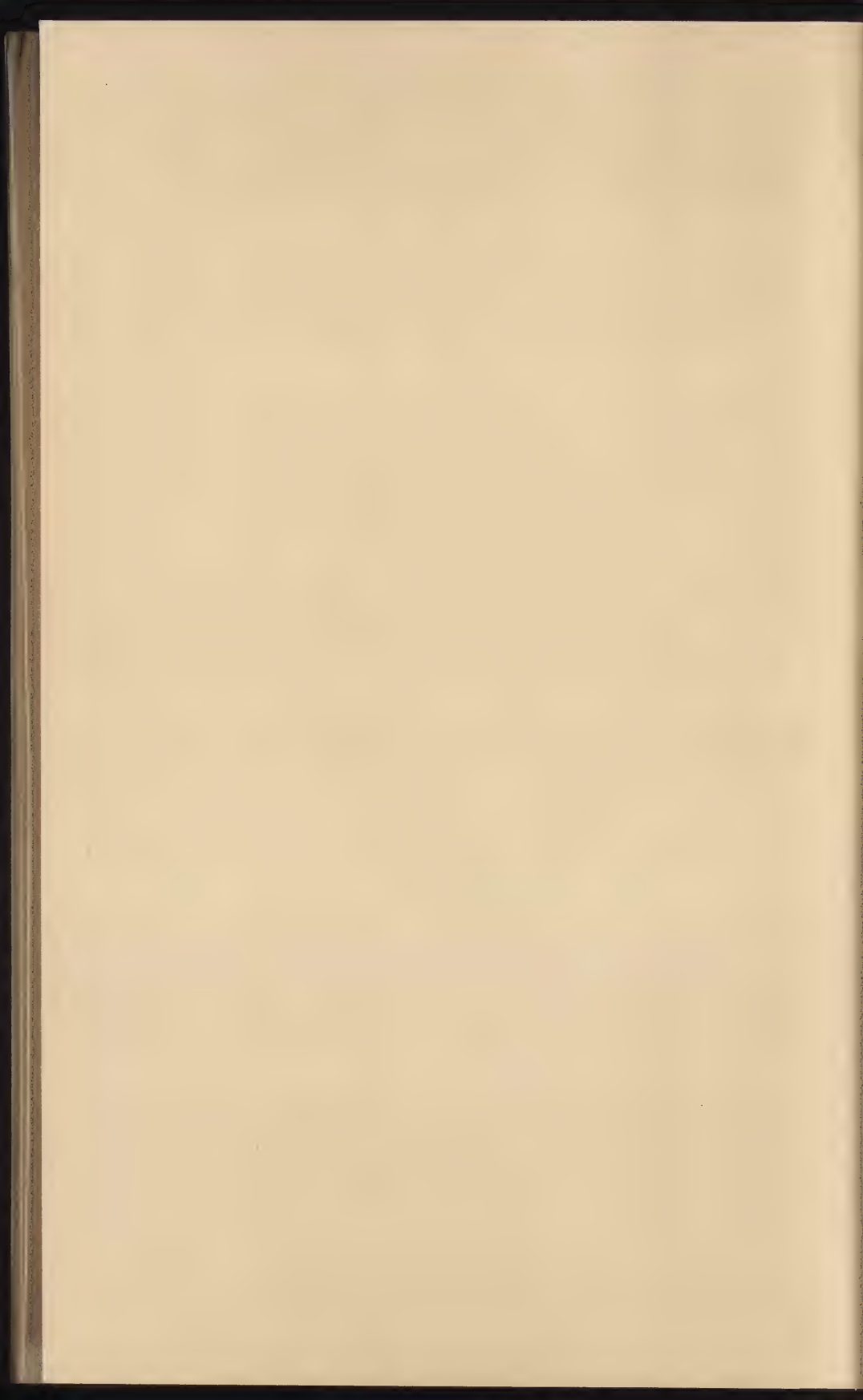
The last public speech, or talk, I ever heard him make, and I think this was the last he made, was at a Sunday School picnic south of Cameron, near the McCartney Spring (named after him, its owner, later on). When called on to make a talk to the boys and girls of the Sunday School, he arose, greeted the school and audience in his usual pleasant, manner, but leaving out his usual cold logic, warming with his subject into a fervor and eloquence that astonished his old time friends who were present, telling the young people of the royal path of life, and of the reward at the end of a well spent life.

It is now about thirty years since I heard this little talk and from my present view point, it looks as though he had a presentiment this would be his last public chance to do good to others, which proved to be only too true. It was the last time I ever saw him, and a pleasant memory it surely is.

Midway Place, Nov. 7th, 1911.



HIRAM A. McCARTNEY



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CHAPTER 65.

A WAR TIME DANCE AT MIKE MOORE'S, FIVE MILES NORTH OF CAMERON ON THE OLD WHITTAKER MILL AND MAYSVILLE ROAD.

I owned a good team and made a great big, two-seated sleigh to fit just such occasions, so a few of us soldier boys arranged to have a good sleigh ride and little dance at the jovial, good, old Uncle Mike's, as we called him. We sent Mr. Moore and his wife word what they might expect on a certain night a day or two later. We didn't dare put it off many days as the treacherous south wind might spoil our sleigh ride. I remember now of only two sleighs going from Cameron. I was fixed to carry two couple. I think now that Jack Thomas was the owner of the other sleigh, and had along his best girl, Miss Lizzie Fisher. Pardon me here for unveiling the life tragedy of poor Jack Thomas, after which I'll proceed with the sleigh ride and dance at "Uncle Mike's".

Jack, as all the young people in Cameron and vicinity knew, was desperately in love with Lizzie, and whether she reciprocated his love I never knew; on several occasions I had hinted it to her. I was then not quite so bashful and choky when I wanted to talk to a pretty, vivacious girl as I have described myself on several other occasions; war time had taken all that out of me. To show my esteem for Jack, and incidentally for Lizzie, he and she and Mr. and Mrs. Culver were guests at my infair dinner. Jack was true to his love, and they, I think, kept company for awhile after the war, when finally she married a fine young man and moved away, I think, to St. Joseph, and both are dead, I believe. Since writing the above I heard she is yet living.

Jack still ran his livery business but had a partner. The town springing up like a mushroom after the war ended, they decided to buy some more buggies, and Jack told his partner he would go to Quincy and buy some

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new stock. So they collected and got together what ready money they could scrape up, and Jack started to Quincy, and was not heard of for more than twenty years. He left enough, I heard, to make his partner whole. Our neighbor, Mr. James Jones, came across him one day at Los Angeles in a livery stable, where he was, as I understand the story that came back, working as a hired hand. Jack first denied his identity, but finally admitted he was the Jack Thomas of Cameron. I think Mr. Thomas P. Jones, whose wife was a cousin of Jack's, saw and talked with him when he was on a visit a good many years ago with his brother James, and brother-in-law, A. K. Crawford, a large real estate dealer in the boom days of Los Angeles. While in California over twenty years ago, I visited Mr. Crawford and Mr. Jones, and Jack was there then, but none of us knew it.

Now for the sleigh ride, and "on with the dance." Jack and his girl rode in one of his fine cutters, which made my outfit "look like 30 cents." I think the girl I had under my wing that evening was Miss Anne Heinbaugh, who afterward married a Mr. James Miller, son of the old time Dr. Miller, who lived many years not far from the little creek north of old Uncle Billy Read's, four miles north of Cameron.

My invited guests on that sleigh ride, I think, but I am not certain, it is so long since, were Lieutenant (now Judge) Henry of Cameron, and his girl. Lieutenants in war time were mighty popular with the girls, as were all of us officers. I never have found out for certain, but think I was a corporal. Granting this to be true, together with my personal beauty (?) and Chesterfieldian polish in drawing and ball rooms, my popularity with the girls was not to be wondered at. I think the Lieutenant had along on that sleigh ride little Sis Stout, a daughter of old Grandmother Adams, about the first lady resident of Cameron. Miss Stout afterward married Mr. John Nelson, who was head

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clerk in many of the early dry goods stores of Cameron. Nearly everybody in Cameron remembers John Nelson.

On our party's arrival, we found a good many local couples were already there. Uncle Mike's good wife "cleared the deck for action," having only a good sized front room, wide porch and sleeping loft above it, with lean-to shed room for kitchen. There were always two or three fiddlers, backwoods fiddlers, at these "Terpsichorean" performances, who could rasp out at a fearful velocity as to time, if not of rhythmic melody. While two or three of these musicians were tuning to middle "C", the boys were busy getting partners. Notwithstanding all my personal beauty and polished suavity in the drawing room, I hardly knew when the fiddler yelled, "Salute your partners" and "balance all," whether he meant to kiss the girl you had led out to dance with, or some other uncertain part of the figure of the cotillion, hence, I always went a little slow to see where I was at, and usually found I was away behind, my disgusted partner having to drag me through the whole figure. However, in the first place, I always took the precaution to select some rather antiquated spinster, who had a good deal of experience in days gone by, but the trouble with these aged maidens was, a great many of them had, did I say "red," no, auburn, hair, which I avoided when possible. However, in many cases they put up with, and pulled me through the mazes of the dance. The fiddlers shouted "promenade all, balance and swing, alamande all," which French call my old chum, Dock McCarthy used to call, "Hallamaluke." But to her credit, let her hair be red, auburn or raven, she got there on time and seemed to enjoy it, too, better than I did.

We'd had several "sets" and the young Grindstone boys kept dropping in, each one having along his girl, and only one room. Something had to be done or some boys and girls, too, would have to leave without the pleasure of keeping step to the rhythmic measures of melody rasped out by that primitive string band. Lieu-

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tenant Billy then, as ever after, was equal to the emergency. He was on his "native heath" having been raised within a mile or so of Mr. and Mrs. Moore. He whispered something to the good wife, and instantly pots, kettles, chairs, stools and all other movable furniture went into corners and out of doors into the back yard, and the orchestra which was located in the door went from front room to kitchen, when the Lieutenant, being accustomed to command men and us subalterns to obey, called out, "All those gentlemen who have been dancing come into the kitchen," which was eagerly obeyed by a good many, who not knowing what had been going on in that shed room kitchen while they were engaged in dancing or entertaining their partners with soft talk, jumped at the conclusion that the gallant officer was going to draw a weapon on them a little less dangerous (but not much in the long run), than the deadly revolver. But to their chagrin, they found that Lieutenant Henry didn't carry a bottle then, any more than Judge Henry does now. What the gallant Lieutenant was driving at, was fair play to those fresh arrivals. Soon we had partners in that lean-to kitchen. Our partners, as usual, losing some of that coy shyness, were equal to the occasion, and soon all hands and feet, too, in both rooms were keeping step to the rhythmical strains of "Hog and Sheep Going Through the Pasture" or the minor key melody of the "Girl I Left Behind Me."

There were only two of us had any inconvenience in that shed room; the Lieutenant and I were the tall men, but he had to duck his head considerably more than I did when we, in promenading, came to the low place in the ceiling. However, we had a good time in that old time house, as the young people have now in marble and gilded halls, keeping time to the melodious strains of modern string bands. But, alas, I know of no living soul except myself and Judge Henry of Cameron, who was at that little dance at Uncle Mike Moore's fifty years ago.

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CHAPTER 66.

JOHN P. McCARTNEY.

John P. McCartney was born in Harrisburg, Virginia, March 24th, 1819, died January 24th, 1897, married to Miss Angeline Thomas in June, 1861, who died in October, 1897. I was well acquainted with this lady. Her father, Uncle Billy Thomas, was a good man, and was one of the early day judges of Caldwell County. Only one of his sons is now living, Thaddeus, who is in very feeble health; I have known him for sixty years. Died since above was written.

I first became acquainted with John McCartney about the year 1848. He was the oldest of a large family, who came from Ohio, and I think originally from Virginia, and was of undoubted cavalier lineage. No family in the community in an early day, stood higher than did the McCartney, representing, as they did, the warm hospitality of the southland, and to some extent, its local prejudices, but not the ignorance and superstition of many sections of the territory south of "Mason and Dixon's" line. Hence, it cannot be wondered at that this good family took the side of the South in the great war to establish "a Confederacy," whose chief corner stone was the perpetuation of African slavery and State's Rights. While none of the men took any active military part in the great struggle of the rebellion, I think they did not deny that their sympathies were with the Confederates. The better class of those who stood firmly for the Union through evil, as well as good report, always respected those who differed from (and their name was legion) in the Border State. But there was a class of men, who loved the Union for the plunder that could be gotten out of border warfare, as well as the great premium offered for enlistment, and usually these fellows, who were so brave on dress parade, were the first to "show the white feather" when a little danger was in sight.

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But I am digressing. When I first knew John McCartney, he was engaged, with his other brothers and sisters, in farming and handling considerable numbers of cattle and other live stock. He also was interested in merchandising at Kingston, but sold his interest in the mercantile business, and devoted his entire time to home interests. About this time, a post office was established at the McCartney farm, called "Elmonte," and John P. McCartney was postmaster. I think this was the last cross roads post office in this end of Clinton County, and it was abandoned when Cameron came into existence with the opening of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railway, the first railway reaching Missouri River from the east. The writer saw the first excursion passenger train pass Cameron, which ran from the Mississippi River to the Missouri River; I think it was in February, 1858.

John McCartney was an enthusiastic pomologist, and established the first permanent nursery in Clinton County, which he operated for many years. Many of the old apple and pear trees in the vicinity of Cameron, were raised in McCartney's nursery. I have one apple, and two pear trees bought of him in the year 1860, yet living and bearing.

For many years, Mr. McCartney was an uncomplaining invalid, but he was cheerful to the last. I visited him a short time before his death, and offered all the comforts I could, wishing him many days yet on earth, but he shook his head, saying his career was near its end, which was true.

John McCartney will be long remembered by those who knew him best, as a fine business man, with more than ordinary information, and a rugged honesty and integrity, and with his declining health and death, the public lost a good citizen. Peace be to his ashes.

Mr. McCartney kept the most accurate and complete diary and meteorological report from the year 1854 to 1861, inclusive. After an interval of about ten years, he again took it up and continued making daily records

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until the time of his death, which was in the year 1898. I consider these reports very valuable acquisitions to the horticultural interests of this section of the country.

JAMES WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER 67.

JOSEPH CHARLESS.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, there lived in Lexington, Kentucky, a man whose name was Joseph Charless, who owned and ran probably the largest and best equipped printing office and book bindery west of the Alleghanies, judging from a book I have that was printed and bound at that office in the year 1806. I have hundreds of books, but this book is a long way the best bound volume in my library, and is now 106 years old.

My mother's father, Joseph Beatty, was a citizen of Lexington at that time and knew Mr. Charless. The tide of immigration rolling westward, Charless and my grandfather came west about the same time early in the nineteenth century, Charless coming to St. Louis, and Beatty to St. Charles County. Beatty was a stone and brick mason, as well as contractor and farmer, in St. Charles County, where his farm was located near the famed Dustin Bottoms. Charless had a boy, Joseph Charless, Jr., who was a schoolmate of mother's, her father having moved to the city early in the spring to take contract work in the then growing old French village. Among many others I have heard her tell of the Choteaus, LaRoux, Lucases, Charless, etc. One of the Lucases fell by the hand of Thomas A. Benton on Bloody Island in the Mississippi in an "affair of honor."

Among other stories of early days in St. Louis was that her father and his brother James being partners in the contracting business, were offered 40 acres of land that is now in the heart of Saint Louis to build for an old French citizen a residence building. James Beatty

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objected on the ground that they could buy good land back five miles for \$1.25 per acre. The next season another American contractor built the same house for 20 acres. Dying soon after, the 20 acres made his heirs a great fortune.

Young Charless, when he arrived at manhood, went into the drug business, which finally grew into the great wholesale drug house of Charless, Blow & Co. I can remember well of seeing their ads in the old St. Louis Republican, which awhile back got kind of ashamed of its name, and I don't wonder at its wanting to change its name when I think of some of its editorials in war time.

Early in the year of 1860 (I think it was that year), the big drug company had in their employ a young man by name of Thornton, whom Mr. Charless accused of purloining money and falsifying the books to make them balance, resulting finally in Thornton being discharged. He went down the river to Memphis and wandered around looking for a job, but the news of the charge against him by the big drug concern had preceded him so that he could get no work. He came back to St. Louis, wandered around aimlessly for a time, then finally armed himself with a deadly Colt's revolver, and knowing just where Charless would pass for noon luncheon, waited. Finally Charless came in sight. Thornton carefully waited until his quarry was in point blank range, and telling Charless he'd ruined him, saying, "Take that and die, you lying traducer," he fired, killing Charless instantly. With the revolver still smoking, he went across the street and gave himself up to the policeman, telling him that he had deliberately killed Joe Charless and was ready to pay the penalty.

The writer was in St. Louis the day Thornton was hung for this crime, to which he had pleaded guilty awhile previous in open court, telling the court he would do it again under the same circumstances, saying he was ready to pay the penalty which he knew the court was

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bound by law to impose on him. His statement was made public next morning in the papers, and I give the particulars as I remember them. One reason for my remembering this so long is his victim, Charless, was a schoolmate of my mother, and his father was the printer of the old bok mentioned above.

I am preserving this book and want it handed down with the Williams name to posterity, as a memento of the tragic ending of Joseph Charless and his murderer.

CHAPTER 68.

JOHN R. MINER.

Jack Miner, as he was familiarly called, came here and purchased a claim of the late J. M. Marlin, at the head of William's Creek, about the year 1850, and lived on this farm until his death about twenty-five years since.

Mr. Miner was a good, honest, upright, Christian gentleman; was a hard working, frugal farmer, leaving a good, well improved farm, and what was better, a good name, with many friends and no enemies. Was the father of three sons, Scott, Joseph and Early, and three daughters, Mrs. Meredith Adams, now Mrs. James S. Price of Wichita Falls, Texas. Mrs. Price's first husband, who died many years ago, was the father of Newton L. Adams, now and for many years, a successful dry goods merchant of Cameron. His brother, John Adams, owns a fine farm near Turney, and a sister, Miss Betty Adams, married a successful boot and shoe dealer named Phillips, all excellent people. Mrs. Price is also mother of one son, appropriately named Sterling Price, a fine young man, as well as several highly cultured daughters. Mrs. Millard Fore, another daughter, and Mrs. Allen Nave, another daughter of Mr. Miner, has three respected children, and lives with her aged mother, now nearing her ninety-fifth year, perhaps the oldest person in Clinton County. Joseph, her brother,

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also lives on the old home farm. No better man on Shoal Creek than Joe Miner. All these people are worthy descendants of that good, honest man, John R. Miner.

CHAPTER 69.

THE JAMES BOYS' FATHER.

MY RECOLLECTION OF THE FATHER OF THE FAMOUS JAMES BROTHERS, JESSE AND FRANK.

I have seen the Reverend James only once in my early boyhood. He and my father, Luke Williams, were ministers of (at that time) so called Missionary Baptist denomination, and both frequently preached together with that good man, Elder Franklin Graves, who, after father's death, preached his funeral. They all preached at various times for the old New Hope Baptist Church located just across the county line in Clay County, near the farm of the Elder Collet Haynes for whom the town of Haynesville was named, and in its best days was a rival of Plattsburg, the only towns in Clinton County at that time, fifty-five years ago. There were, however, some cross roads stores, Barnesville, Carpenter's, Bainbridge and Woodward; Baldwin's had come and gone before this period.

I remember well the names of several of the communicants of New Hope Church, beside many who at that time, lived in the vicinity of Haynesville and Centerville (now Kearney), including the Thomasons, Harrieses (one of whom was killed in a skirmish near Haynesville in war time). I think young Harris was on the Union side; Collet Haynes, the Caves, Major Creek and a good many others, including Jacob Greason and Jeff Hubbard.

All early settlers will remember that Clinton, and all Northwest Missouri, and for that matter all the vast

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territory in the great Northwest to Hudson's Bay, abounded in game in vast numbers, and in the fall would drift from the great prairie regions to the partly timbered settlements of the Northwest counties, including the north part of Clinton, then sparsely settled. Clay County being longer settled, the game were not so plentiful as in North Clinton. Hence, my father being quite expert with the old fashioned flint lock, and later, percussion cap lock rifle, in the fall of the year killed many of those fat deer and turkeys, which came in herds and flocks, and some winters would get nearly all of a field (the fields were small then) of corn, which happened not to be gathered before the deep snows of those days.

So my father invited Brother James, Brother Harris and I think Major Creek, for a hunt, and several others of his acquaintances were in the crowd. They brought along a negro man servant, who drove a yoke of fine big oxen to a big covered ox tongue wagon and a camping outfit. Of course, those early Nimrods, like cavaliers of old, rode horses, and brought a pack of yellow tan, long eared hounds, and big old muzzle loading double barrel shotguns. They camped on William's Creek in a fine timbered bottom belonging to my father, just west of the bridge (now in beautiful blue grass pasture), just a little north of where I had the picnic April 30th, 1892, to celebrate my fifty years' residence at Midway Place.

'Twas in October, and I think about the year 1845 or 1846, and in the early morn the hounds and hunters would make the welkin ring. They'd surround a clump of timber and brush, and when the game would pass, their firing reminded me of several skirmishes I participated in a good many years after.

There were along two or three boys. I think one was Mr. Harris' boy, and the other little fellows I now think were the famous James brothers.

Mr. James, as I remember, was a fine specimen of Kentucky gentlemen, with a demeanor indicative of a

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polished education and aristocratic surroundings for generations. I've been told he had some family troubles and went to California with the early gold seekers and died there. The later history of the James family is too well known for me to add anything to it.

In this connection, I might add a little war time experience I had on the road between Cameron and Liberty. 'Twas on this trip (now nearly fifty years ago), I last saw the old brick church building that sheltered the New Hope worshippers, as well as the old town of Haynesville, long since abandoned for the town of Holt about two miles southwest.

It came about in this way. There was a squad of soldiers who were (detached from their command at Liberty) in Cameron which needed a team to haul some of their baggage they were (either too lazy or too drunk, or both) to carry on their horses, being cavalymen. I was in Cameron and they nabbed me—"pressed" they called such military achievements in those days. No use to remonstrate. Union and rebel sympathizers were about on an equal footing, so far as transportation was concerned at that time. So I went, of course, arriving in Liberty late that night. I fed my team and ate a few "hard tack" with some black coffee. (I don't know whether my young friends will know what I mean by "hard tack;" go in the army or navy and you'll find out, though they are better now than then.)

The next day, after having a fair soldier breakfast, my team being somewhat rested, I was making ready to go home when some of the soldier boys, whose stuff I'd hauled from Cameron, suggested to the Orderly Sergeant that they had learned in Cameron that I was a firm Union man and was entitled to a United States voucher for my services, which was true, and the Sergeant proposed right then to make out one, which I declined. Of course, I liked pay for my services (which were not needed at all on that trip), but this was about the time the famous (or infamous) Order No. 11 came out on the south side of the Missouri River. Let me

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refer my young readers to a little book entitled "Order No. 11," which tells of the heart rending, bloody tragedies that were enacted in Jackson, Lafayette and Cass counties carrying out this terrible order, and while I lived a few years in Jackson County, temporarily, there were a few of the old stone smoke stacks, silent monitors of that terrible time, still standing. While I'll not vouch for the somewhat romantic stories of this book, it, however, gives a very good idea of those times, as I have learned from other authentic sources long before this book was published.

Clay County, at that time, was full of detached squads of Confederates, bushwhackers, and Union soldiers, and nearly all of them would fire on, and then halt a supposed enemy, not caring a great deal whether he was a friend or foe, if he had a good horse, or something they needed or wanted. I didn't care about carrying government vouchers, not knowing just whose hands I might fall into going home, and it happened about seven or eight miles out of Liberty I noticed ahead of me a solitary horseman, who seemed to be on guard on a high hill in the Fishing River timber. I felt a cold chill run down my back, but knew it would not do to be anything but a farmer returning home from town, so drove steadily on. The horseman took a good look at me at about 75 yards distance and rode off down to a little branch, and when I got to the top of the hill where he was located, I noticed a camp fire and several horses and men in sight, but didn't investigate very closely who they were, or what their business was; neither did I allow much grass to grow under my horse's feet for several miles after I got out of their sight and hearing.

The Orderly promised to mail my voucher; I never heard of it. Of course a "John Doe" voucher was made out for transportation, and probably a division among those higher up of the proceeds. Good people, thousands of them, were pressed into service this way and never heard of the promised voucher.

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CHAPTER 70.

TRAGIC DEATH OF WILLIAM ADAMS.

This tragedy occurred several years before the war. Young William Adams was a brother of the pioneer, Smith Adams, whom a few yet living in this vicinity will remember. Young Adams was visiting his brother from his Kentucky home, and like many young men of that day, liked to hunt. He came over one day to our neighbor, John F. Alloway's place, and they went out hunting on Shoal Creek. The accident occurred about one and one-half miles southeast of our place, near a tract owned by the late Judge Virgil Porter, not far from the old pioneer Baldwin's place.

It was in the woods through which ran a little path. Mr. Adams was on his horse waiting for the deer to pass, when Mr. Alloway seeing a slight movement in the bushes 70 or 80 yards distant and Adams' horse's ears moving, thought it was a deer (the horse was about the color of a deer at that season of the year). Alloway was a dead shot, so he drew down and fired at the moving object, hitting Mr. Adams and fatally wounding him in the abdomen. Adams holloed and Alloway went to him and found him fatally shot. He went to a near neighbor and assistance was gotten as quickly as possible. I think Dr. Crawford was the first help he had. They sent for the famous surgeon at Gallatin, Dr. Cravens, who probed the wound, telling them it was fatal. I stood at the bedside when he breathed his last. Thus passed a splendid looking young man in the prime of young manhood.

John Alloway was the father of the wife of the well known Dr. Longfield of Turney, who died a few years ago.

SAMUEL WILHOIT.

Samuel Wilhoit bought a claim on the county line between Clinton and Caldwell counties of that pioneer settler, Willis Creason, who was among the earliest settlers of this vicinity. Mr. Wilhoit's farm was about

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nine miles south of Cameron, and is now owned by Judge Wallace, whose wife is one of Mr. Wilhoit's daughters. Judge Wallace's people were also early pioneers of Caldwell County, settling in the vicinity of Mirabile. The writer remembers seeing the elder Mr. Wallace more than sixty years ago, who lived to a great age.

Mr. Wilhoit was among the best farmers of his neighborhood, also had a fine orchard. He was a pillar in the Christian Church, and the generations following him are too numerous to individualize in these short biographical sketches. All were first class people.

CHAPTER 71.

HOW WE USED TO CATCH QUAILS

Years ago when there was lots of hazel brush along the skirts of timber, there were many flocks of quail, sometimes as many as two dozen in a bevy. We would make a net out of flax twine with meshes similar to fish seines, about one inch square. This net was a long (about 20 feet) hollow bag with nice, little hickory, or white oak hoops, which were either colored, or smoked until as near the color of the brush as possible, to keep them from scaring the birds. This long bag net was about as big at its mouth as a common salt barrel of today. The front hoop, in place of being round, was heavier than the round hoops, and not fastened together, the ends being sharpened to stick into the ground to hold the bag firmly in place. This bag got smaller toward the back until it was not much, if any, larger than a quail for some two or more feet, then was some larger to the back end of it, with a strong cord attached to a sharp pin of wood to stick into the ground after stretching the bag taut, thus staking it into the ground firmly.

The bag set, we are ready for the wings, which were made of same material with meshes, perhaps, a little larger. These wings were usually about 20 inches high, and 35 to 60 feet long, with nice hickory stakes about $\frac{3}{4}$

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of an inch in diameter 18 inches apart, projecting some 4 inches below bottom, and being sharpened and driven in the ground perpendicularly to hold the wings (as they were called) stiff against the quails' attack in trying to pass through. These wings were fastened securely to the mouth of the bag so that the quails in passing along looking for holes to get through, on finding the big, open bag would go like a speckled streak into it, and crawl through the small part and come to the larger part at the back end of the bag, and would never find their way back.

But some curious boy or girl will ask, did the quails go into that trap of their own accord? Not a bit of it. In hunting quails with a net, a damp, foggy day in fall or winter, when the leaves were off so we could see them, was the most favorable time for success. We would skulk through the brush as quietly as possible, and first locate the bevy, usually setting under some leafy bushes, if the weather was a little cold, hovered up and still as a mouse. It then behooved us to be still, too. We'd quietly slip away. If three of us were along, one would watch the birds, and two set the net, then all would get away back, hocking and whistling slyly, as it would not do to come on them too suddenly or they might get scared and fly and scatter. So, if they started to run, we'd watch and try to drive them so they'd strike about the center of the wide spread crotch wings, and, four times in five, we'd get all, or most of them. We've caught many flocks of them in nets just south of our present dwelling not 100 yards from our door.

CHAPTER 72.

MY EXPERIENCE IN PROMOTING ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

About 14 years ago, I got excited about Electric Railways, not knowing anything of their cost and the dense ignorance of farmers (at that time) concerning

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electric railways. Nearly every man we went to soliciting right of way believed we were trying to beat him. So I got up a subscription to have a preliminary survey from Cameron via the old Parkville grade. I got about half enough money to pay for the work. We employed a good firm of competent engineers, Burns & McDonnell of Kansas City, and ran levels from Cameron to a point west of Liberty. Not finding a feasible route via Liberty, and getting no encouragement along the line, we abandoned that scheme.

A short time after, I joined with an organization at Liberty which was trying to promote a line from Kansas City via Liberty to Excelsior Springs, the best thing at that time in sight out of Kansas City, provided we could have made arrangements to cross the Missouri River. We had all kinds of promises from a Mr. Bates, who claimed he represented a company which was going to finish the big bridge on the Winner piers. He proved to be, as we thought, only a bag of hot wind, like many other promoters.

He insisted on our sending a committee to Boston, which we did, sending Mr. J. W. Spratley, whose mother I have since met. She was one of the shrewdest real estate speculators at the time I met her. The other commissioner was Mr. Claud Hardwicke of Liberty, Mo., a good friend of mine. Another good friend in Liberty, is Mr. Emmett Ward, postmaster.

Our committee visited Boston capitalists, who talked favorably of the enterprise, but would not take the matter up until we could show a contract from some reliable Bridge Co., to cross our cars. Meantime, Bates' people sold the old Winner piers and franchise to the Burlington—Swift—Armour Syndicate, who, like the ox in the manger, would do nothing themselves nor let any body else until they grabbed a vast tract of land in the bottoms adjoining the north approach to the great bridge they have recently finished. Of course, our Liberty Company came to grief. However, it is a good thing for Kansas City, as these great capitalists are spending millions in

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improvements that no small company could have financed.

I got on to a good many things while with that Liberty Co., which repaid me one hundred fold for time and money spent.

CHAPTER 73.

THE BRECKENRIDGES.

Clinton County will certainly be a prominent county for historic names. It has not only been the home of the Atchisons, the Birchs, the Biggerstaffs, the Lincolns, the Hughes, but many others. Yet a more prominent historical name than even David R. Atchison lives in Clinton County. I think all will agree that the name of Breckenridge will go down to posterity side by side with that of Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden and other noted men of Kentucky.

Mr. Adam Breckenridge of Plattsburg, I have been informed, is a cousin or near relative of the historic John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, who was an orator the peer of the great statesman and pacificator, Henry Clay. He was also Vice President under Buchanan's administration, and nominee of the Southern wing of the Democracy at Baltimore for President of the United States in 1860, and upon the organization of the Confederacy, was the chosen Vice President, with Jefferson Davis for President. If all these high offices do not make a man a historical character, what would?

There are two of the older Breckenridges in Clinton County. The one near Stewartsville I've met only once, some twenty years since, and he is probably not living now, as he was quite old at that time. Mr. Adam Breckenridge has three sons living near Turney, who are prominent cattle and land owners, and are withal excellent citizens, creditable alike to their adopted state, as well as to that of their nativity, and are fine specimens of the

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illustrious family, whose name they bear. Their names are Wilmarth, John and Jefferson. Mrs. Wilmarth Breckenridge is an indefatigable worker in the Christian Church, never tiring in the good work, and will receive her well earned reward hereafter.

CHAPTER 74.

WHY THE PIONEERS SETTLED ALONG THE CREEKS.

I have been asked many times why the early pioneers settled along the woods bordering the creeks, leaving the fine prairie lands to be settled last. I can well remember when anything like fair, timbered land would sell for \$10.00 to \$20.00 per acre, when at the same time, the finest land on the big prairies could be bought for \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre, of the Government, and at one time it sold to actual pre-emptors for 12½ cts. per acre.

The cause of this inequality in price was,—it was nearly impossible to live out on those bleak prairies with the little means the poor settlers had. No water, away off from wood and stone (the wood to build houses and make rails to fence); stock all ran at large a good many years after war time. The only way to get water then, was to dig wells by hand and wall up with stone, and no stone nearer than the creeks.

It took four or five yoke of oxen to plow that tough prairie sod, unreasonable as it seems now. Everything had to be hewed out by hand. Then, there was no shelter for stock on the high prairies, no stock water; in cold weather the stock would run off to the woods in a storm and stay there till they died, if not driven back.

Then, with all these things to surmount, why would not the poor man (with one yoke of oxen, two cows, one or two horses, besides a lot of hazel splitter hogs that would winter many open winters in the woods with little feed, and less shelter) settle along the creeks near all

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these absolute necessities? He could plow bottom land with one yoke of oxen, and drive them himself; could plow the corn with one horse and shovel plow; could get fencing timber and fuel off the ground he plowed, and some times raise 50 to 75 bushels of corn the first year, and but very little on tough sod. Of course, every one would have grabbed the nice prairie if they'd had the wealth and facilities of this day.

And, after all, a great many of the wealthy farmers are descendants of these pioneers, and are yet living on the same spot they settled 60 to 80 years ago. There are many fine houses and big barns on these old farms, being near plenty of stock water and timbered shelter.

CHAPTER 75.

CAPTAIN JOHN TURNEY.

In this article I will take up where I left off in a former article, entitled, "My First Love Affair."

After having a good dinner with Mr. Wells and the dark haired lady, whom I think was married at this time, it was late in the day. All the militia forces had not arrived, so it was decided to bivouac on the old Fair Ground until morning. A pretty tough time we had. No commissaries, as usual, to amount to anything, but to their credit be it said, the citizens of Plattsburg came to rescue by dividing liberally with us.

From this far day, I believe Plattsburg would have been looted and probably burned, as a military necessity by the Confederates, as they were moving heaven and earth, so to speak, to divert attention to the north side of the river that they might swoop down suddenly on Fort Leavenworth, Leavenworth City, or Kansas City, and capture much needed supplies and arms. In case they were successful, hundreds of friends who were at home playing neutral, would flock to their standard after arms and supplies were assured.

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Captain John Turney had organized a Company of Unionist Militia, who were ready, at a moment's notice, to fall in on hearing of the approaching Confederates under Thraillkill, one of the bands of Confederates which terrorized all the counties north of the Missouri, and Bill Anderson, who was killed near Richmond (afterward accredited with the merciless killing of a whole Company, save one or two, whose horses were too fleet, getting away to tell the story of their comrades, who foolishly attacked Anderson on the prairie near Centralia, in Boone County, throwing away their fire at long range). When Anderson's men charged, yelling like demons, it caused the raw militia horses to stampede on the open prairie, whereupon Anderson's men charged in among the helpless militia, whose guns had been foolishly emptied at long range (doing very little damage), and shot nearly every man in the head. I got these facts from a man in St. Louis a few years after the war; he was an eye witness to this tragedy. His story is too long for this work.

An incident which occurred the night we camped on the old Fair Ground west of town, which scared many of us nearly as badly as we were the next day while under fire near Camden Point in Platte County. Some loose horses got frightened at something, ran and snorted, scaring many other horses, and here they came, pell mell, right through the men, who were lying around and under the old dilapidated fair amphitheater, or show ring. They were surrounded and caught, with no further damage than waking everybody. They didn't wake me; there had been too much excitement the day before for me to sleep amid such confusion. Daylight found me pretty well used up, as it did many other raw militiamen.

I give the story of the killing of Captain John Turney as I heard it told; at that time I had not heard all the particulars.

Captain Turney, on hearing of this armed force (which had looted Dr. Crawford's store at Mirabile and killed a militiaman, a Mr. Christopher, on Shoal Creek, who was at home on a furlough in his soldier uniform;

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they shot him in the head—I saw him a few hours after), had his men taken across the little creek east of town, and posted behind a big rail fence. When the enemy approached, the militia opened fire on them, and, as usual, they scattered, putting spurs to their horses, and disappearing in a southwest direction, carrying with them some supposedly wounded men; after being repulsed, they never returned.

Our bugles sounded "Feed Call" at early dawn, and by sunrise we were after them, with fresh horses, double quick, and we soon ran on their trail west of town, headed in the direction of Union Mills. Every man was ordered to load every gun and pistol, and use care, but to push his horse to his utmost. 700 or 800 of us going helter skelter without paying any attention to rank or file, were strung out on the prairie between Plattsburg and Union Mills, in the east edge of Platte County. Crossing the river, which, at that time, was very low, below the mill dam, we hurried on, strung out on the road more than a mile long.

After crossing the river some three miles (the Confederates had left the main road, which at that point ran nearly south), we turned into a long, narrow lane running west. This lane was more than a quarter of a mile long, and was only a private way to a big forest of timber, yet uncleared. After passing the lane, the road turned into a thick undergrowth of brush, with many tall trees interspersed. Here, the Confederates halted, and as our vanguard approached, fired into them at point blank range, killing a militiaman, by name, I think, of Groom, but I was too badly scared and excited at that time to make much inquiry. I had often heard that a lot of frightened men had no more sense or reason, than a drove of wild, scared Texas steers, but I never believed it until this occasion. They got mixed up in that brush, their horses stampeded from the continuous rattle of musketry and revolvers, and pandemonium reigned. Our Captain, Isaiah Jones, had been under fire in the great battles around Vicksburg, and kept cool, telling the

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boys to pour it into them, but the boys were scared so badly that they poured most of their lead up in the tree tops, and the Confederates did about the same, judging from the way the little twigs rained down on us.

Most of us were lying down in the weeds. I didn't like my position. I had gotten over my first scare, and wanted to see where all that racket in front of us came from so I looked a little ahead, up a path across a little open spot, and saw Andy Adams standing mighty close to a friendly little hickory tree. I made for Andy and that tree. He seemed as cool and imperturbable as a cast iron Indian in front of an early tobacco store. Approaching, I said, "Andy, is it big enough for two of us?" He replied, saying, "It will help some if we stand edgewise and close to it." Talk of being on the ground floor! I'd have given several of those five cent, green back shin plasters of those days to have exchanged positions with Andy. As it was, the only shot I fired during the whole war was from behind Andy and that little tree. I had fourteen shots in reserve. I kept thinking of the tragic fate of the Militia Company a few days before at Centralia. Then and there was the only time I assumed to give command over my superiors. I commenced yelling, "Load your guns, quick, boys; they may charge on us and our guns empty." This skirmish was the only time I was under point blank fire during the war.

I believe it is due to the memory of the heroic Captain John Turney, and his fearless Company, to commemorate the brave defence of Plattsburg and the County Records. Besides, there were many strong Unionists in town, and they certainly would have been shot, as was Mr. Christopher on Shoal Creek. I am willing, as a taxpayer, to contribute to a fund to have a granite shaft erected in the Court yard to commemorate this heroic deed.

It was said after the war, there were several men with Thraillkill, who knew every man's political antecedents in Plattsburg, and some of them, had they fallen into the hands of their implacable enemy, would have paid for

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their political past with their lives, as did many others in those days.

CHAPTER 76.

THE EARLY PUBLIC MEN OF CLINTON CO.

While I was too young to be much acquainted with many of the early public men of our county, I will say that I have seen a few times the most conspicuous man (up to this time), who lived for many years and died in Clinton County, "General David R. Atchison," among whose contemporaries were Judge James H. Birch, with whom I was fairly well acquainted in his later years. Judge Birch, I think, was the best orator Clinton County ever had as a resident citizen, with few equals and no superiors west of the Mississippi. General A. W. Doniphan was one of the former. The late John T. Hughes, father of the eminent lawyer, Roland Hughes, of Kansas City, was the historian of Col. Doniphan's expedition to Santa Fe and the lower Rio Grande, and in his book characterized Col. Doniphan as the "Xenophon of the West." Doniphan was a fine orator, and a great advocate at the bar of the courts, and left an untarnished name not soon to be forgotten.

I cannot fail to mention another one of my early friends and benefactors, Thomas Erskine Birch, brother of Judge Birch. Mr. Birch kept a general country store for several years in Plattsburg, selling, (as he did many others of the early settlers) our supplies and taking in exchange what produce we had to spare, and crediting our open account until the end of the year. Then, if we did not have the money to balance account, would take a note and open a new one. I have yet in my possession a note in his handwriting, which I signed nearly sixty years ago. The note was paid or it would not be in my possession.

A good friend of mine is a maternal grandson of Thos. E. Birch, Mr. George B. Harrison, Vice President

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of the great New England National Bank of Kansas City. It would seem the mantle of the grandfather has fallen on his generations who are still assisting his grandfather's friend and customer.

Allow me to express my appreciation of the many favors of the New England National Bank for assisting me in any deals I've so far been promoting.

In closing this chapter of public men of the past, I wish to remember my old friend and contemporary of all these long years, Col. James H. Birch of Plattsburg. The Colonel's history is too well known for me to elaborate on, and had I his versatile pen and polished diction, I indeed might essay to write historical narratives. He came to the county the same year I did, hence will remember many of my characters.

Another familiar name to all old settlers is that of Col. Winslow Turner (perhaps the best penman that ever made and used a quill pen in Clinton County) as will be shown by examining the early records he made in his well known handwriting. I now have in my father's old papers, an instrument in his handwriting, an order of the County Court, dated August, 1842, appointing Isaac D. Baldwin, John Durbin and Luke Williams (my father) Commissioners to organize Township 56-Range 30, as a public school district, which order was carried out, and the first public schoolhouse in Shoal Township was built the next season. I helped build it although but a boy, and the first free school I went to was in that house, taught by Edward Matthews, which, I think, was in the fall of 1843 or 44.

Dec. 22, 1911.

CHAPTER 77.

MARKETING PORK SIXTY YEARS AGO.

I give this little story of marketing butchered hogs to show to what extremities we were pushed to get a

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little ready money in the days before railway transportation reached us.

I think it was in the winter of 1852 that we had about six fat hogs more than we needed for home consumption. We butchered them with the intention of hauling the pork carcasses to St. Joseph, the nearest Missouri River market, and is yet, for that matter. It was in January and awful cold. I loaded them in my wagon and started, cold as it was. It grew a great deal colder before I reached St. Joseph, I remember.

I went via Plattsburg and stayed the first night at the old pioneer's, John McCowan, on Castile Creek. Next morning, with the mercury away below zero, if we'd had any thermometers (I'd never even seen one of them then), I hitched up and started a little late on account of the intense cold. The pork was frozen as hard as ice. No danger of its spoiling, which was one consoling fact. Not being very warmly clothed, I had to stop frequently to warm at farm houses, but "the latch string" hung out in those days.

I worried along that cold day and stopped five miles out of town, staying with a nice Kentucky family (any of the people on public roads would keep travelers in those days). It was at this place I first heard the music of that wonderful (to me) instrument which my mother used to tell us about which she had seen and heard in her girlhood days in St. Louis, when she was a schoolmate of the Chateaus, Laroux, Robidoux's, Lucasses and Charlesses, the "piano." After hearing the good lady play a few selections, she opened the lid, showing me the stringed harp of the wonderful instrument, which Jenkins of Kansas City, if he could find as poor a one as it was, would be glad to get a \$25.00 offer for, pay \$1.00 down the "balance like rent." However, it would be worth more as a curious relic of the past, than it could be sold for any other purpose.

Being not quite so cold next morning, I started for town. The road had lots of pork wagons that morning, all headed for market. There were two or more concerns

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buying the butchered pork and packing it. Among them was a Mr. Hamilton (I think this man Hamilton was Mrs. A. T. Baubie's father). They all had sentinels on the outposts buying these loads of pork. I had learned where I stayed with the piano people, that Mr. Hamilton was about the best buyer, and his place was right on my route in the center of town, so I drove up to Hamilton's pork house. A gentleman was on the lookout. Hailing me, he asked if my load was sold. I answered in the negative, and he came and looked it over and said he'd give me, I think it was \$4.75 per hundred in gold coin, so I sold to him, and in payment he gave me one of those \$50.00 octagon gold pieces coined by Clark & Co.'s assay office in San Francisco for convenience of trade, at that time, on the Pacific Coast, before the U. S. Mint had been established there. That was the only one of those \$50.00 coins I ever got in trade. They were unalloyed gold, and were not legal tender, but I never heard of a case where they had to be forced on any one in payment of any obligation.

I have now in my shop, one big plane bought with some of the proceeds of that sale, besides a redeemed note held in Plattsburg for goods furnished us the summer before. That was the last, and only pork I ever hauled to Missouri River points, but later on, we hauled a load of bacon to Weston, which sold for 7c per lb., and those hogs were fattened mostly on "mast" and finished on corn.

I will ask my live stock friends how they would like to have such facilities now for marketing their hogs, to say nothing about cattle.

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CHAPTER 78.

MY MEMORY OF THE KILLING OF JAMES PAW- LEY, AND ONE OF THE NICHOLSON BROTHERS OF CENTERVILLE, NOW KEARNEY, CLAY CO., MO.

It is a matter of history that in the first breaking out of the great Civil War many young men (good men) were persuaded and feasted, and by the alluring smiles of their young lady loves and friends, were enlisted and rushed off into General Sterling Price's army with the hue and cry that the Dutch and "Black Republicans" had invaded the sacred soil of Missouri. So when it came to the test, these young bloods found by their experience on the bloody fields of Wilson's Creek, Pea Ridge, Cowskin Prairie and many other hard contested fields, that war, instead of dress parade and picnics with the alluring smiles of their sweethearts and intended mother-in-laws, was an awful reality, and was well named, many years after by General Sherman.

So, after the campaign of one summer participating in all the hardships, suffering, sickness, hunger of the campaign, without clothing, commissaries, or money, their ranks decimated by the bullets of adversaries and contagion, many of these early Confederate recruits (under a proclamation issued by the Union authorities then, and ever after controlling the state) came back home and took the oath of allegiance to the old flag. (A pretty bitter pill for many of them to swallow), but it was a ground hog case; they had to or lay out in the woods and starve and freeze. Some of them tried the brush rather than submit to the sometimes cruel officials in command. (It was a mighty poor time in those days for social or love affairs), and many of those who came back and refused to surrender and take the oath, their deadly opponents prescribed for them, either got themselves killed, or their friends in trouble, or both, and this

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was Border Warfare, and a terrible thing it was in many of the Western Missouri River counties all through the war.

Young Pawley, together with a good many other young men of the vicinity a few miles south of here, enlisted at one of these fine picnics spoken of above, held near the Brooking school house. I don't now remember who commanded the company, but they went south in a hurry as a company of Union soldiers lit off the cars one night about this time and arrested a good many who were promoting this lively Confederate movement, to their terrible chagrin. Deep and bitter were their anathemas against the "Black Republicans" and Dutch, as they called all Union men at that time. They still smarted under General Lyons' famous "Coup d'etat" at St. Louis.

Young Pawley, like many others, came back having had the measles and not fit for military duty in winter. Cameron, at that time, was a terror to Confederate sympathizers, hence, he stopped with some people in Clay County by the name of Nicholson. I have never known whether the Nicholsons, any of them, were ever with the Confederates, but think some of them were. A short time after the war, I became acquainted with their father and I formed a very favorable opinion of the old gentleman, at that time. Although I was on the Union side, I'd not have been a bit afraid to have trusted myself as his guest; even if he had known I had ten thousand dollars on my person. I think Mr. Nicholson was a fair example of many men of the South. We all know the best men of the "Lost Cause" were the last to surrender.

I got the facts which I herein state, from one of Clay County's early and best citizens shortly after the great struggle closed. I think all the older citizens of Kearney will agree with me when I say that the good old Baptist preacher, Elder Franklin Graves, was one of Clay County's best people. Elder Graves' story was as follows:

"One afternoon, I, together with a good many others,

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were in a drug store in Centerville, now Kearney, when suddenly a squad of armed, and apparently drunken soldiers in Union uniforms, surrounded the building yelling and firing promiscuously and ordering everybody to surrender. There were several militiamen, including one or two of the Nicholson boys, who then belonged to a company of so called "pawpaw" militia. The so called "pawpaw" militia were mostly those returned Confederate soldiers before mentioned, and there was, at that time, no great deal of love for them among Union soldiers, as we all who participated in the struggle, know.

The Nicholson boys, instead of showing the "white feather," out with their pistols and guns and commenced to return the fire. The noisy Union soldiers turned and fled helter skelter, and the "pawpaw" militia after them firing as they went, killing one of the soldiers; I think his name was Bonds, a man who was raised not far from Haynesville, if I am right.

The whole country was aroused. A bunch of "pawpaw" militia bushwhackers had killed a Union soldier. Nobody ever stopped to inquire how it happened, but a Union soldier had been killed was enough. It got so hot in the vicinity of Centerville that two of the Nicholson's and young Pawley slid out and came to this neighborhood to Pawley's father, leaving their horses and then going to Osborn, being afraid to go to Cameron. They intended, as was learned afterward, to go to some northern state to hide their identity.

They all three boarded a morning train going east. Word coming to Cameron (where a company of Union soldier militia, in which the writer was, I believe, a Corporal, although I never did find out whether I was a high private or an officer; one thing sure, I was not like some of my company, a pensioner, was stationed), that three bushwhackers, who had killed the Union soldier at Centerville were on board the train going east, but the train had passed before the word came, and so the commanding officer at Brookfield was notified by telegram. Upon arriving there, the two Nicholson's and young Pawley were

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taken off and condemned without a trial, and taken out on the prairie by an armed squad of enraged soldiers and told to run for life, firing on them as they started to run, killing James Pawley and one of the Nicholson brothers, the other making his escape in the darkness, the soldiers either too lazy, or not wanting to follow him.

All we know yet is what Mr. Nicholson told after the war. I will say I was a neighbor of Mr. Pawley, and while at that time had but little sympathy for Rebels, as we termed them, but when I saw the good sister of Pawley weeping for the fate hanging over her brother, I went to our officer in command and begged of him to telegraph Brookfield to hold the prisoners until they could have a hearing. At the time I thought they were guilty and merited death. I had not heard Elder Graves' story of the fight then.

In connection with this tragic story, I want to pay a tribute to the memory of Lieutenant, afterwards Judge Jacob Estep. While standing around weeping apparently without a sympathizing friend in that hostile camp, Miss Dora Pawley was approached by Lieutenant Jacob Estep (who was second in command, hence could do nothing officially, and perhaps like myself, half way believed that Pawley and the Nicholson's were really bushwhackers, and by orders merited death), asked Miss Pawley if she would like to go to Brookfield to see if she could do anything for her brother. She said she would, but had no money or friends. Thereupon he drew out of his pocket wallet a twenty dollar greenback and gave it to her. She thought she would not need that much, but he told her to take it along as she might need it. Tears come to my eyes to this day when I think of the grateful look she gave her friend and benefactor.

I want to say to posterity that I think I know as much about the Pawley family as any living man outside of their own people.

It so happened that three or four armed men made a raid one evening just at dark on our immediate neighborhood and robbed several of our good German neigh-

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bors of several hundred dollars. It so happened I had at the time of the robbery, about \$1300.00 with which I was going to pay for grain contracted. I hid it in a pile of brick for awhile, but the mice found it and commenced to make nests of it, so I decided to take it to St. Joseph and leave it in a bank, which I did the evening before the robbery, or I think it would have gone like the neighbors' did. I always did believe our own militia got that money, and to save themselves laid the robbery on Pawley's, who were scared too bad at that time to stay at home, much less rob their neighbors. My reason for believing some bad men at Cameron got that money is, I told it publicly that I was going to leave my money in a St. Joseph bank, hence, they did not stop at my place.

CHAPTER 79.

CARRYING THE MAILS 68 YEARS AGO.

In another chapter I have mentioned the first post office in the present limits of Shoal Township which was named Beehive. About the year 1843 or 44—a post route was established between Richmond in Ray County via the old Elkhorn and a few cross road post offices along the route to Athens in Gentry county, at that time a Border county.

A contract for carrying the mails one trip a week between these points was let. This route took in the embryo townships of Maysville and Gentryville and the Mount Refuge office. The contractor was one Adolphus Baldwin, son of the postmaster at Mount Refuge, the pioneer Isaac D. Baldwin, with Willim S. Williams, "Uncle Bill"—a son-in-law as assistant carrier. So Baldwin got a carpenter to make of walnut lumber a primitive postbox to contain the mail in one room of his double log house, with one door and strong blacksmith made hasp and staple for padlock to keep any of his sixteen children with meddlesome propensities on the outside of this sanctum sanctorium. Every thing

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being ready, the mail carrier started. However, he was not escorted with a brass band as was the rural carrier on Route 1, fifty-five years later, who passed the old post office site and over at least ten miles of this old route traversed by that ancient mail route from Richmond to Athens.

This Dolphus Baldwin carrier was more of a sinecure than a real mail carrier, so when the real pinch of bitter cold weather came, Uncle Bill had to take the old mule and Uncle Sams' mail bags and carry them through trackless wastes of prairie and woodlands, at that time the woodlands predominating.

On one occasion he told me many years after, he and the old mule had floundered along through deep snow drifts over the trackless prairie south and north of where Osborn now is, finally about night striking the timbered country on Lost Creek south of Maysville, losing the road in the woods. The mule tired out carrying a heavy man and two weeks mail, falling into gulleys and ditches covered with snow, so they were completely lost on a terribly cold night. Uncle Bill said he stopped to consider, looking anxiously for a light, listening for noise of any living thing, and nearly freezing besides. Finally he heard a faint sound of a cow bell in a low sheltered bottom up the creek. Going up, he found some cows. So he commenced hallooing, calling dogs and yelling, scaring the cows who run for home to their calves, Williams and the mule following them to the cabin of the settler, finding a cordial warm reception.

CHAPTER 80.

A PECULIAR FAMILY.

The McCartneys.

I am justified in devoting more space in this little work to this peculiar family than any other of my early

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acquaintance. I was better acquainted with them than I was with many other of my neighbors, as our post office was kept at their farm. They also kept a fine nursery of all kinds of fruit and shrubbery, and at that time I was an enthusiast for fruits, which has followed me all through my business career, as the older citizens will attest.

One peculiarity of this family was, that they all (for many years) hung together like a community of Shakers. They seemed to be in love with one another, and what was one's interest was all the others', and they got along together like a hive of working bees with no drones to dispose of; they had no places for drones as bees have.

Being so well acquainted with this good family of bachelors and maidens, as their place was a social center, so to speak, as well as business center in the days before Cameron sprung up (a good many years ago), till, finally, the great war came sundering all those social ties, so delightful, (as well as tinged with pathos) to contemplate by the very few of us now left.

There were, when I first knew them sixty-three years ago, beside their mother, six boys, John P., Hiram A., Asher William, J. R. (Doc.) and Gratton, who have all passed away. The girls' names were, Rebecca, (Mrs. James Steele, mother of Judge Ed. Steele, who is yet living with the Judge more than eighty-two years of age.) Mary, first wife of Major Plumb, the old veteran of Civil War memory, mother of William Plumb, who inherited part of the old McCartney home; Sallie, who married David Reed, one of my old time acquaintances, a good many years before war time—both are now dead these many years. I yet have some snow balls on my front lawn given me by this good woman fifty-five or more years ago. All the McCartney girls were enthusiastic lovers of flowers. The fact is, I admired flowers then, as well as the girls that fostered them, and do yet, for that matter.

The next is Marguerite "Jane" who, for many years, acted as matron for the family, but finally married a

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gentleman whose name was _____ Barnett, an official of Daviess County. She is yet living in Gallatin at the ripe age of seventy-four years. If I had language at my command to record all the good things I know of her, I believe it would bring the old time scarlet blush to her cheek. However, it is sufficient to say that she "Remembered her Creator in the days of her youth," and He hath not forgotten her in age.

Harriet McCartney, the youngest of this family of ancient Virginia lineage. There is a melancholy pathos surrounding the early life of this beautiful, vivacious, lovely girl too sacred to be unveiled. She married a gentleman standing high in social and business circles, —(as I've been told), and lived but a few years, leaving two children, daughters, I believe.

When dim, receding memory of this bright, good, womanly girl brings her to mind, somehow the pathetic lines of Grey's *Elegy* are always present:

"Full many a flower is born to blow and blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

"I never had a dear gazelle,
With a mild blue eye,
But when it came to know and love me well,
'Twas sure to pine away and die."

But her old time friends have the consolation that her beautiful disembodied spirit has winged its flight to that better land so well described by Felicia Heman in these beautiful lines:

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and Death may not enter there;
Time doth not mar its fadeless bloom,
Far above the clouds and beyond the tomb."

Some years since I was visiting my sister, Mrs. Sallie A. Hockensmith, and she and I, in looking through an old family book, noticed the faded fringe of a ribbon marker. On opening the book there was a re-

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minder of other days. Beautifully lettered on perforated card board was the motto,—“Friendship’s offering. Hattie.” While silently contemplating the little gift of girlhood days, I noticed the silent tear in Sister’s eyes and in my own. I felt a film pass over them obscuring, for the time, my vision. We turned away without saying a word. There are times when feeling is too intense for words.

I am glad now (it is nearly fifty years since I saw her last) to pay this tribute to her memory.

A melancholy pathos surrounds the memory of this good family.

There is now not one male descendant left bearing the family name, but one of the brothers ever marrying and he left no children. “Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, It might have been.”

Midway Place, December, 1911.

CHAPTER 81.

JOHN T. JONES.

Mr. John T. Jones came to Missouri from Ohio about the year 1852, stopping near Mirabile. A year or two before I knew much about him, he bought a fine tract of timber at the mouth of Brushy Creek, the old Bozarth, Durbin mill tract, at that time the best timber on Shoal Creek in Clinton County. He also bought out the farm and improvements of David O'Donnell, adjoining this timbered tract, beside several other tracts and farms. He was considered quite wealthy for that time. Mrs. Jones was a sister of Governor George Smith, of Caldwell County, who came to Missouri several years before Mr. Jones did. Uncle John, as nearly all of his neighbors called him, was a first class man and a mighty good friend of mine, when I needed friends; however, we always need friends.

He was father of Captain Isaiah Jones, who was

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my partner in the live stock and grain business for a considerable time during the war. He was also Mrs. Hiram Gorrell's and Thomas P. Jones' father. Thomas P. now owns his old homestead containing nearly 1000 acres. I have known four generations of this good Jones family. They are very prosperous, energetic, good citizens and church members, nearly all of them. Mr. Arthur Johnson and sisters are grandchildren of John T. Jones. I was well acquainted with Mr. Frank Johnson, Arthur's father, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Gorrell, my near neighbors and good friends for nearly fifty years. Mr. John Gorrell owns one of the finest farms near Cameron, containing 320 acres. Twenty-five years ago he was hiring by the month. Everett and Wilson and John Parry own the largest clothing establishment in Cameron, the first two being sons of Mr. Gorrell, and Mr. Parry a son-in-law. I've never had better friends than the Jones and Gorrells.

Mr. John T. Jones has been dead more than 30 years, and Mr. Hiram Gorrell about five years. Mr. Hiram Gorrell was fifer in our company of militia in war time, and the best one I ever heard; was also a fine singer and natural musician. His death made a sad impression on all of his many friends. He will be remembered and missed by those who knew him best to the end of their lives.

CHAPTER 82.

FRED WOLFERMAN.

Mr. Fred Wolferman, the Walnut Street "Good Things to Eat" grocer of Kansas City, has one of the finest establishments of the kind I've ever seen; I think a long shot the best in Kansas City.

I am fairly well acquainted with Mr. Fred and his father, and have found no nicer or more prompt and reliable gentlemen in Kansas City with whom to do busi-

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ness. Mr. Fred is the owner of Lonesomehurst Park, which I sold to him some years since.

Lonesomehurst could be improved and made one of the most picturesque country residences south of the great city. No better neighbors anywhere. I have a warm place in my heart for Lonesomehurst and its surroundings.

LONESOMEHURST PARK.

If you are in a seeing mood
Look at scenery that will do you good
Out by the big Chicken Ranch
One mile south on Dykes Branch.
Look east from the bridge
And you'll see first
The park we call "Lonesomehurst."
If you would further beauties seek
Follow down the little creek
Midst gnarled trees and sylvan shades,
Hanging vines and colonades.

Go on down just to the gorge
When you are there you'll thing I gerge
What a good thing
Is this great living spring.
If you would pure ozone sniff
Then clamber up the rugged cliff
From this giddy height you'll say, I ween,
A prettier sight is seldom seen.
The creeks below a silver sheen,
The park beyond in living green,

If 'twas winter, you would think,
This man owns a skating rink,
If in summer, you would wish,
For a pole and hook, to catch some fish.

When nimble squirrels dart in and out,
And bright hued birds are all about
'Tis spring-time then without a doubt,
With trees, and shrubs, always in bloom
And every breeze wafting sweet perfume
We'd want to live till day of doom.
The house up on hill top ground,
With natural drive all way round,
A prettier Site cannot be found.
Big trees left standing in park and lawn
Bring fresh to mind great forests gone
And admonish us how time has flown.

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I've told this tale to you in verse,
No need just now to more rehearse.
They could be better,
They might be worse.
Be that as it may,
Permit me to say,
They are such as we have,
At "Lonesomehurst."
April 21st, 1908

James Williams.

CHAPTER 83.

GEORGE WHITE.

George White was a very early settler in Clinton County on the head waters of Crooked River, near the Brookin School House. He was a saddle and harness maker as well as farmer. He made the saddle that my father rode on those long lonely preaching trips, and like my father, adhered to the principles as exemplified by the early exponent of the Baptist faith, which he clung to as long as the writer knew him. One had to be an awful dyspeptic to not enjoy his good humored sallies of wit. I remember being with him and some other stockmen in Chicago in war time. We were walking along a down town street passing a great (for that time) big building. Pointing to it, he said, "Gentlemen, that building reminds me of my residence out on Shoal Creek in Missouri, only my house has a lean-to shed kitchen." It was not so much what he said but the way he said it and how he looked. Brother White's home was headquarters for Baptist preachers in early days. On one occasion he invited my father and a back-woods early day noisy exhorter home with him. White was so full of his fun and mischief (he didn't have much use for the noisy tobacco juice spitter) so he got to telling stories how his wife's chickens would fly and scamper off in the brush (he lived in the edge of the woods) when they saw a preacher ride up to the stile and throw his bridle rein over a fence stake. My father said Bro. "Tom" didn't like it a bit but had to grin and bear it. Sister

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White came to Bro. Tom's rescue, saying George must have his fun. I think he sold goods quite a while in old Haynesville, but moved about the beginning of the war to a farm about four miles south of my home, and handled quite a lot of all kinds of stock during the civil war. At the end of the war he moved to Atchison, Kansas, and engaged in the Salt Lake overland trade (as I have heard) for several years. Living to a very great age, retaining (his son, Church, writes me) his general good humor to the end. I can't refrain in this connection from telling a funny little incident joke on his daughter Mollie and her brother Church. It occurred the morning they were getting their household and kitchen furniture out in the front yard preparatory to being loaded on wagons to be hauled to Cameron for shipment to Atchison.

They had had a family of negro freedmen living with them; the woman doing the cooking, her husband, "Ely," helping the men. This family of freedmen had formerly belonged to Mr. Croyesdale's wife (nee Skinner) and came and worked for the writer quite a while after the White family moved to Atchison.

It seemed that Church didn't think his sister Mollie was quite as familiar with that cooking stove as she probably would be later on. They were both out in the yard where the goods and stove were being gotten ready for the wagons. Whereupon, Church grabbed his sister's hand turning her around, suddenly saying, "Miss White, this very important article of kitchen furniture is a cooking stove. Miss White, you are going to a state where a nigger is a colored person. You and this stove, Miss White, will in all probability become a great deal better acquainted than you have been heretofore." I was present, and never will forget how funny Mollie looked, but Church did not even smile but looked about as funny as did his sister Mollie. Church writes me, he and Mollie are still living in Atchison, though growing old. They are niece and nephew to the late Church White who died several years since in Kansas City, and are cousins of the big lumber magnate, R. A. Long, owner of the sky-

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scraper building at 10th Street and Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

There were no nicer young people than Church and Mollie White when they lived here 47 years ago.

I can think of no more appropriate farewell to my readers and long ago friends than a poem published nearly one hundred years ago in a little book entitled, "Songs of Our Grandmothers," recounting the many valiant deeds of our forefathers of the Revolution, and War of 1812. This pathetically tragic incident made an impression on my young mind that sixty years have not entirely effaced.

Some twenty years ago an article appeared in the papers of Northern Ohio, and was largely copied by papers of the West, giving an account of the death of a very old maiden lady, who was the heroine of the sad tragedy recounted by the poet, whose name I do not remember, if I ever knew it. I can only (not having the little book long since lost sight of) give the poem from memory, which will give the thoughts of the poet, if not his exact words. It is as follows:

"Sons of Freedom, listen to me,
And ye daughters, too, give ear;
You, a sad and mournful story
As was ever told, shall hear.

Hull, you know, his troops surrendered
And, defenseless, left the west;
Then our forces quick assembled,
The invader to resist.

'Mongst the troops that marched to Erie
Were the Kingston volunteers;
Captain Thomas them commanded,
To protect our west frontiers.

But there's one among the number,
Tall and graceful is his mien,
Firm his step, his look undaunted,
Scarce a nobler youth was seen.

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Tender were the scenes of parting,
Mothers wrung their hands and cried;
Maidens wept their swains in secret,
Fathers throve their hearts to hide.

One sweet kiss, he snatched from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayer once more,
Pressed his father's hand and left them
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

(The two lines that should be here are
forgotten by the writer).
Goodbye, Bird, may Heaven protect you
From the rest at parting broke.

Soon they came where noble Perry,
Had assembled all his fleet,
Out upon the broad Lake Erie,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

Where is Bird, the battle rages;
Is he in the strife or no;
Now the cannons roar tremendous
Dare he meet the hostile foe.

Ah, behold him, see him Perry
In the self same ship they fight
And his messmates fall around him,
Nothing can his soul affright;

But, behold, a ball has struck him,
See the crimson current flow;
'Leave the deck!' exclaimed brave Perry,
'No,' cried Bird, 'I will not go.'

Still he fought, though faint and bleeding,
Till the Stars and Stripes arose
Victory having crowned our efforts;
All triumphant o'er our foes.

And did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No! nor never to his bosom
Clasped the maid his heart adored.

'Dearest, Mother,' said the letter,
'Tis the last you'll have from me;
I must suffer for deserting
From the Brig Niagara.'

Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was ordered out to die;
Where's the heart not dead to pity,
But for him would heave a sigh.

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See, he rides upon his coffin
With his head in shrouded hood;
Let his courage plead for mercy,
Sure his death will do no good.

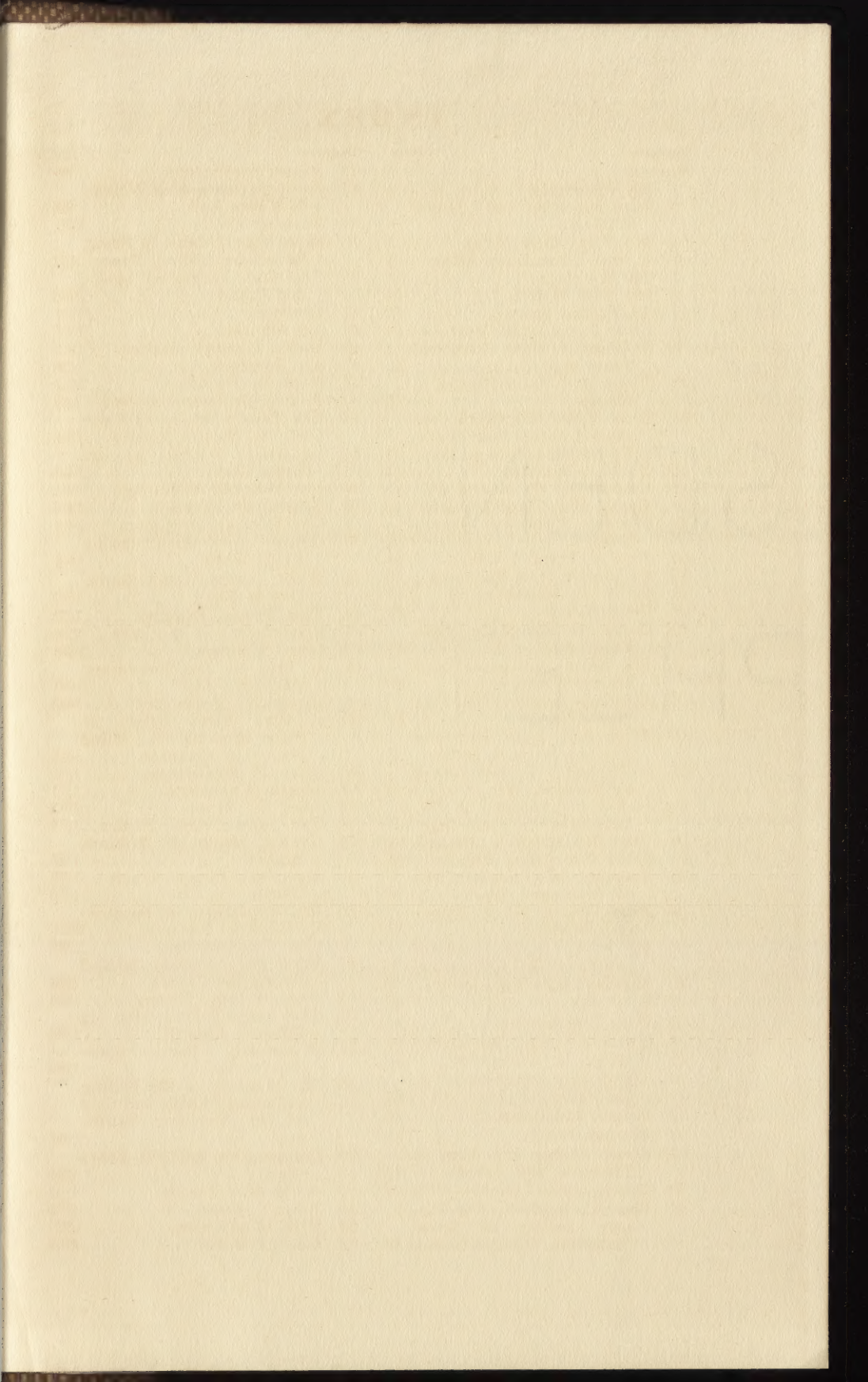
Hark, hark! Oh, God, they've shot him!
Farewell, Bird, farewell for ever;
Friends and home he'll see no more,
For his mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore."

FINIS.

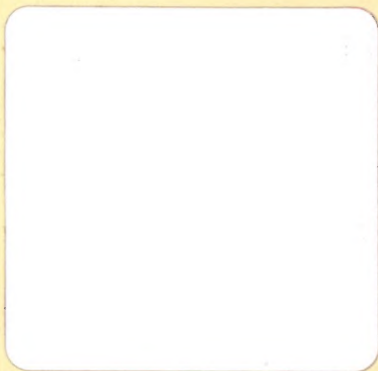


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